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THE MAGAZINE THAT NEVER EXISTED

CLE

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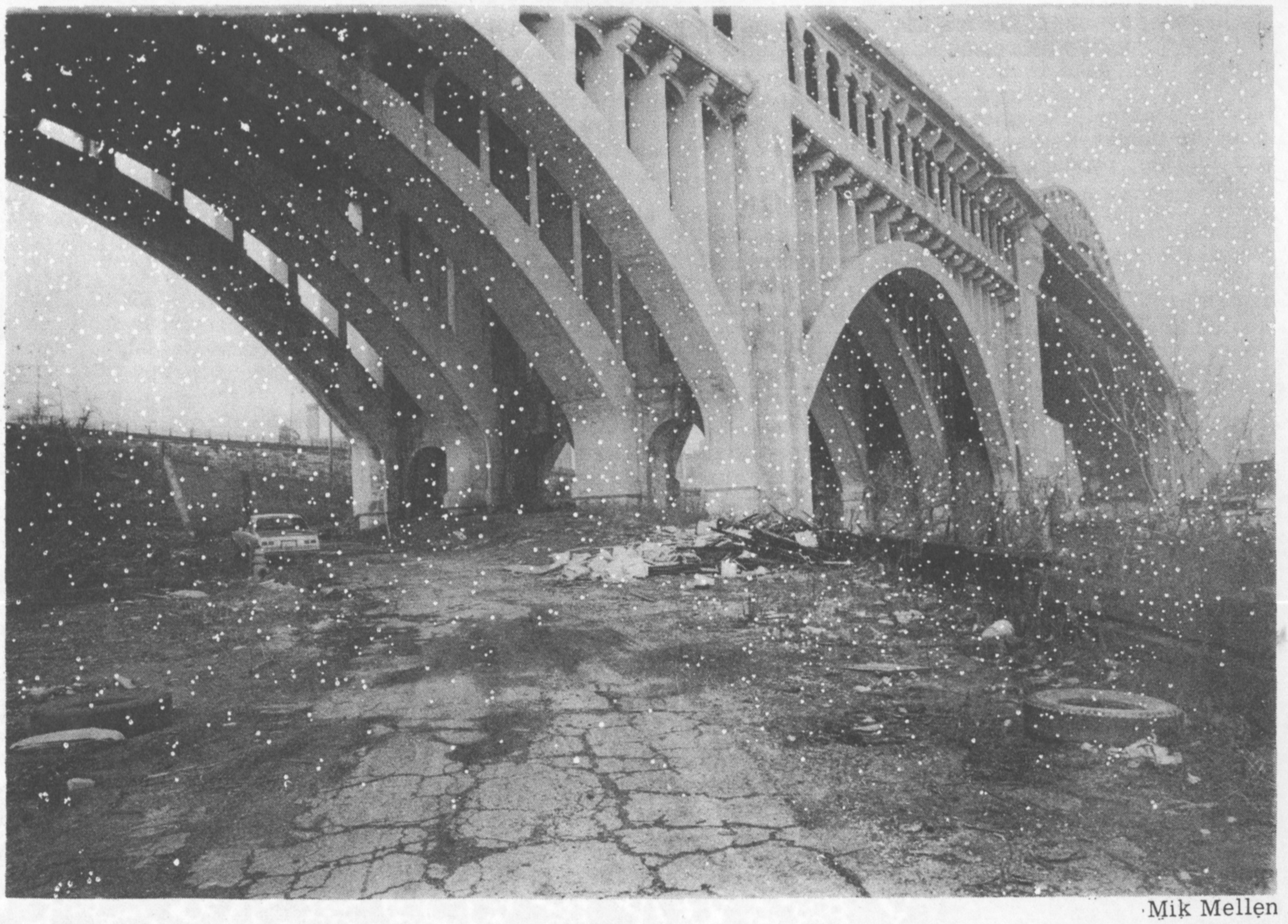

Mik Mellen

THE ACTION- 3-pc. power pop combo from Stow. Main claim to fame: younger brother of Lux Interior (of the Cramps) on gtr. Have released two independent 45's on their own RadioGram label.

AK47- Punk band featuring original Pagan vocalist Robert Conn and Mongoloid Mag editor Larry Lewis (gtr.) A 45 of Monster Movie b/w Another Drug has been recorded at Styrene Studios, produced by Michael Hudson of the Pagans.

BACKDOOR MEN- A really fun Sixties-oriented pop/rock combo, the BDM fizzled onto the scene about a year ago, conquering the club Fitzpatrick's as a venue for non-wave - from which they tried to infiltrate all others. Their regular Monday & Tuesday night stand kept things shaking through the cold winter months. Firm Cle supporters, they were also responsible for Veland, a hometown newsletter run out of business for reasons not unrelated to libel and scandal.

Current line-up includes The Fabulous Cook Brothers, Dan (vocals, perpetrations) and Chris (gtr, serape), along with Terry Hartman (bass, amnesia gtr), Paul Nichols (drums) and "Wild Bill" Hagan (gtr.) Played a short series of gigs with Andrew 'Dylan' Klimek.

Some originals are: Man With The X-Ray Eyes, Handsome, Our Dead Son, and the controversial Handicapped Kids.

The boys have long since withdrawn from said club to concentrate on making money, and work on their upcoming album and TV series.

BERNIE AND THE INVISIBLES- This unique 3-pc. group is headed-up by poet laureate Bernie Joelson (gtr, vocals) with Peter Ball (drums) and Titch (bass.) Have recorded a string of hits for Drome Records, including I Don't Know Where I Am, Let's Leave Tonight, and Chinese Church, though no release date has yet been set. More in this issue.

BIZARROS- Tragic news from the Akron front is that drummer Rick Garberson, who appeared on their Bizarros Mercury Records LP, was killed in an auto accident. The band is forging on, though, with David Ashley (brother to Jane Aire) as a replacement. Still hardcore members of the working class, they'll be playing weekends out of town.

Nick Nicholas reports another album's worth of material is ready, including a song dedicated to Humphrey Bogart entitled The Big Sleep.

The Clone label is still active. latest release being by John Rader, a 17-yr.-old singer/songwriter/ pianist in the early Seventies Cle-pop vein. Other projex include another Akron compilation LP and a new Tin Huey 45.

CHI PIG- John Peel airplay of their debut 45, coupled with their appearance on Stiff Records' Spirit Of America Akr charade, has resulted in lots of Euro interest. Occasionally playing at The Bank in Akron and Hurrahs in NYC to good response. Next Chi 45 to be K x Y = Go/Waves Of Disgust.

CHRONICS- Broke up.

CLAW- Neo-primitive ultimate. New version of this band includes Robert Bensick (kybd, synthi, vocal) and wife Kathleen (electronics, percussion) accompanied by ? (gtr.) Have been regularly in the flats.

KATHERINE COFFEE- A young Swiss poetess, currently recording material at Styrene Studios for possible release. May play out in Cleveland or New York in the near future. Backing musicians include 4 Rung Jeller and Jim Ellis (gtr.) Songs are: Murmur, S(idewalk) igniture), Sleep A Deep Sleep, and Stendahl's Corpse To European Son.

DEAD BOYS- Together again after a period of diffusion and confusion.

Stiv's solo version of Sixties Cle pop hit It's Cold Outside reportedly doing very well, even recieving some airplay on AM stations across the country. Possible follow up to be the Human Beinz classic Nobody But Me, produced by Rick Derringer.

Cheeta Chrome's solo 45 is I Still Wanna Die, on Ork Records. Of course its bad.

A new album, Night Of The Living Dead Boys is tenatively scheduled for release in 1980. Also supposedly in the works is a Bators solo LP entitled Allies Against The Industry, with back-up consisting of X-Blue Ash personnel and surprise guest stars, to be released on Bomp.

DEVO- Not really considered an Akr band anymore, they've become a legal band.

EX-BLANK-X- Disbanded when John Morton (gtr, vocals) and Anton Fier (drums) moved to NYC last September to find a larger audience for their talents.

Undeterred, Andrew Klimek (gtr, vocals) accompanied by James Ellis (bass) and Weldon brothers Christopher (glass, electric saw) and Michael (drums) recorded his as-yet-unreleased solo project, Afterbathinginturpentine, a maxi-single. Unfortunately, after the recording, engineer Paul Marotta lost the masters and the pressing plant went bankrupt.

However, two EX-BLANK-EX 45s, A/Full Of Shit, and No Nonsense/Approaching The Minimal With Sprayguns are scheduled for imminent release by Drome Records.

15-60-75- The Numbers Band. From Kent, the Numbers have been together in one for or another for ten years now. Though they don't play Cle very often, a large cult following turns out weekly to hear them on home turf, at JB's. A new 45 of Here In The Life/It's In Imagination, their first recording in five years, is being issued on Hearthan Records, produced by Ubu's David Thomas. Their long out of print LP, Jimmy Bell's Back In Town, remains a Collector's Item. The Numbers horn section also makes a guest appearance on the latest Human Switchboard 45. More on them in this issue.

4 RUNG JELLER- An improvisatory electron music group based in Lakewood which features Chris Weldon (glass, etc.), John Hricko (kybds) and Andrew Klimek (gtr, tapes.) Produced and performed at the 25 cent Electron Music Night at Fitzpatrick's in June to mixed response. The group is temporarily disbanded while its members persue studies and other musical activities in different cities.

FUSIONISTS- All-star con-cept band which advocates Universal Fusionism, a political ideology which wants everything joined to everything else so that nothing becomes anything anymore. Played once at the Slovenian Workers Hall for festivities at a "Free Thinkers" rally.

HUMAN SWITCHBOARD- Now based in Kent. Their cut You're Much Madder Than Me appears exclusively on the Bomp sampler LP Waves, and their latest 45, Prime Of My Life/In My Room is available on Square Records. Their next 45 featuring Shy About You/True Proposition should be released this spring. Have been doing a lot of travelling and gaining new fans. Talk of an England mini-tour.

I. U. D. COYS- Present status uncertain. Dynamic Duo consisting of Carol Furpahs' recitations in collaberation with the basswork of Andre Raulinaitis. They performed regularly during the summer.

JOHNNY & THE DICKS- Johnny Morton's non-musical visual arts band. Broke-up when he moved to NYC.

ANDREW KLIMEK- Since the break-up of X-BLANK-X, Andrew has been busy with various projex, some of which are:
- -Working on Sad-Eyed Boyfriends with Terry (30) Hartman.
- -Producing Katherine Coffee.
- -Playing gtr with Charlotte Pressler at a 'Destruction Of Poetry' performance.
- -Collaberating with 4 Rung Jeller.
- -Played Cle benefit concert with Hartman, Ellis, Blaze.

Future projex:
- -May record with super-group of Hartman, Ellis, and Human Switchboard.
- -Intends to go to NYC to promote records and form X-MOMMY-X with John Morton.
- -Will write a wedding march when sister Karen K. Karen Karen and buddy Ellis marry.

JAMIE KLIMEK BAND- One-shot concoction starring Jamie (gtr, vocals) backed by assorted Pagans and Styrenes. Played at the Cove and were a HIT! Material included Jamie's songs along with cover versions of Dream Lover and Venus In Furs. Scheduled for release soon is Jamie's first solo 45, Leave The Girls/Inside Of Here.

KNEECAPPERS- Originally Dead Kennedys. A loud RnR band that includes longtime scene supporters Chris Yarmock, Gary Lupico, Russell Sherman, and Dave Crane (no relation to Bob.)

THE LEPERS- Relentless rockers from Garfield Heights. Have released a 4-song EP on Drome Records which was representative until Richard Redmond (lead gtr) left to form the Polyglots. Since then, they have added a bass player and sound more like the Stones.

LIVE JACK- Forced into premature retirement at age nine. Complete details this issue.

LUCKY PIERRE- Reformed version of this group features the talents of Kevin McMahon. Expect a second 45 on their own Unadulterated label.

MORGAN/PRESSLER- Nifty collaberation by Doug Morgan (gtr) and Charlotte Pressler (voice, effects.) Released a 45 on Hearthan consisting of The Hand Piece/You're Gonna Watch Me, but have since split up. Doug has been playing with Syd's Dance Band and Human Switchboard; Charlotte last seen backed by the Styrenes at their Month Of Sundays performances in October.

PAGANS- R. I. P. Guaranteed excitement in terms of sheer wrecklessness, audacity, and overkill, the Pagans played according to musical principles of 'the harder the better.' Shows were characterized by wild abandon, usually resulting in self-destruction (on good nights) and showers of beer cans. Took Disasto to NYC Sept 79, and upon return abruptly broke-up.

Mike now working as a janitorial engineer, Brian playing with The Frenchmen in Erie, Pa., Tommy working with X-Chronic Dave Deluca, and Tim forming The Bronx.

Their last two 45s are Not Now/No Way/I Juvenille, produced by Ubu's David Thomas, and Dead End America/Little Black Egg; both on Drome.

PERE UBU- Keeping a low profile in Cle ever since returning from their whirlwind west coast tour. This corner's heard that they are taking a vacation from the band to work on various solo projex.

Chrysalis UK has released their third LP, New Picnic Time, as well as a 45 consisting of Fabulous Sequel/Humor Me (live) and The Book Is On The Table.

The group also appeared in the Sept. issue of Life Magazine.

PINEAPPLES- RnR band representing the Northern Records contingent. Did some recording at Styrene Studios, and have been known to play out.

POLYGLOTS- New band featuring X-Leper Richard Redmond (bass), Gary Lupico (sax) and some Savage Tractor personnel. Premier was an enormous success. Sound has been compared to DNA jamming with Faust.

RUBBER CITY REBELS- Melted in the warm California sun; where, reports are, they've become very popular. Have a new record out, and occassionally back-up X-Nerves guitarist Jack "Hanging On The Telephone" Lee.

BRIAN SANDS- In the midst of following up his first public release, Reheated Chocolate Tangos, with an all new combo. Concentrating on visuals, Brian intends to incorporate slides, films, dancers, and general bizartness into his shows, aided and abetted by his comrades, the-always-ridiculous Wayne W. Weston (drums), Alan Snake (reptillian gtr), and Richard Anderson (bass.) Songs include newly-written material as well as bizarre pre-mod favorites. More on him in this issue.

SAVAGE TRACTORS- Neuvo pop/ punk band from Milan. No word as to the seriousness of their endevour or whether they plan on doing any recording.

SYD'S DANCE BAND- Primarily an outlet for the non-Ubu related material of Tony Maimone (gtr, vocals) and Scott Krauss (drums) combined with the spacious guitarwork of Doug and Pat Morgan. Played at the Styrenes 'Month Of Sundays' performances in October. Rumored to be doing some recording, for eventual release.

SWB- Suburban White Boys. Non-wave band from Cle Hts. Have heard tapes that sound like young Pagans. Demos include SWB Theme, Sin And Destruction, and March Of The Consumeroids (sporting authentic shopping mall muzak intro.)

SONARS- Promising 4-pc. band featuring Matt McManus (younger brother to Dave E. of the Electric Eels) on guitar and vocals (a style that must be hereditary), along with Jim Richards (gtr), Dave Wood (drums), and Georgie (bass.) Made a HOT debut at Hennesey's; repertoire including Surfing Commies, I'm In Love With Donna Reed, Body Bag ("a song about a guy who loses his girl in a DC10 plane-crash"), and Phonecalls From The Dead (the reprise.) Now in the studio recording their to be first 45, The Patty Duke Theme, produced by Andrew Klimek. Watch for it!

STYRENES-Dropped the money half of their name. The only band playing Cle with a floor show, they've been appearing with a modern dance troupe (Joyce Faust, Jill Marotta, Colleen Clark.) Also sponsored 'A Month Of Sundays' performances in October which met with minor success.

However, dissatisfied with lack of appreciation by Cle audiences, the group is heading for the greener astroturf of NYC this winter.

TIN HUEY- After the release of their first LP, Contents Dislodged During Shipment, and some brief east-coast touring, the Hueys negotiated out of their Warner Brothers contract, and broke up. Ralph Carney (sax) and Chris Butler (bass) now persuing jazz interests in NYC. A posthumous 45 featuring Sister Rose/English Kids (their usual encore number) is being released by Clone.

TULSA JACKS- From Tulsa, Oklahoma. This band was formed by Walter Kleinecke (gtr, vocals) and Mitch (drums) in the spring of '78 when they relocated to Cleveland and teamed-up with Carl Gribble (bass.) Featuring a clean pop sound, they recorded a 45 for the Drome label as well as solo projex for Mustard Records, both of which were never released. Moved back to Tulsa in early 79, where they are said to be playing with a new version of the band.

WAITRESSES- Non-wave Akr band. Have been inoperative ever since founder/leader Chris Butler joined Tin Huey.

WILD GIRAFFES- Teen band from Mentor. Their new single, Crazy Mixed Up World/ We'll Never Know features a fabulous exploding drum sound. Determined to make it on their own, the boys turned down an offer to tour as the supporting band with Rachel Sweet earlier this year. More on them in this issue.

Clone RECORDS

CL000. BIZARROS/ 4-song EP - $2
CL001. BIZARROS/ RUBBER CITY REBELS "From Akron" LP - $5
CL002. TIN HUEY/ 4-song EP - $2
CL003. BIZARROS/ 3-song EP - $2
CL004. TIN HUEY/ "Breakfast with" 45 - $2
CL005. HARVEY GOLD/ Solo single - $2
CL006. WAITRESSES/ 45 - $2
CL007. HUMAN SWITCHBOARD/ "No!" 45 - $2
CL008. TEACHER'S PET/Red vinyl 45 - $2
CL009. JOHN RADER w BIZARROS/ 45 - $2
NEW! TIN HUEY English Kids/Sister Rose 45

GORILLA PRODUCTIONS
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VENUES

COACH HOUSE (2025 Abbington, University Circle):

The Coach House is a VERY small club operated by members of Cle reggae band I-Tal. The main problem here is the location--next door to several hospitals. Amplified sound creates problems with the authorities. A number of bands played here in '78, including Styrene Money, Chi Pig, Lepers, Pagans, Wild Giraffes, and Bernie & The Invisibles . Both Linear Voltage Reviews were also held here. Several incidents involving art-types from the nearby university have cooled the management's "enthusiasm" for non-wave. No more here, as of 12/78.

FITZPATRICK'S (Old River Rd., Flats):

This is a small club down the road from the Pirate's Cove that started booking non-wave bands during the summer. X-Blank-X made their debut here. The club is too small to book the major bar bands and so gives alot of young bands gigs. Non-wave groups are booked sporadically. Bands that have played here include Backdoor Men (who opened the place up to non-wave bands), Lepers, Pere Ubu, Human Switchboard, Pagans and Tulsa Jacks. Loose atmosphere.

GOVERNOR'S CHATEAU (W. 117th & Governor):

A very small neighborhood tavern located in the city's ethnic west side. A shot & beer place; sponsors its own softball team, who could always be found hanging around. A more unlikely non-wave venue could not be imagined. Which was what made it a great gig; that and a real good jukebox. Mo, the owner's daughter, promoted shows here semi-regularly all through the summer with The B-52's, Pere Ubu, The Cramps, Chi Pig, Lepers, Bizarros, Pagans, Public Enemy, Wild Giraffes and Styrene Money. The bands set up inside a large semi-circular booth at one end of the bar's small back room. Non-wave fans clustered there with the bands while, in the front room, it was business-as-usual with the usual neighborhood clientele huddled at the bar, the two TV sets turned up full-blast. Certain tensions developed between the two camps during the World Series telecasts but, for the most part, live-and-let-live was the rule. Laissez-faire. That is until the bar was cited for serving to an under-age fan. Non-wave activity was terminated sometime in the fall. Future events unlikely.

PIRATE'S COVE (Old River rd, Flats):

From 10/76 when Ubu began playing there and through most of '77, the Cove was the only Cle club booking new music. In the beginning, as the pattern usually goes, the Cove was a sleazy dive one step away from bankruptcy. They had nothing to lose--they booked Ubu. That first winter between 30 & 50 fans would show up on good nights and most of them ended up standing on chairs to keep warm (heat rises). The first Ubu/Devo show was flooded out when cold weather burst water pipes in the bathrooms.

As the weather warmed and into the summer of '77, Ubu nights became something like a private party. Everybody knew everyone else. There were the same faces, the same approx. 200 people every Thursday night. Inside was Ubu. Outside, was the heart of the Flats. Fifty yards away, the Cove is located in the ground floor of Rockefeller's first warehouse, is the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. Ore boats pulled up opposite the Cove to unload ballast into huge gravel mounds. The Aeronautical Shot Peening Company, across the road, pushed air- sounds into the night from behind a surrealist architectural facade of alien angles and pastel colors.

Quality control was always a problem at the Cove, though. "Country-boogie" bands on Friday and Saturday nights became the club's bread and butter. A very significant amount of "cultural" tension was ever-present between Cove personnel and the non-wave bands and fans. After Ubu quit their Thursday night gig, worthwhile bookings/billings occured only sporadically. The Cove still books "new wave" on Thursday nights but guarantees no consistent quality. It continues to be a very unpleasant experience.

REAL WORLD NITE CLUB (11800 Detroit Av, Lakewood):

The Real World Nite Club is located directly above the Drome. More popularly known as the Phantasy Nite Club, it was originally the product of the Last Hurrah of CLE 70's Glitter, and, as such, has a certain "nostalgic" charm-- it's very tacky. Pretty much indescribable. Since the club's fall from grace several years ago, it's mostly been used for private parties and a black weekend disco. Johnny Dromette dubs the place the "Real World" for shows he occassionally promotes here. Pere Ubu, The Cramps, Pagans, Styrene Money and a number of groups from Detroit have played here. Attempts at establishing a non-wave disco in the summer failed.

REAL WORLD THEATER (11806 Detroit Av, Lakewood):

More popularly known as The Homestead, the Real World Theater is an out-of-business movie house located next door to the Drome and underneath the Real World Nite Club. Three shows, headlined by The B-52's, Pere Ubu and Styrene Money, were promoted here in the fall of '78, along with the Cleveland screening of "Eraserhead." Atmospherics and lack of heat tend to make the WHK Auditorium a more desirable venue. The 'HK is also cheaper.

WHK AUDITORIUM (5000 Euclid Av):

The 'HK was built in the thirties as a radio broadcast theater. It seats approx. 1500. It's old, neglected and crumbling. What once was beautiful is now a "unique atmosphere," perched on the edge of the "inner city." In the late 60's it was the Cleveland Grande for awhile. In the mid-70's an early version of Devo played a private party for WMMS, warming up for Sun Ra. Now it's used occassionally by black concert promoters and, of course, as the site for DISASTO.

DISCOGRAPHY

12 inch 45s

DEAD BOYS- "Sonic Reducer"/ Little girl, Down in flames: Phonogram 6078 609*
DEVO- Jocko homo, Mongoloid, Satisfaction, Sloppy, Be stiff, Social fools: Stiff ddo 1*
PERE UBU- "Datapanik in the year zero"; Heart of darkness (edit), 30 seconds over Tokyo, Cloud 149, Untitled, Heaven: Radar RDR 1*
BRIAN SANDS- "Reheated chocolate tangos"; The day the elves could fly, Orangutango, Fivefourthreetwone, Baby you're a rich man/This lonely knight, White chocolate, Shoeater: Bizart 1.

7 inch 45s

THE ACTION- Get back to me/ Any day now: RadioGram 101.
THE ACTION- Radio music/ Please oh please: RadioGram 102.
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES- Yankee wheels/ Nasty... nice: Stiff buy 26.*
BIZARROS- Laser boys & It hurts, Janey/ New order: Clone 003.
CHI PIG- Bountiful living/ Ring around the collar: Chi Pig records.
CHRONICS- Test tube baby/ Calling all cardinals: Nuclear records nuke-101/102.
DEAD BOYS- Sonic reducer/ Down in flames: Sire 1004.
DEAD BOYS- Tell me/ Not anymore, Ain't nothin' to do: Sire 1029.
DEVO- Jocko homo/ Mongoloid: Booji boy 7033.
DEVO- Satisfaction/ Sloppy: Boojie boy 75677.
DEVO- "Saturday night Devo"; Jocko homo/Mongoloid: Pin Head.
ELECTRIC EELS- Cyclotron/ Agitated: Rough Trade 008.*
EX-BLANK-EX- A/ You're full of shit: Drome DR2.
15-60-75- Here in the life/It's in imagination: Hearthan HR 108.
GIRLS- Jeffery i hear u/ The elephant man: Hearthan HR 106.
HARVEY GOLD- I keep a close watch/ Armadillo: Clone 005.
HOTFOOT QUARTET- Mongoloid/ Lazinda Waltz: Black snake C1002.
HUMAN SWITCHBOARD- I gotta know/ No!: Clone 007.
HUMAN SWITCHBOARD- Prime of my life/ In my room: Square sq-one.
ANDREW KLIMEK- "Afterbathinginturpentine;" Anna told, Drapery hooks of my love/ Felt hammer: Mustard MM-105.
LEPERS- Light up a pack, Coitus interruptus/ Flipout, Cops: Drome DR6.
LUCKY PIERRE- Fans & cameras/ Idlewood: Unadulterated 01.
MIRRORS- Shirley/ She smiled wild: Hearthan 105.
MORGAN/PRESSLER- You're gonna watch me/ The hand piece: Hearthan HR 107.
PAGANS- Six and change/ Six and change: Neck Reckords 1143.
PAGANS- Street where nobody lives/ What's this shit called love?: Drome DR1.
PAGANS- Not now, no way/ I juvenille: Drome DR5.
PAGANS- Dead end america/ Little black egg: Drome DR7.
PERE UBU- 30 seconds over Tokyo/ Heart of darkness: Hearthan HR 101.
PERE UBU- Final solution/ Cloud 149; Hearthan HR 102.
PERE UBU- Streetwaves/ My dark ages: Hearthan HR 103.
PERE UBU- The modern dance/ Heaven: Hearthan HR 104.
POLI STYRENE JASS BAND- Drano in your veins/ Circus Highlights: Mustard MM-101.
JOHN RADER- One step at a time/ Get you back: Clone 009.
STYRENE MONEY- Radial arm saws/ Just walking: Mustard MM-102.
STYRENE MONEY- I saw you/ Everything near me, Jaguar ride: Mustard MM-103.
STYRENE MONEY- Leave the girls/ Inside of here: Mustard MM-104.
TEACHER'S PET- Hooked on you/ To kill you: Clone 008.
TIN HUEY- Róbert takes the road to Lieber nawash/ Squirm you worm: Clone 004.
TIN HUEY- Sister Rose/ English kids: Clone 010.
WAITRESSES- Clones/ Slide: Clone 006.
WILD GIRAFFES- New era/ Dreams don't last: Neck Reckords AAA1.
WILD GIRAFFES- Love me/ When I find out: Neck Reckords AAA2.

7 inch 33 1/3

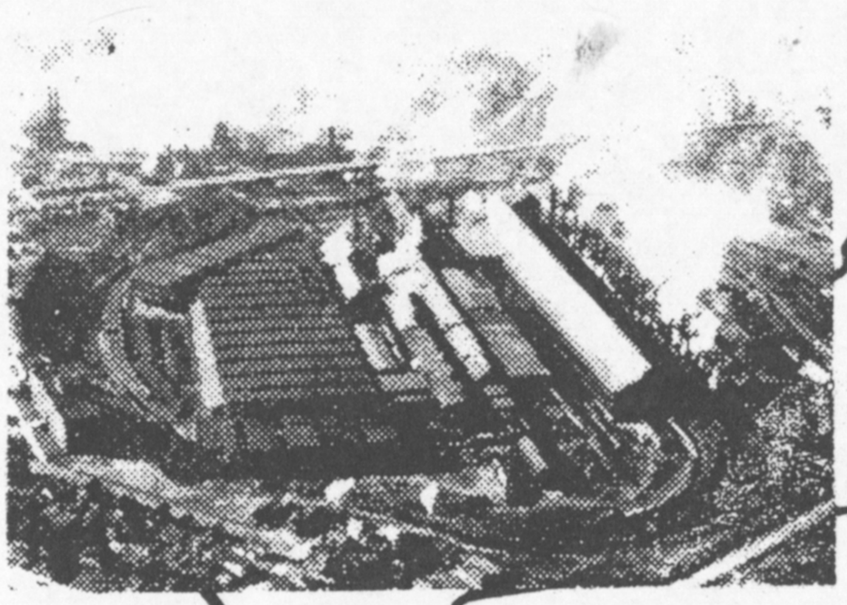
BIZARROS- Lady dubonette, I bizarro/ Without reason, Nova: Gorilla Productions 001.
CLEVELAND CUTIES- If I only had the bomb/ She could love me, Pregnant Molly: Precious Records.
HUMAN SWITCHBOARD- Fly in, Distemper/ Shake it, boys, San Francisco nights: Under the rug records.
PAUL MAROTTA- Tool; 'Tis a guiding light that shines my way, Anything/ One without many, The wedding march, Opus IV: Tool A3DIM.
TIN HUEY- Puppet wipes, Cuyahoga creeping bent/ Poor Alphonso (live), The Tin Huey story: Clone 002.

12 inch 33 1/3

BIZARROS: Mercury SRM-1-3776.
BIZARROS/RUBBER CITY REBELS- From Akron: Clone 001.
DEAD BOYS- Young, loud, & snotty: Sire 6038.
DEAD BOYS- We have come for your children: Sire. Sire 6054.
DEVO- Q: Are we not men? A: We are Devo: Warner Brothers.
15-60-75- Jimmy Bell's back in town: Water Brothers 001.
PERE UBU- The modern dance: Blank 001.
PERE UBU- Dubhousing: Chrysalis 1207.*
PERE UBU- New picnic time: Chrysalis.*
TIN HUEY- Contents dislodged during shipment: Warner Brothers BSK 3297.

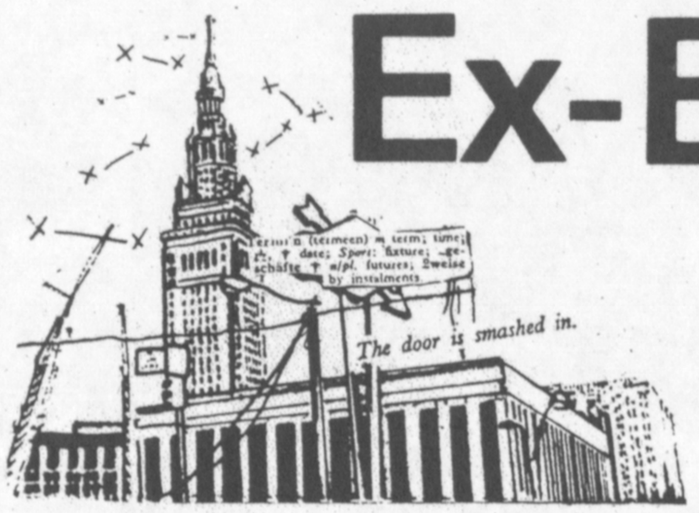
Anthologies:

AKRON- Spirit of America; Stiff GET 3. Includes Jane Aire, Bizarros, Chi Pig, Rubber City Rebels, Rachel Sweet, Tin Huey, and the Waitresses.*
DEAD BOYS- Punk collection: RCA PL 42339. Includes Sonic reducer.*
DEAD BOYS- New wave: Vertigo 6300 902. Includes Sonic reducer (different mix), All this and more.*
HUMAN SWITCHBOARD- Waves: Bomp LP 4003. Includes You're much madder than me.
PERE UBU- Max's kansas city 1976: Ram. Includes Final solution.



all factors favor OHIO... the heart of industrial America

Ex-Blank-Ex



Note: The purpose and/or function of musical criticism is ambiguous and open to debate from all aspects. No one review or article can cover all points of discussion from all possible angles without becoming a treatise. It would then cease to be functional within its sphere. Even then, unless it is a complete and totally factual report, it is from a particular and individual point of view. Therefore, subjective.

This article makes no claims to be anything but subjective. Its intention is to partially document the existence of a group of musicians for the reason that no other such documentation exists. Whether or not this is justification for this article has been considered and the result is obvious. However, this is not dogma ie gospel and should be treated as such.

Part 1: Facts — The final and recorded version consisted of John Morton, Jim Ellis, Anton Fier, and Andrew Klimek. They existed for approximately 3 months, made 4* public appearances and recorded 4 songs for release, but as of this writing unreleased, for Drome Records. X----X disbanded in September of 1978 due to relocation by 2 of the musicians. There is the possibility of reformation in NYC in late 1979.

Part 2: The Name — The term X----X is an attempt at a non-name. Names are labels. Labels imply pre-determined characteristics which the observer both consciously and subconsciously associates with the entity which is the musical/performance group. In a sense, names/labels have the potential to place a perceptual limitation on the process itself. A band is what it is. How it's perceived is not entirely its control. It is with this in mind that J. Morton chose the label X----X. The name can be anything to anyone at anytime. Its only pretention is its lack of pretention.

Part 3: The Music — It is the performers' hopes to apply the same approach to its performance. There is no one influence to be drawn on, no particular idiom to emulate, no taboos and no restrictions. Each person is there due to their own personalities and abilities. The only criterion is for each musician to perform according to their satisfaction. Anything else would make interaction contrary to its intentions.

A brief description of the recorded works of X----X gives a relatively good indication of the broadness in scope of the performers.

1. Approaching The Minimal With Sprayguns — Minimal is basically an exercise in 2 contrasting rhythms. The song opens with JM's guitar playing the main rhythm. The vocals/melody and bass later join in playing and reinforcing the same rhythms. On the third bar the drums and second guitar enter creating a directly relative contrasting rhythm. The second rhythm is placed in such a way as to support the main (first) rhythm while being a completely separate entity in itself. As a result, at times the 2 combined rhythms become indistinguishable and create a third rhythm.

2. A — A JM composition, it begins as a very straight-forward rock type song which then, through the playing of the drums, pushes itself off-balance by a half of a beat. The effect is, for lack of a better term; inside out.

3. You're Full Of Shit — X----X's archtypical rock song. It is completely non-sbtle both in concept and in performance. The level of speed and intensity start at the high point and build until its completion.

4. No Nonsense — Another JM composition from his Electric Eel days. No Nonsense is a medium tempo number which begins at a deceptively simple and obvious pace only to be completely dissected from within by the drums. The two main parts are the hammering consistency of the vocals, guitar and bass, and the totally improvised drumming.

Other Music — The remainder of the X----X repertoire is just as diverse and prolific as the 4 aforementioned recordings. Other pieces include:

a. Northland — AK's semi-structured semi-improvised instrumental featuring groups of 4 and 5 note patterns sometimes accompanied by a prepared tape recording.

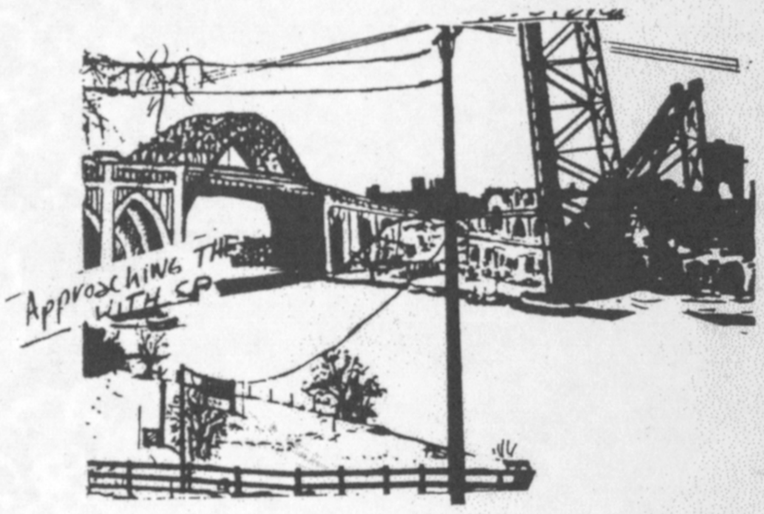
b. ToolJazz — The piece where performers play power tools.

c. No No — Song in which the phrase "No No" is repeated by both vocals and instruments 30 consecutive times.

d. New treatments of Agitated and Dolly Boy, both popularized while John was a member of the Electric Eels.

e. Spontaneous guitar/percussion duets.

Conclusion: Only the possible reformation or release of the recorded works of X----X would adequately portray the phenomenon which is/was X----X. It is precisely with that hope that this article is written. The combination of both material and musicians culminated in a band unlike any other ever to emerge from Cle. To say they were good or bad would be absurd. To say they were inventive, daring . . . In fact, saying anything beyond this point would be redundant.



And into the 80's... THE STYRENES continue to be Cle's best kept musical secret. An integral part of the great "first wave" of Cleveland underground bands, they are as unique as any of their area compatriates--Pere Ubu, The Electric Eels, Devo, Tin Huey, et al--bands whose uncompromising autonomy forced them to work in private, underground like environments until "76-'77, when an audience for new music began to surface.

The essence of the band is combination of the songwriting talents of guitarist Jamie Klimek and pianist Paul Marotta. Each distinctively different, their music is a blend of Jamie's sixties pop rock distilations mixed with Paul's jazzoid balladesque deviations.

Together, they formed a unit around which numerous musicians have revolved. Since their begining, THE STYRENES have stayed in a state of continual flux; while the songs remain the same, the instrumentation is a constant variable.

To date, these enterprising lads have released 3 obscure 45's on their own Mustard label, each one representative of a different facet of their style.

As the Poli Styrene Jass Band they recorded Drano In Your Veins/Circus Highlights in 1975. Despite garage production techniques, the record is a gem, sporting a mod era innocence & peppermints sound offset by sinister lyrics. It is a definitive statement of their twisted sense of humor.

More effective and nearer to the ideal STYRENE jazz-pop synthesis is Radial Arm Saws/Just Walking, an upbeat and commercially viable little ditty. Bassist Mike Antle elaborates the bottom and the band swings with textured and intricate riffing while guest saxophonist Jack Lefton lends a brass dimension of jazz flavour.

On their third release the band kicks into high gear and ROCK OUT in their distinctive style. The music punched out with furious enthusiasm, fast stops and Jamie's chaotic leads ripping right through an ever-changing, ever-building envelope of sound. A great party record.

Their next 45, scheduled for release later this month, proves to be an attempt in yet another direction, focusing emphasis on Jamie while the rest of the band acts as back up.

For more information contact STYRENE MONEY, 3615 Superior Av. Cle, Ohio, 44114.

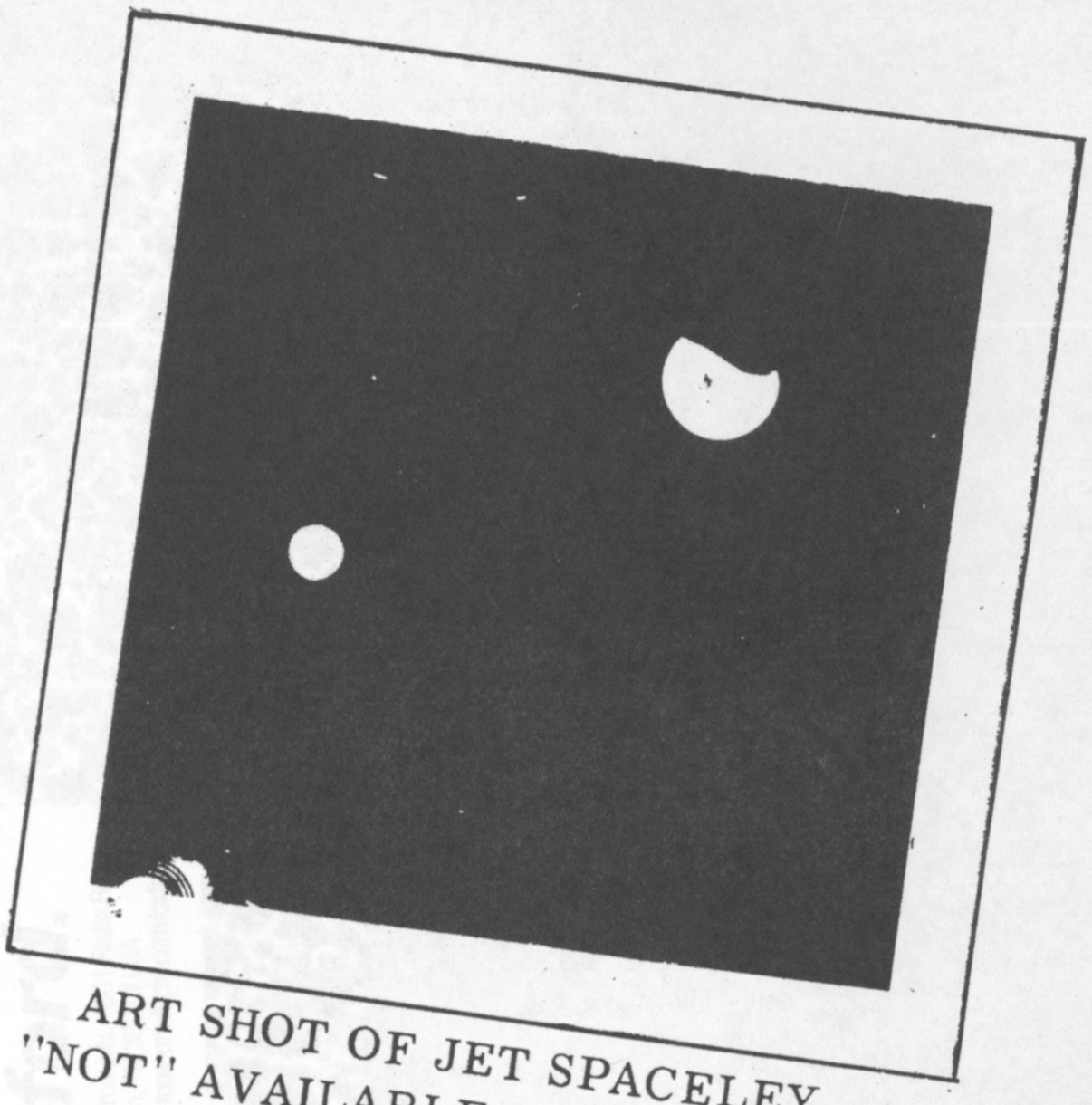
NOW SCIENCE & ART MAY AGREE:

SPACELEY LINK TO NON-WAVE!

Although a lot of media attention has focused on the Cleveland area rock scene, the Jet Spaceley legacy is still a mystery. A vital force in the Cleveland rock scene, Jet Spaceley pioneered the non-wave concept during the summer of '77 - or the "Summer of Metal" as it has come to be known, by refusing to play with, or even acknowledge the existence of - his band, the Sprockets. He preferred the familiar surroundings of his comfortable controlled home environ - early morn TV, music of Kiss and the Runaways, waffle iron & Waring blender - to the sweaty little smoke filled clubs in which the other "new"-wave bands were forced to play. He left that up to the Sprockets. Naturally he refused to even be seen publically with them, often assuming a secret identity. Without his cooperation the Sprockets lost interest and dissolved - splinter groups include the Dromones and the Fusionists. When Jet saw their lack of interest, he also quit the band to go on to various solo projex, abandoning the groups proposed recording contract with the Drome label, leaving only some rough lyric sheets which are reproduced here.

Readers of CLE will recall his "betty" page in issue 3 as well as his cover art on issue 2. During this same period he was very prolific, concentrating on futuristic designs, some of which you see reproduced here. He overcame some of his fears of the public, and was often seen walking to and from his illegally parked car clad in only a jockstrap. What a shock in suburban Cleveland Heights! His car was deliberately harassed by police officers and he wound up in court holding the record for parking violations - over $800! He paid $100 down and pledged $25 a month on their "installment plan." This persecution may have been what led to a six month quiet period in which he persued Chinese art styles and waterpainting. Then - he disappeared, February of 1978 - in his '77 Monza. Some say that he was being groomed for CIA work, some say he moved to rural Tennessee because of a strong religious commitment, some say he never existed, and some say that they have seen the Monza parked on Huron Av near 9th St. But no-one knows whether he is really missing or if this is merely an advanced stage of the non-wave concept.

Whether or not Jet Spaceley will return, or for that matter has ever left, is one of the pivotal issues of today's non-wave crisis. With more fans converting - fewer actually understand. Despite the confusion surrounding the concept & culture of non-wave in the first place, Jet Spaceley, if anyone, has kept true to its ideals - a traditionalist in a very modern sense. Jet Spaceley may be just the man to unify the chaotically multi-factioned non-wave. One can only wonder what direction he could provide for the millions of young and young-minded americans.



ART SHOT OF JET SPACELEY
"NOT" AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT.

JET OUT

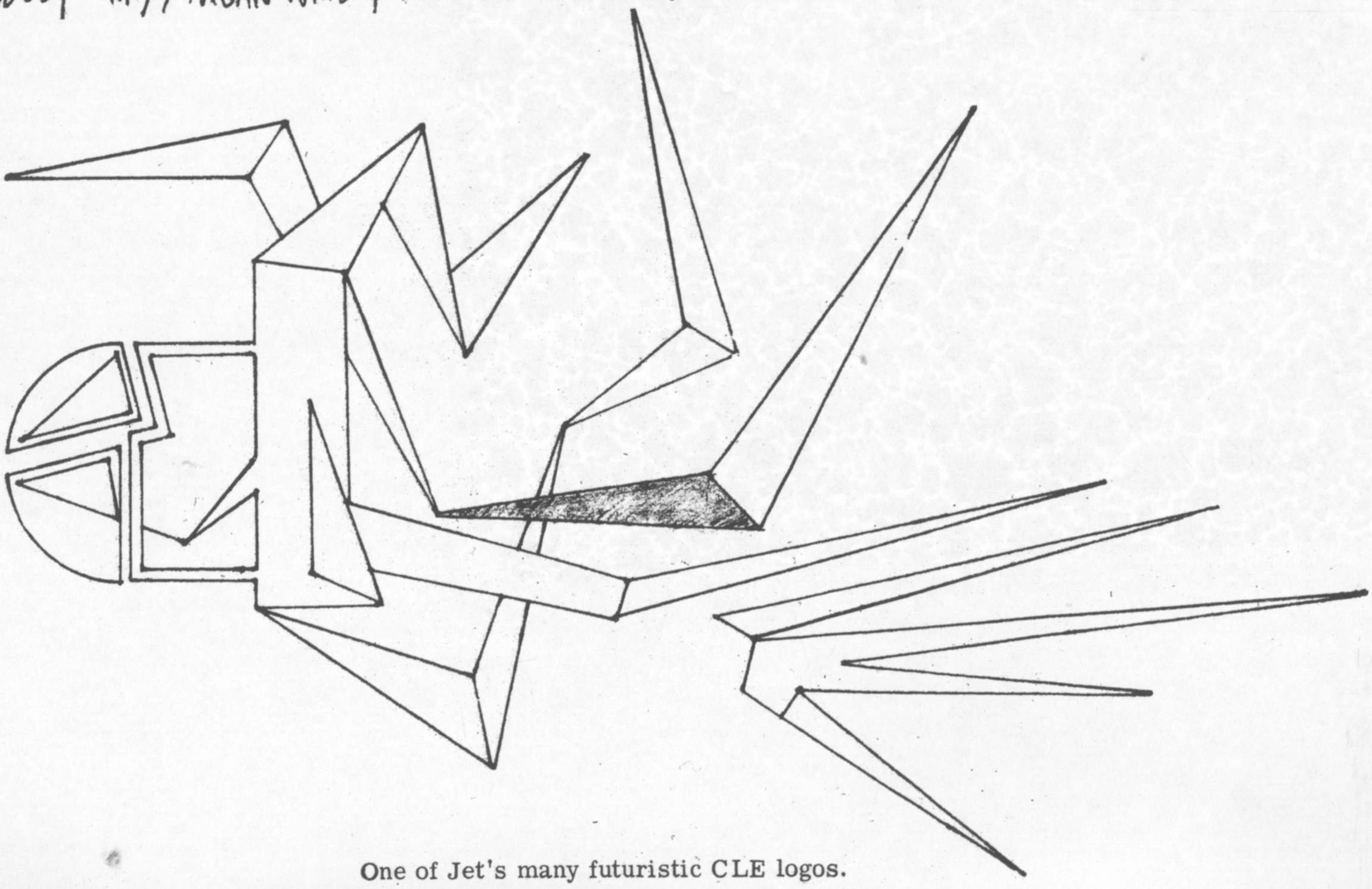
MOTION LIKE THE SEED IN A POLLINATION BEAM
THE STAR OF A TRANSMODULATOR'S DOMUNATION DREAM
WANNA GET OUT / DROPPED WITHOUT DISCRETION HERE
WANNA JET OUT / LEFT WITHOUT DECOMPRESSION FEAR
BEEN GIVING THIS INFECTION PRONOUNCED AND STAUNCH RESISANCE
BUT ITS HARD TO FIGHT THE PULL WITHOUT JETOMIC LAUNCH ASSISTANCE
NEED AN ALTERNATE ROUTE PLAN / SICK OF RETROGRESSION
WANNA JET OUT MAN / KICK THIS JET DEPRESSION
LOST DOWN IN THE CITIES / LOCKED OUT IN THE SAND
CAN'T USE THE WILL TO LIFT ME OFF OF THE LAND
CAN'T USE A PILL TO TAKE ME OUT OF MY HANDS
WANNA JET OUT MAN / KICK THIS JET DEPRESSION OUT
NEED AN ALTERNATE ROUTE PLAN / DELIVER MY CONFESSION LOUD
WANNA GET OUT / DON'T KNOW HOW TO DIAL DIRECT
GOTTA JET OUT / FIND THE ROOM AND PUSH EJECT
MOTION LIKE THE SPORE IN A TRANSEMENATION BEAM
THE STAR OF AN ELECTROLIZER'S IMPLANTATION SCHEME
GONNA GET OUT / VITAL $ FUNCTIONS FAIL AT THE NEWS
GONNA JET OUT / REMAIN IN PLACE AS ORBIT CONTINUES
GONNA JET OUT JET MAN / FINALLY JET SUCESSION WELL
GOT AN ALTERNATE ROUTE PLAN / DON'T KNOW JET SUPRESSION
JET OUT JET MAN / GOTTA SKIP THIS LECTURE SESSION
JET OUT JET MAN / GOT MY SIGHTS ON JET AGRESSION

Just apply notes= A HIT

Jet's unrecorded Drome! 45.
Release pending artistic reinvolvment.

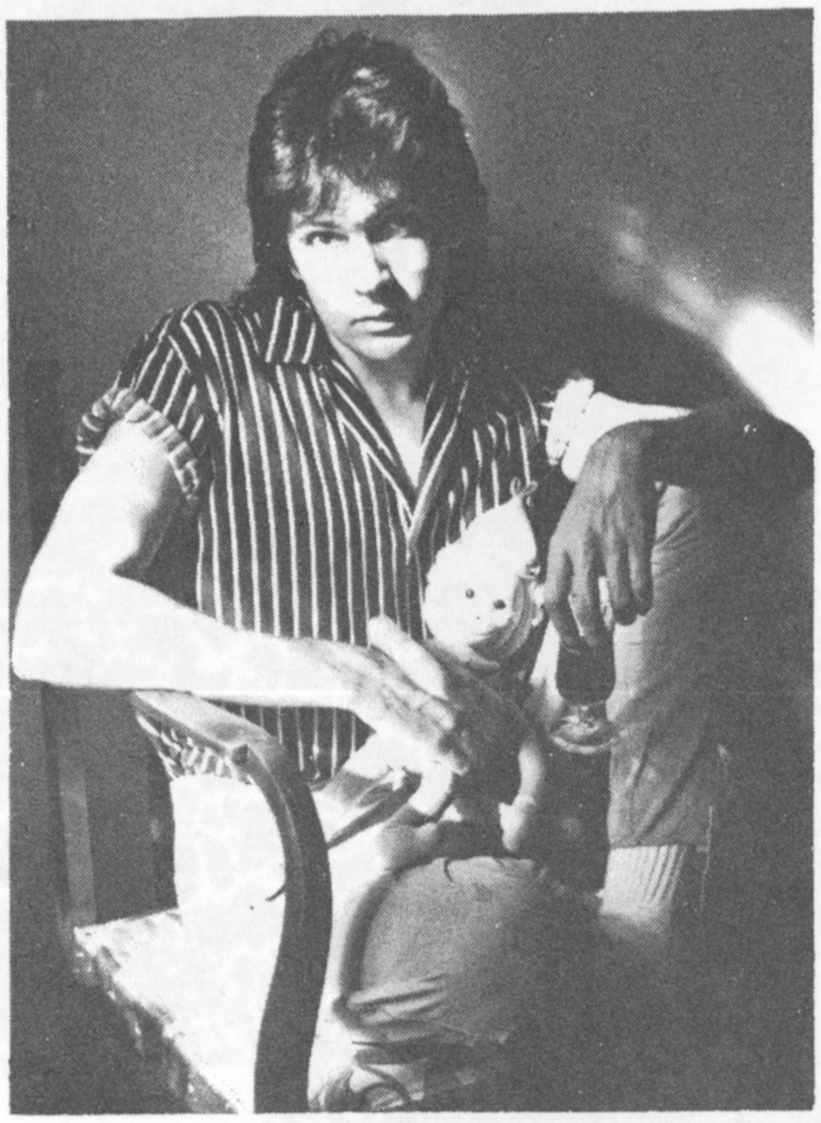
FRENCH SOON BURST THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR ATTIRED MOST INADEQUATELY FOR THE MODEST OCCASION WHICH THEN MET HIS EYES. THERE ON THE DAVONPORT PERCHED THE DELECTABLE BUFFY, HER EYES WIDE AND MOIST, TEETERING ON THE VERY EDGE OF TOTAL HYSTERIA. FOR JODY AND MRS. BEEZELY HAD DECIDED TO TAKE HER HOSTAGE IN ORDER TO SECURE CERTAIN CONTROL OF TELEVISION RECEPTION AND PROGRAM SELECTION. NO SOONER HAD THE SLOW-WITTED MR. FRENCH CLOSED THE DOOR, BETTE BEEZELY PULLED OUT HER SPEARGUN AND FIRED, SENDING THE DEADLY PROJECTILE STRAIGHT THROUGH THE GENTLEMAN'S LEFT HAND, PINNING HIM FIRMLY TO THE FRESH WOODWORK. AT THE SAME INSTANT JODY PLUNGED A BRAND NEW SCREWDRIVER DEEP INTO BUFFY'S THROAT CAUSING HER TO CONVULSE AND SCREAM. UPON REGAINING HIS COMPOSURE FRENCH PICKED UP A NEARBY VIAL OF POWERFULLY CAUSTIC FLUID AND CAST ITS CONTENTS OVER THE PLAYFUL TWINS, WITHOUT RESERVATION. MRS. BEEZELY HAS, MEANWHILE, BEEN UNEMPLOYED.

What strange power did she have over him?



One of Jet's many futuristic CLE logos.

The Sandman Cometh
BRIAN SANDS SLURPS PINEAPPLE



Brian Sands pictured at home, 1979

Just prior to the printing of this issue of Cle, I had the pleasure of visiting Brian Sands at his hideaway bungalo (and main office of his Bizart corp.) in Cleveland's lovely west-side suburb of Brooklyn, Ohio. The occasion was a preview of his newly released 12" 45rpm record, "Reheated Chocolate Tangos."

Dressed in green baseball pants, red tennies, and a T-shirt depicting the London underground transport system, Brian greeted me, perturbed over the algae-ridden Lake Erie water that been plaguing Cleveland for weeks.

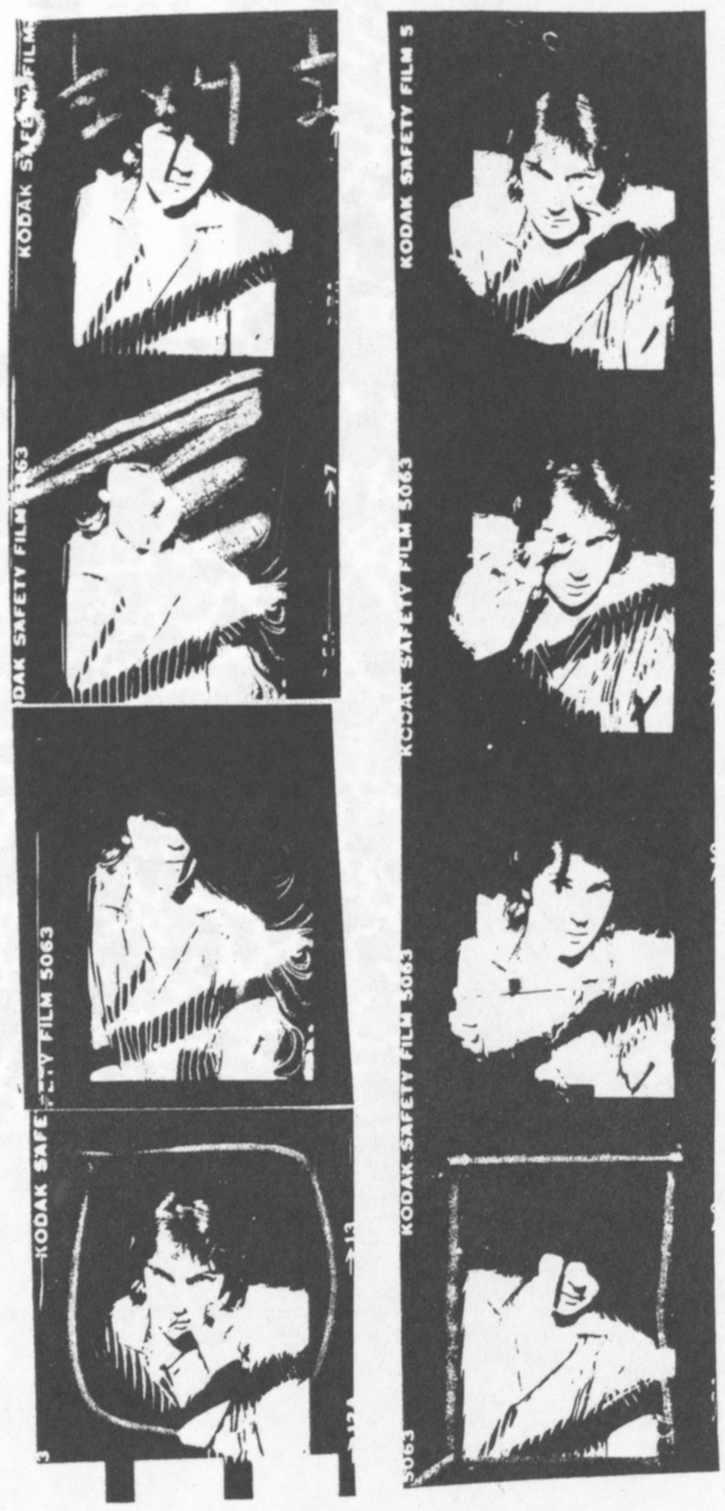
"I'm going out this afternoon to pick up some mineral water!", he spurted. "This tap water is like drinking from an aquarium."

Soon we were slurping ice cold vodka and pineapple juice from two of his favorite mugs: a Tuborg beer mug shaped like a goat's horn, and a Heinekin windmill beer mug which he begged from "ever pleasant Nancy" at Deja Vu, one of the many Sands-frequented night spots.

"I'm going a bit overboard with this windmill fetish. My goal now is to live in one." The house is full of ashtrays, prints, woodenshoes-- all depicting windmills.

"I've always been a collector of things."

Anything that's bizarre or creatively done seems to interest him. Hats, postcards, advertisement placards (from French's birdseed to Catherine Deneuve for Chanel), badges, old children's books and games, over 300 different beer cans and bottles from all over the world,(Brian says he always comes back to Pabst), all neatly in its place... and stamps-- his favorites being oneof a spiney anteater (Brian notes that it is one of the few egg-laying mammals)-and an obscure set issued from Guyana picturing "Sacrament of the Last Supper" and "Christ of St. John on the Cross" by Salvador Dali. (Perhaps the most-prized of all the Sands collections is his colorful rare material on surrealist artist Dali.)



Speaking of colorful, so is Brian's newly released record, proven by a couple of spins downstairs in his office. Colorful not only in content, but in packaging itself, - (the disc is pressed in blue vinyl.) And doing justice his collection, the jacket pictures Brian surrounded by a Salvador Dali-designed frame. His lettering concept used on the jacket turned out so abstract that had to have a sticker to make things a bit clearer.

The record opens with an eerie yet lighthearted instrumental entitled "The day the elves could fly." Brian notes it as being a dedication to the memory of the late Marc Bolan. To appropriate the mood, this track was recorded by candlelight, while the owner of the studio feared Brian was going to catch the place on fire. The music and voices are almost reminiscent of Ennio Morrocone, and would make a perfect soundtrack to midnight elven wake.

Brian and Bolan: Brian still considers Marc one of the originators of popular progressive music. Photo circa 1971

"Orangutango" is a very Lennon sounding semi-acoustic song, filled with more images. Brian: "A man alone, abandoned by love and driven to his hidden tropical island." With breathing used as the effect of an incoming ocean tide, and an effective guitar solo by Cleveland mystery reptile Alan Snake.

cont.

The thusfar haunting and moody feel is abruptly turned around by the following track, "5,4,3,2,1, "Brian's tribute to "grease bunnies everywhere." A Buddy Holly-ish sound that packs more wallop than all the truckdrivin' songs on those K-Tel albums.

A revamp of the Beatles' "Baby Your A Rich Man" closes side A. Kept pretty true to the Beatles' format, with added phase shift keyboard and a backward vocal segment, most Beatlemaniacs as well as Brian himself should be pleased what he has accomplished here.

The three cuts that follow on side B differ greatly. What's all this muck about vaccum cleaners and blackheads in a love ballad??? "This Lonely Knight" sounds like Roy Orbison backed by Gerry and the Pacemakers meet Vivian Stanshall.

"White Chocolate" is what Brian calls "more or less a goof track."

It was built into a vocal song from a 30 second ukelele instrumental. I've now further expanded it into a samba-jazz sort of thing and I'm going to re-record it soon. This is like hearing it when it was still on the drawing board, but I still like the mood created on this record alot." I'm not sure what Brian is going to do with a new version of this tune, but in it's present form sounds like Donovan... on acid.

The closing track is "Shoeater", an "entirely Beefheart inspired" instrumental with vocal narration. Brian plays everything on this cut except for some additional vocal narration by Luann Crawford. Wishing that a lyric sheet was available, Brian was eager to supply them, printed exclusively below. Brian says this is "100% pure Beef."

"A tribute to a really creative mind. Trout Mask replica was always a favorite record of mine and I'm not sure how people will take "Shoeater." But imitation is still the greatest form of flattery and that is how I hope it's taken. It was all done with fun and it was my favorite track to record."

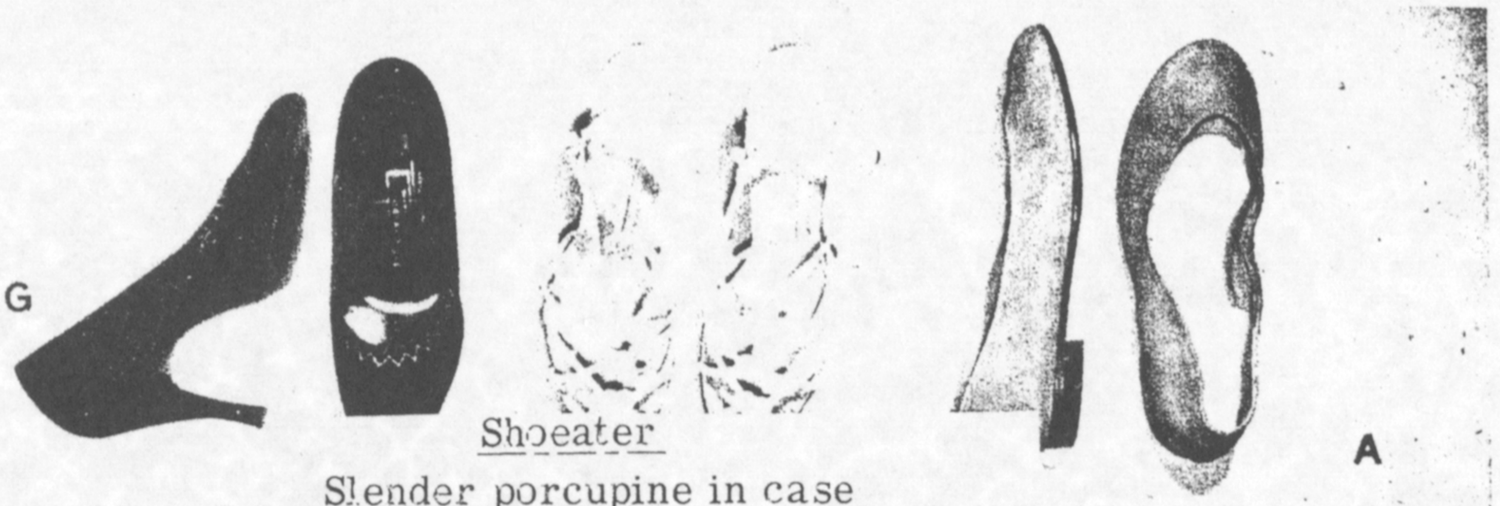
Overall, this piece of "Chocolate" is quite tastey. Brian Sands is a pop-music force not to be taken too lightly -- there is too much versatility and quality for this, his first release, to be passed off as simply novel.

sands cont.

1956年の婦人靴はイタリアン・モード

解説 佐宗慶吾
カメラ 松本政利

婦人靴の流行は今やヨーロッパでもアメリカ大陸でも、断然イタリアン・モードに人気を集めている。戦後、イタリーの靴デザインは強い個性と斬新さをもつて世界の靴メーカーに大きな刺激を与えた。イタリアン・モードの特長は、フォーム（木型）と製甲（甲皮のデザイン）がすべて伝統ある本格的なもので、脚を美しく見せる指先の細い線の表現と、甲皮のカッティングに、大胆なセンスが満ち溢れている。角のあるスレンダー・スタイルなどは、その細いフォームに対するアンバランスを強調した代表的なもの。ヒールは低くて細いものが流行している



Shoeater

Slender porcupine in case
entrapped in a rubber room
kelideoscopic diseases
Farfel n Jimmy in disgust
turquoise glass eye
the iceman trophy
n iodine dummy
do the wrong rhumba
at the Aragon Bullroom

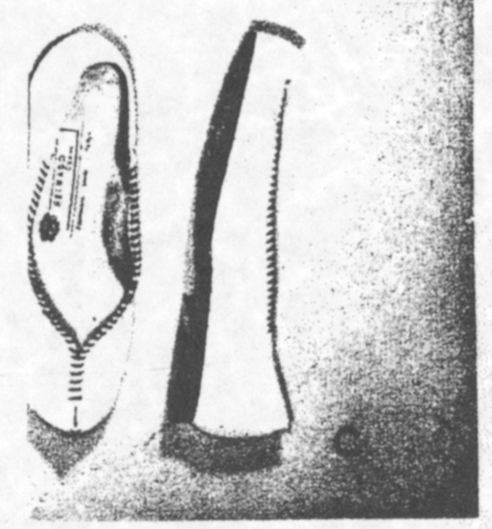
"No talking!" he belched
and slurred horrific lean
but hard railroad siding irredesent

slinky pony-tailed girls
in turquoise rayon shells
and lime strech marks
sink wheelbarrows
not that gone
or that together either

a yellow jacket
attempts to squeeze
into a size 8

simple minded but erotic
in nature
Olga n Brigitte
handle a toaster

"Shoeater" BizartMusic 1979



A 赤スエードのバレー・スタイルのホーム・シューズ。手で半分に折り曲げられる位の柔かい底。ジュニアから若い人にとつてたのしい靴（手工製 二、八〇〇円）

B ピンクのレザーで作つたイタリアン・モードの代表的なカッティング。ヨーロッパやアメリカでは、靴のおしやれに気をつかう人ならば一度は穿いてみようという型（エナメル製七、五〇〇円 カーフ製四、五〇〇円）

C 白カーフをネービイ・ブルーの皮紐で編上げたゴンドラ・スタイルのバレー・ソール。多量生産のできない創作デザインで、柔かい仕立（二、八〇〇円）

D 丸紐状の白皮で作つたサンダル。中央の組合せをゆるめると寸法の調節ができる便利なデザインヒールは七センチで初夏から夏への流行型（三、三〇〇円）

E 指先をカットしたオープン・トウ。色はバンブー・カラーといわれているが、日本の竹色とは異なり、ネーブル・イエローで明るい流行色（三、九〇〇円）

F クラシックな風格をあらわしたスタイル。ヒールはルイ型で、黒スエードと銀キット、マホガニー色スエードと金キットの二種がある（八、五〇〇円）

G 典型的なコンチネンタル・スタイル。舶来のネービイ・ブルーのスエードに銀キットの飾りがある。ヒールは別仕立で、ハンドワークの最高品（八、五〇〇円）

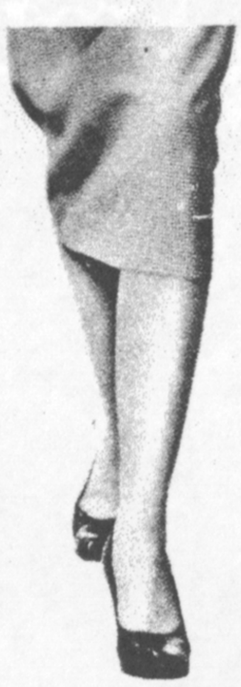
H "Tシャツ・スタイルにはこの靴で"と「セブンティーン」に発表されていた型。スポーツ・ウエア向きのソフト・シューズ（スエード製二、八〇〇円 カーフ製二、五〇〇円）

I 赤のカーフと黒のカーフの二色で作つた四角のトウに四角のヒールのフレンチ・スタイル。ナイロン・メッシュのアクセサリイが靴を小さく見せる（三、五〇〇円）

提供 平和堂靴専門店

解説 杉野芳子

A ブルー・グレイのレイヨンのドレスに白をカフスとカラーと手袋に配し、明るい別色を帽子とスカーフにもつて来た例。靴は濃いブルー。カラーとカフスのバンドは取のぞいた方が却つてすつきりするでしよう。スカーフはポケットに配したり、手首に巻いたり、バッグに結んだりしてアクセントにします。



B スパンレーヨンの白と茶の小格子で、遠く離れるとベージュの色調に見える。帽子とバッグに落ついた赤。これ以上の赤は使いすぎになりますから、手袋を白にして靴は濃い茶。スカートをフレアーにして、ベージュの分量が多ければ靴まで赤にしてよいでしよう。夏物でしたら手袋と合わせて白の靴もよいでしよう。

C

Bizart

(J) re-type

DO NOT USE THIS MATERIAL C 808752

To B-11

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Don't plan on understanding, but please try. Bizart looks at the more fantastic side of earthly exsistance and projects bizarre visual concoctions and unique and open thoughts and opinions.(Mostly my own)- It even looks nifty on your workbench. Visual and exploitive written material on music, film, fashion, T.V.ism, books, A-r-t, sex, upolstery, first aid, etc., that you WILL NOT SEE ELSEWHERE. PLEASE write us for details. Artists with available bunk can submit to BIZART. (address below.)

(J.) QUAL CONT MAY 753777a

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Daringly Designed for Instant Appeal

"Feeding Time" 15 Feet Below the Surface at Marine Studios, Marineland, Florida

Brian Sands'

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PRODUCTIONS

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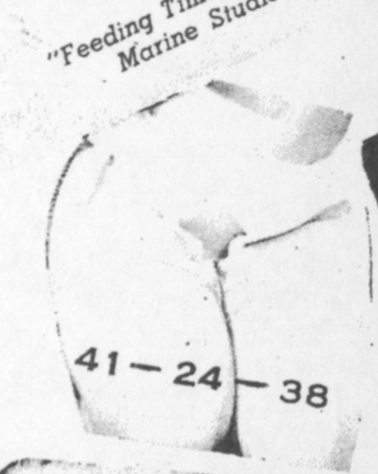
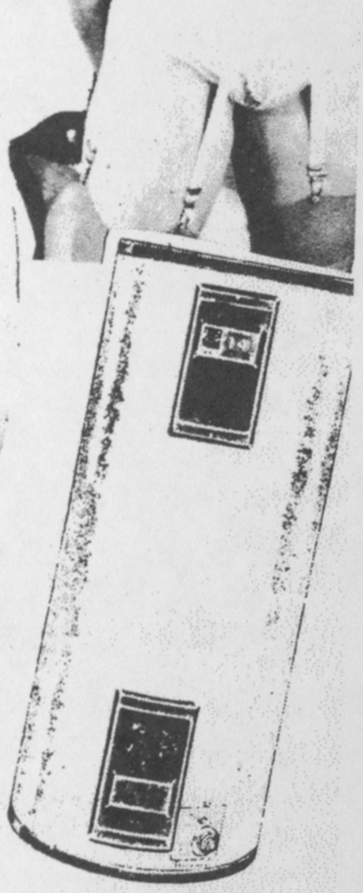
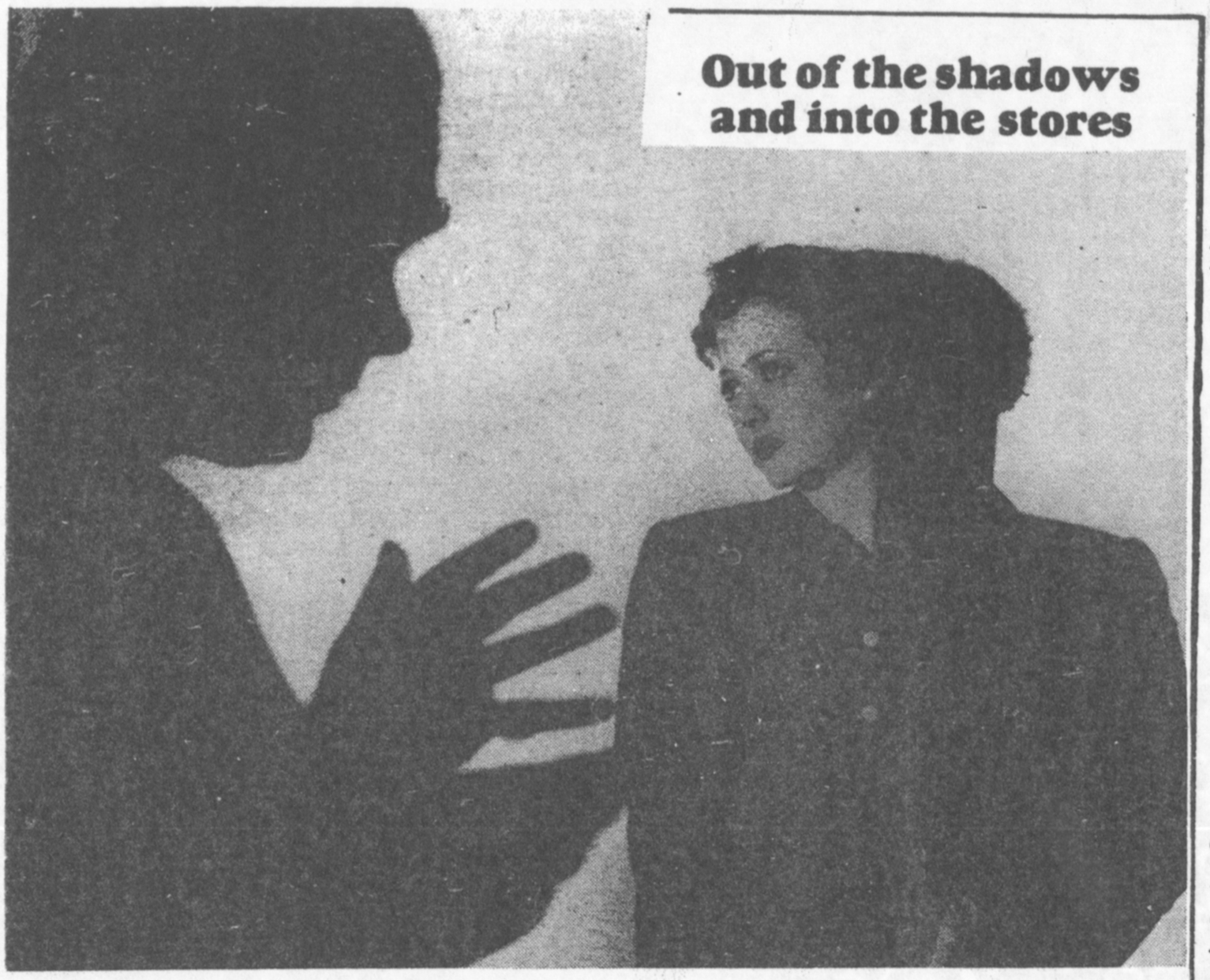




33951

Call before noon for same day water heater installation



Out of the shadows and into the stores

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UNITED STATES
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Paradox Music Dist
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Cross Country

EXCLUSIVE:
LIVE JACK RETIRES!

LIVE JACK has been forced into a premature retirement at the age of 9. Throughout '77 and into June'78 Jack

performed weekends, shriek-singing his songs at Mom & Dad Jack's South Euclid bungalow backed by brother Boob on gtr & drums and James Williamson Jr. on lead gtr. Tapes from this period were circulated by LIVE JACK PROJEX (headed up by J. Ellis) and came to be highly prized in Cle Non-Wave circles. Never playing out, LIVE JACK remained true to Non-Wave concepts until Parental Directive abruptly cut short its career. Niped in the bud.

But in his prime Jack could scream & shake & stomp with the best of 'em, wearing his silver jacket & sunglasses clutching microphone in hand and scream/singing songs like "Pygmies And Their Old-Fasioned Girlfriends." All LIVE JACK songs were destined to be classics, including such heavies as Smashed, Microscopic Jets, People Growin' Beards and the ever-popular, School's So Dumb. The majority of Jack's songs were improvised on the spot, relying on total spontanaiety of words & music; being the prime reason that LIVE JACK could never do the same song twice. Though he admired and often emulated The Stooges & Kiss, Jack was most happy while phonating in his own unique style-- a train of thought, stream of conciousness synthesis of TV and public school living seen from an authentically alien pre-pubescent viewpoint. The band was loud & raw and always tried to practice at full volume, resulting in maximum distortion, minimum speaker life and a fore-shortened career. During their most productive period, LJ fans maintain, LIVE JACK were cranking out an album's worth of material each night. Just before the big-breakup, Jack penned a new hit to be dedicated to his current sixth-grade girlfriend and entitled Hot On The Rocks, as the band's epitaph.

Those Were Different Times

A Memoir Of Cleveland Life: 1967-1975 • (Part One) by Charlotte Pressler

Erik Bloomquist, age seven, Plaza child, whose father owns, with Allen Ravenstine, the building at 3206 Prospect Avenue, was having trouble with his book report. He had chosen Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," far above his grade level, and the big words kept getting him stuck. I told him that the story was originally written for adults, and that one of my teachers had read it to us, but not until we were in the sixth grade. "Well," Erik said, "I could have picked an easier life."

This is a story about life in Cleveland from 1968 to 1975, when a small group of people were evolving styles of music that would, much later, come to be called "New Wave." Misleadingly so, because that term suggests the current situation, in which an already evolved, recognized "New Wave" style exists for new bands to aim at. The task of this group was different: to evolve the style itself, while at the same time struggling to find in themselves the authority and confidence to play it. And they had to do this in a total vacuum. There were no "New Wave Nites" at local clubs; in fact gigs of any kind were rare, and usually attended only by the bands' closest friends; the local media for the most part ignored these bands; nor was there yet a national network; there were few fanzines; there was no Radar, no Stiff, no CBGB, even. The whole system of New Wave interconnections which makes it possible for every second person on Manhatten's Lower East Side to be a star did not exist. There were no stars, in Cleveland, then. Nobody cared what these people were doing. If they did anything at all, they did it for themselves. They adapted to those conditions in different ways. Some are famous. Some are still struggling. One is dead.

This is not a complete history of Cleveland bands; it is closer to a personal memoir, and concerns the people I was acquainted with and the events I witnessed. Some important figures, like Brian Sands are left out for the simple reason that I did not know them. I hope they will not construe this as a slight on their contributions. This is strictly, also, a Cleveland story. The Akron story, equally important, is one I cannot write. Though I lived in Akron for six months once, I never knew it from the inside.

It is, then, a fragment of the history of a period which saw a tremendous explosion of energy; irrevocably determining the character of many people's lives, including, of course, my own. If you look for my subjective reason for writing this article, it is there. When you grow to be twenty-eight, and realize that you have been living a certain way for ten years now, and that you are likely to go on living this way for the rest of your life, because you can no longer imagine what it is like to live any other way, you naturally begin to ask yourself how this happened. How it happened is the subject of this article-- just the facts, ma'am.

But there are questions I would like to know the answers to. Why, for example, are so many of the people in this story drawn from the same background? Most of them were from middle or upper-middle class families. Most were very intelligent. Many of them could have been anything they chose to be. Jamie Klimek and Paul Marotta would have made fine partners in a law firm. David Thomas planned at one time to be an English professor. Peter Laughner would have made an excellent journalist. John Morton is an excellent visual artist. There was no reason why they should not have effected an entry into the world of their parents. Yet all of them turned their backs on this world, and that meant making a number of very painful choices. First, there was the decision not to go to college, at a time when the draft was still in effect and the Vietnam War was still going on; and several of these people were drafted. Most of these people did not marry; those that did generally did not have children; few of them worked jobs for very long; and the jobs they did hold were low-paying and dull, a long ways away from a "career." Yet they were not drop-outs in the Sixties sense; they felt, if anything, a certain affection for consumerist society, and a total contempt for the so-called counterculture. The Sixties drop-outs dropped in to a whole world of people just like themselves; these people were on their own.

You can ask, also, why they all turned to rock 'n' roll. Most of the people I will be talking about here were not natural musicians. Peter perhaps was and Albert Dennis, and Scott Krauss; but John Morton and David Thomas and Allen Ravenstine and Jaime Klimek would probably have done something else, if there had been anything else for them to do. One can ask why there wasn't; why rock 'n' roll seems to be (except possibly for the visual arts) the only living art form these days.

I would like to know too the source of the deep rage that runs through this story like a razor-edged wire. It wasn't, precisely, class-hatred; it certainly wasn't political; it went too deep to be accepting of the possibility of change. The Eels, perhaps, came closest to embodying it fully; but it was there in everyone else. It was a desperate, stubborn refusal of the world, a total rejection; the kind of thing that once drove men into the desert, but our desert was the Flats. It should be remembered that we had all grown up with Civil Defense drills and air-raid shelters and dreams of the Bomb at night; we had been promised the end of the world as children, and we weren't getting it. But there must have been more to it than that.

I can't begin to answer these questions; I can only raise them. Perhaps the facts will suggest answers. It should be clear from this story, though that what is now going on in Cleveland is in many ways different; and that, when the next great explosion of energy comes, it too will be different.

Peter Laughner is the central character in this story; not only because he was central to the Cleveland underground in those years, but also because I was his wife, and saw things through his eyes. And that, of course, is my second reason for writing this article; maybe in this mass of facts is some clue that explains things. One always asks why.

PART ONE: ORIGINS

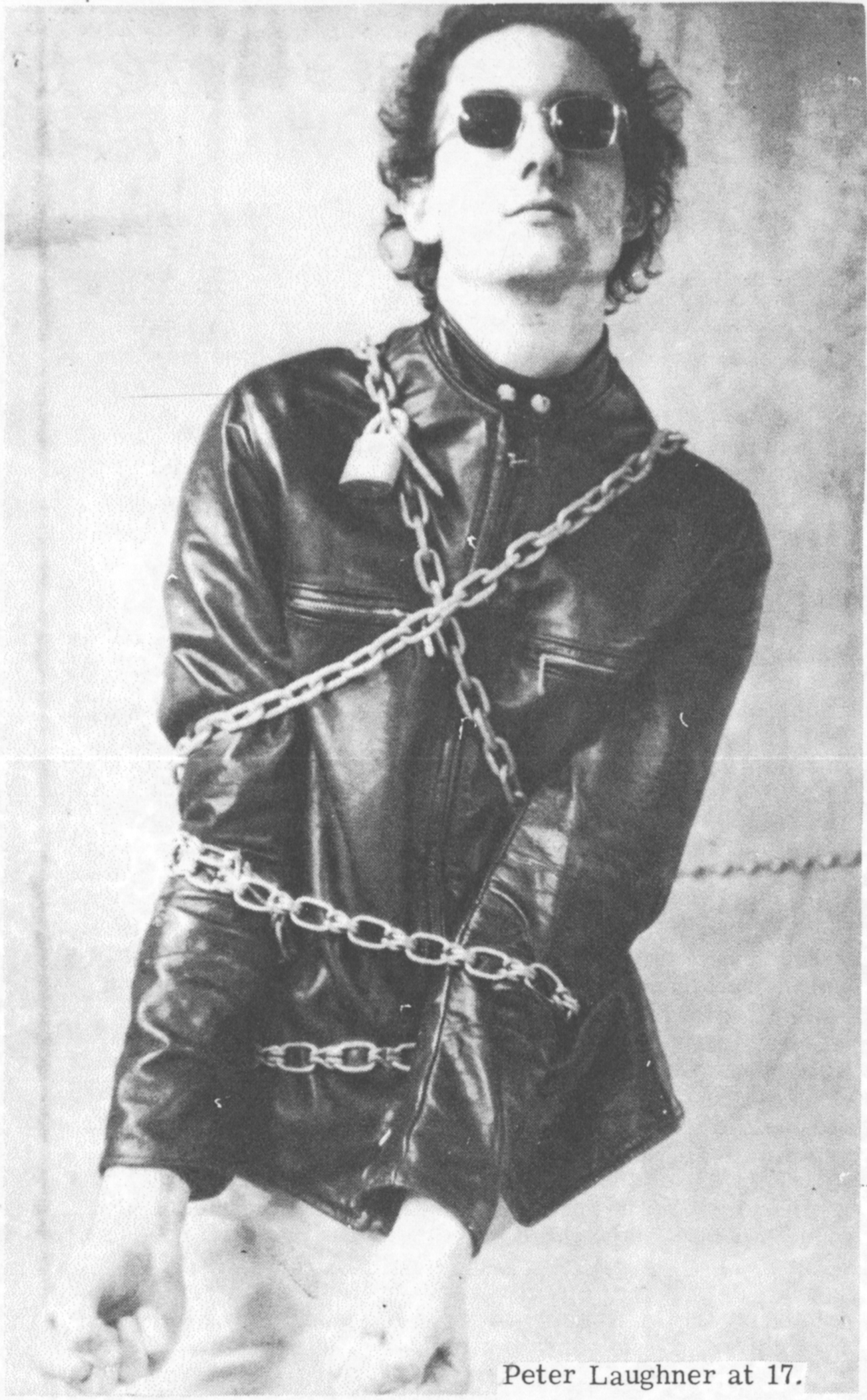
La Cave was a small basement club on Euclid Avenue, near East 103rd, a short walk from Case Reserve. In the middle Sixties, when the folk revival was in full swing on the college campuses, and racial tensions were still low enough that college kids felt safe in venturing two blocks into the ghetto, it had become the folk music center of Cleveland. Josh White, etc., had all played there. But around 1967-- when acid-rock began to replace Odetta in the dorm rooms, lesser-known rock bands began to appear at La Cave as well. Some quickly went on to larger venues. One that never did, that became in fact something like the La Cave house band, was the Velvet Underground. Cleveland was one of the Velvet better cities; and among the core of loyal fans who could be counted on to show up for each performance were two West Side kids, still in high school and thus technically underage for the club. They usually hung out in the back room between sets, listening intently while Lou Reed strummed his big Gibson stereo and talked about chord progressions and life on the road. An uneasy, tentative friendship began to grow between Peter Laughner and Jaime Klimek. Peter invited Jaime down to hear his band.

Peter had decided at thirteen that he wanted to play rock'n'roll. He had asked for and gotten an electric guitar, and had talked two friends into playing with him: Russ Williams on bass and Craig Ferrier on borrowed snare-drum. The band had grown since then (it had helped enormously when Craig, one Christmas, got a proper set of drums), and now consisted of Dan Pliske on vocals and harmonica, Rob Stewart on lead guitar, Russ Williams (later Don Harvey) on bass, Craig Ferrier on drums, and Peter on rhythm guitar. They began as a white blues band, whence the name "Mr. Charlie", but they soon branched out from their repertoire of Yardbirds and Stones. After "Trout Mask Replica" came out, the band played their blues Beefheart-style; but the main influence on Peter was Lou Reed. Reed's guitar work had shown Peter what music could do; it opened up for him what he always called "possibilities."

So the band worked up a thirty-minute, feedback-filled version of "Sister Ray," at the close of which Peter generally leaned his guitar against the amp and walked away, letting it scream. They did originals, too; there was a quasi-blues Peter had written called "I'm So Fuc ed Up"... It wasn't your average high school band, but they did get a few gigs. One that Don Harvey's father had gotten for them turned out to be the classic room-full-of-old-people-who-expected-a-dance-band night. They weren't a responsive audience. One middle-aged woman reached for Peter's amp cord as he was going into a particularly atonal solo. He told her he'd kill her if she pulled the plug. The band got paid not to play, and left. The night Jaime heard them they were playing for a canteen at Bay High. He went away impressed (and still thinks it was the best band Peter ever had).

Jamie himself was learning to play, thinking about starting a band. It wasn't something he had thought he would do; Jamie, unlike Peter, had never liked old rock'n'roll. Chuck Berry didn't interest him; long solos built out of blues licks had no appeal for him; jazz left him cold; most bands bored him. But the Velvets were different. For him, too, they opened up possibilities. He thought it over and decided to do something along those lines. His friend Jim Crook showed him the E and A chords, and Jamie started writing songs. He worked hard on making a tape of them, and sent it to Jim, who was in the Army. It got blown up by a mortar shell before Jim could hear it. (This was 1969.)

It was about this time that a Lakewood High sophomore with an impressive, vaguely European appearance walked into the Disc Recrds Westgate store, where Peter clerked after school, and ordered about half the ESP jazz catalogue from him. Peter, naturally, struck up a conversation with him. In Cleveland, but especially on the West Side, people grow up starved for signs of intelligence in the outside world, believing in its existence the way an apostate priest believes in his God, a faint, mystical possibility that manifests itself largely by its absence. The upshot of the conversation was an invitation to Peter to join the boy and some of his friends in a movie-making project. So Peter found himself one rainy Saturday at Euclid Beach Park; it had been closed for some time and nobody could figure out a way to get in. There was the awkward stiffness that arises when six or seven people are waiting for someone else to get things going. John Morton, a tall, beefy high-school kid with peroxided blonde hair down to his shoulders, wearing secretary-blue eyeshadow and giant earrings shaped like Pepsi-bottle tops, decided to oblige. He picked up a brick, a five-pounder, and threw it at a friend of his, Davie McManus, slight, lame, immaculately dressed, who threw it back. They played catch for a while, throwing hard, their friend Brian McMahon watching with approval. Peter was uneasy. He was familiar with the spidery, obliquely verbal attempts at mind control practiced by his friends, but this was something new, a cultivation of the potential for physical violence. Later, they filmed John Morton breaking up a card game, overturning a table and stomping things into the ground. Later still, some nuns chased them out of there.



Peter Laughner at 17.

If glam-rock had not come along in 1972-1973, it is possible Peter would have committed himself totally to traditional music. He was always eclectic, and could find the depths in any style he played; he would have been good. But the glitter phenomenon meant to Peter that he could play rock'n'roll again with something other than the four walls to hear him; though this rock'n'roll was not his original style. The Beefheart-blues had gone, to be replaced by "Transformer." Peter began wearing makeup, and satin clothes, and platforms; he flirted incessantly with homosexuality. This about-face naturally caused some head-shakings and mutterings among his traditionalist friends, who wondered where the person they had known four months ago had gone. One can wonder if he was ever deeply committed to the glam-rock style; when the fashion changed, he committed himself equally thoroughly to punk. But Peter was only superficially a trendy; it was only that, whatever he did, it had to be in a style that would be accepted, and for that reason, he invariably adopted the fashions of the moment.

Time passed: Peter got to know John Morton and his friends; Jamie wrote songs and practiced his guitar; Peter's parents had his bedroom soundproofed so Mr. Charlie could practice there.

A vignette from 1970: Jamie walks into the old Disc Records store at 221 Euclid Avenue, holding his fifteen-year-old sister Karen by the hand, wondering if the "Loaded" album has been released yet.

MIRRORS, 1974:(From left) Jamie Klimek, Jim Crook, Craig Bell, Michael Weldon.

Graduation from high school was now imminent for all these people; there were decisions to make. Jamie, who had attended West Tech, abandoned high school after a brief stint at Lakewood, and went to live in 1971 in a Clifton Boulevard apartment with his mother, his sister Karen and his brother Andrew. He started to form his band. Jim Crook, who had at last gotten out of the Army, was the obvious choice for lead guitar. Michael Weldon was collared and told he was a drummer. Craig Bell, who was in love with Karen, wanted to move in, and Jamie said "OK, if you're going to hang around, you're going to be in my band. We have lead and rhythm, do you want to play bass?" The band's name, they decided, would be "Mirrors." The full band practiced for six months; then Craig got drafted.

John Morton graduated from high school and went to live in a house in Strongsville. Brian McMahon and Davie McManus were always with him. One night, as Morton tells it: "Me and Davie, or me and Brian, or me, Brian and Davie went to see Captain Beefheart, and Left End were playing. And they were real bad. And I said that we could do better than that. We started practicing on the back porch. I played guitar and Brian played piano cause he didn't want to play guitar. We figured Davie could sing cause he didn't do anything else. We had our ideas about playing anti-music back then." They called themselves the Electric Eels.

The other guys in Peter's band had never liked him very much. They all smoked a lot of dope and did a lot of acid; they liked to stay back from situations, calculating their next move. Peter drank instead, and was too full of restless energy, too full of scraps of knowledge picked up from William Burroughs and "The Magus" and the backs of album jackets to stay back from things long; he was always going in ten directions at once; twitching from impatience, he was looking for the great burst of energy that would set everything in heaven and earth right. The other guys were going to college; Peter only wanted one thing, and that was to be a musician. When his class graduated in 1970, Peter gigged around for a while as an acoustic performer, then in 1971 went to California

California, to Peter, was an animated corpse. The casualties in Berkeley were everywhere; it was impossible to avoid them; at whatever hour of the day or night you walked up to Sproul Hall to play and pass the hat, you would have to pass them; it was as if a truck had come down Telegraph Avenue dumping bodies; half-alive, they curled up against the walls, sucking on their orange juice, waiting for the coming of the Acid Messiah, who seemed to be taking his time. The weather, clear and mild for what seemed like endless weeks, lacking definition; there was nothing to put your back against. People whisperd "negative energy" when you mentioned the Velvets. He stuck it out three months and returned to Cleveland.

Mirrors, meanwhile, had found a replacement for Craig Bell; another friend, Jim Jones, who was living with his parents in a suburb remembered as East

Nowhere (Mayfield Heights), filled in on bass. One of the Velvets songs memorized at La Cave had been "Sweet Sister Ray," an unrecorded sequel to "Sister Ray;" Mirrors learned it, and Jamie remembers their activities at this time as consisting mainly of "smoking a lot of dope and playing a lot of 'Sweet Sister Rays.'"

They were, in fact, following what will be a familiar pattern: frequent practices, intense seriousness, no audience interest, and no gigs. What gigs they did get were due to Michael's friendship with the man who ran the Lakewood YMCA teen dances. There is some confusion about who played at these: Jim Jones says he never played one; Craig Bell remembers playing only once, in 1972, when he was home on leave. What is not in doubt is that the gigs always went badly and no one ever made any money; Mirrors insisting the Lakewood teens could perfectly well dance to "Foggy Notion," and that even if they couldn't they were going to hear it anyways; the Lakewood teens replying with their feet that Mirrors could play it all they liked; they didn't have to listen. Mirrors' response to that was to smoke even more dope and retreat, slowly and imperceptibly, into a defensive shell, composed of the belief that there was no one out there, and never would be, and that it didn't matter because they were all fools anyhow. It was a belief that came more and more to color the band's actions as time went on; which perhaps would make it impossible, later on, for them to take advantage of opportunities when they did arise. They would come to be a reclusive, aloof band, suspicious of the outside world, seemingly indifferent to their audiences. But this attitude took years to harden; perhaps at this time they were simply waiting for Craig Bell to get out of the Army.

The Eels were even more underground; it is hard to say whether they were even a band in those days. "The Electric Eels" seemed more to be the name of a concept, or perhaps a private club, with John, Brian, and Davie as members. The Eels may have practiced, but never tried to play out. And though John Morton was beginning to be known as a visual artist, the Eels collectively were known mainly for their potential for random violence. For example: at one point John and Davie were living in an apartment on Madison Avenue, in almost-Lakewood, a neglected backwater of the West Side full of cheap apartments and failing storefront businesses. They decided to have a party. John had built a room-sized construction in the dining room of the apartment, a sort of jungle gym of two-by-fours, over and under and through which the guests had to crawl to get to the kitchen, the refrigerator, and the beer. As the party progressed, this became more and more difficult. At first things went smoothly, though; I remember Davie, entranced by "The Man Who Sold The World," which had just been released, making sure all the guests heard it. But a little later, what may have been a fight started between John and Davie. Davie wound up pinned to the balcony of the second-floor porch by John, who was threatening to throw him off. No one was sure whether it was a serious fight, or just Eel experimentation; but everyone knew that Eel experimentation was capable of including actually throwing Davie off the porch. No one wanted to intervene. I don't remember whether John actually did throw Davie off the porch; he may have.

John tried art school several times: Chicago, the School of Visual Arts, and Cooper in Cleveland. It never worked out for him. The pressure was building up, and, about 1972, he decided to make a break. He moved to Columbus to get away from his life in Cleveland; he was successful enough in this to live across the street from the Columbus art school for a year without knowing it. Brian and Davie knocked around Cleveland for a bit; the Eels were, temporarily, broken up.

Peter had been, for most of this time, frustrated and at loose ends. He had looked up Russ Williams when he got back from California, but Russ was married, and working a lot of hours at the gas station, and his wife didn't want him in a band. So he went back to solo acoustic work, combining traditional songs with Velvets material. He made a certain name for himself among the folkies, but there were a lot of audition nights and not many gigs (after all, "What Goes On" doesn't really work on the folk guitar). Peter took to snapping at the audience, calling them fools for not paying more attention to music they might never hear again. What he really wanted was a band, but there seemed to be nobody who would play his music. He envied Jamie at times; what Jamie was doing with Mirrors was in some ways what he would have liked to do. But Peter, unlike Jamie, could never have put up with the slow process of teaching non-musicians to play; he wanted people who were already competent. Though Peter never valued technical skill for its own sake, it was for him a necessary pre-condition for making music. There was another problem as well; Peter's outbursts were giving him the reputation of being difficult to work with.

But Bill Miller, the Mr. Stress of the Mr. Stress Blues Band, had heard Peter play, and found him interesting; always on the lookout for young guitar players, he asked Peter to join his band. A lot of talent had passed through Stress's bands, most notably Glenn Schwartz, who had made a national reputation for himself before his religious conversion. So it is not surprising that Peter accepted Stress's offer.

Peter played with Stress for four or five months, Friday and Saturday nights at the Brick Cottage. Stress has been called a Cleveland institution, which is not a compliment but a description of his role; like other institutions, he provides stability in changing times. Stress's show almost never varied. Most of the crowd knew his jokes by heart. They had been coming to hear him for years, and would keep on coming to hear him. The small, dim room was always jammed; Monique, the one barmaid, hopelessly over-worked. But Stress, knowing his comfortable reliability might become too predictable, always provided himself with a foil in the band. His guitar players, usually young and untried, drew people who wanted to see who Stress was going to come up with next. Peter Laughner, with his grimaces and raw, almost violent solos, was one of the more interesting.

David Krauss of Tiny Alice and Peter Loughner of Mr. Stress [illegible] together as part of the first WRUW concert in the Un[illegible] (Photo c[illegible]

He didn't seem to really fit in with the rest of the band. It wasn't that he played too much or covered up the other musicians, but he stood out from them. His solos were never long; he never played scales or filler; but they were jagged, rough; they refused to integrate themselves. There were some personal conflicts as well. Peter was impatient with Stress; he was tired of doing the same sets over and over. He wanted to introduce more rock'n'roll material and he wanted to sing some of it. He was trying to get Stress to record,

and to play some out-of-town gigs; things Stress was not willing to do. Stress came to suspect Peter was trying to steal the band away from him; in any case, he was finding him difficult enough to work with. All of this led, in the fall of 1972, to a relatively amicable (as these things go) axing. Peter was at loose ends again.

THOSE WERE DIFFERENT TIMES

It was after Peter had left the Mr. Stress Blues Band. He was living on Page Avenue in East Cleveland, working for his father as a tape machine repairman, and playing occasionally with a bluegrass band. Brian McMahon was living around the corner with a girl Peter'd known since high school; the Eels were broken up and he was spending his days watching game shows and playing Kinks albums. Now Brian's girlfriend Kristen had these four cats: completely untrained, they preferred the space behind the bathtub to the litter box, which used to infuriate Brian. When he caught one, ~~he'd~~ he'd wedge it behind the stove and turn the oven on to broil and leave it there for a while to teach it a lesson. This made Peter, who had had cats since childhood, very upset. "You can't condition a cat!" he'd shout. Whereas Brian thought that Peter, who was starting to flirt with a glittered-up version of bisexuality, was being silly; having settled the question for himself in his own straightforward fashion, he thought Peter should either go gay or shut up about it, but in any case find out where he stood. So there was a lot of tension in their friendship. Once when they'd been drinking beer all day and went out to get more, Brian suddenly picked up a full six-pack and threw it hard at Peter. But most of the time they got along. They drank a lot together; they could both put it away pretty good. One night Peter somehow got hold of some cocaine, and they drank beer and did cocaine through the night. About four in the morning they decided to get something to eat. Now the advantage of living on Page Avenue was that the Crystal Barbecue was right at the head of the street; cheap, a little seedy and open twenty-four hours, its fluorescent lights were generally a little brighter than you wanted them to be by the ~~time~~ time you wound up there, but the ribs were good. So as they walked up the block, Peter saw some parking meters, a not uncommon sight in East Cleveland, ~~which~~ which has as stringent a set of parking regulations as Cleveland Heights does. He'd seen them many nights before, and mainly he had ignored them and gotten expensive tickets; but this night something in him snapped and he decided to do them all in. He went to his truck for his tool kit, got out a hammer and punch, and started in on breaking up all the parking meters in East Cleveland. As he was finishing on the third one, the police (East Cleveland police are very efficient) pulled up with the handcuffs ready. Peter spent the night in jail; but his father bailed him out, and he was home for the next night, which was Christmas Eve, 1972.

Life was a little easier in those days. We were younger, our bodies were still resilient, we knew there would be someone to pick us up each time we fell. There were fewer consequences; we could get by on less. And there was no pressing need to actually do anything; it was enough to know we were artists. We were nineteen and twenty and twenty-one.

There was an important change coming over Peter at this time. For some time, though he secretly longed to have a band, he had been convinced there was no future for him in rock'n'roll. Now he was beginning to believe it was possible again. Most of that fall and winter he was casting around for musicians, unsuccessfully. One meeting would have consequences later. Peter put an ad in the Plain Dealer musicians' classifieds looking for "real punks," and a couple of kids named Gene O'Connor and Johnny Madansky answered. They were real punks. Gene had grown up with his mother in the projects on West 25th Street, and at the age of nineteen had already fathered two illegitimate children. Johnny had grown up on Buckeye Road, where the main amusement seems to have been to drink a six-pack of beer apiece, steal a car, and try to run down dogs. Gene played a mean Stooges-sound guitar, and Johnny could get a lot of pounding out of his twin-drum kit. They played with Peter a couple of times. Under Gene's influence Peter bought his first and only Marshall amp, which he used for a rendition of "Auld Lang Syne" played at midnight New Year's Eve; other than that nothing came of their meeting, but he kept their phone numbers just in case.

It was the beginnings of the phenomenon called "glitter rock" that made Peter think seriously about doing rock'n'roll again. Now I suppose that, apart from the New York Dolls (who were "not really"), the glitter bands are remembered the way one remembers a fart at a formal dinner, an embarrassment about which the less said the better. But at the time, people felt differently. We may have forgotten what a ~~wasteland~~ wasteland the early Seventies were for music; but they were awful. The radio was well down its long slide into AOR programming; the hippies were aging fast; heavy metal a la Uriah Heep dominated the teen scene; people were making a big fuss over Leon Russell and of course there was the continuing series of Mud Festivals. Besides this flat, predictable debris of a decaying counterculture, there was nothing else, except a few years-old records by the Velvets, the Stooges, the MC5...and all those bands had broken up. Lou Reed had made one solo album and was in hiding. Now we have a counterweight, in the form of New Wave; in those days, the choice seemed to lie between pre-dental studies on the one hand and "Teach Your "Children" on the other. (The illusion, of course, persisted that the two were incompatible.)

The leading rock magazine, Rolling Stone, seemed to think this was a fine state of affairs. Sixties punk and what experimental rock there was they called "primitive" and "unlistenable;" they liked technological sophistication, being distant cousins of the guy who is real amazed when the sound seems to travel from one speaker to the other. So Peter had not only given up on rock'n'roll; he had given up on rock magazines as well, until somehow he ran into his first issue of Creem.

Creem these days is only the shell of what it was; its writers still go through the same moves, but in an increasingly empty and unconvincing way. Then they were fresh and exciting. They were writing about music the other magazines ignored; printing articles on the Velvets and Stooges; blowing away in a deliberately snotty-adolescent way the solemn jive of the counterculture; pushing for the new, the experimental, the obscure. Peter, reading this magazine, discovered there were other people out there, who still called themselves rock'n'rollers, who loved the music he loved. And when David Bowie made "Hunky Dory," and then did the Ziggy Stardust tour, and brought out Lou Reed, and got the Stooges to reform, it seemed to Peter that the moment had at last arrived when the music he loved would finally be accepted.

It is important to know this about Peter's personality; it is part of his tragedy: acceptance meant everything to him. Jamie Klimek, working away at his songs, endlessly practicing with a band of non-musicians could ignore, or at least could believe he could ignore, his lack of acceptance. The Eels may have known that since they were more of a threat than their audiences, they were more in control. But Peter had a deep need for approval; he could feel real only if he saw himself reflected in other people. As long as he was alive, he had great difficulty bringing out his original songs. He was convinced that no band would play them, and that, even if a band could be found, no one would want to hear them. The bands he was associated with, and especially the bands he led, always played a great deal of cover material; they were underground jukeboxes. It was easier for him to play Richard Thompson and the Seeds and Lou Reed's songs; they were known to be good, but who knew that about Peter Laughner?

Since I had some bearing on the events that followed, I must now intrude on the story. Peter and I

had married on his return from California, and as his wife, I followed him in his fads. He was encouraging me to begin an affair with a young Lesbian named Natasha whom we had met at the Brick Cottage. Though I could never go through with it, I strung her along for a while, and so it happened that she and I went in 1972 to a gala art opening at the New Gallery. Among other events there was an electronic band called Hy Maya scheduled to play. Natasha and I were walking along, looking artistic, when suddenly there was a blood-curdling scream from the floor above. We, and everyone else, stopped dead and stared at the tall, beautiful girl who then leaned over the upstairs landing and said in a quiet voice, "The Hy Maya performance will take place in ten minutes." So we, and everyone else, went upstairs to hear them. I liked what they did: broad, free sound constructions flowing into each other. But for Natasha (and therefore for me, since I was playing along), the main interest was Cindy Black, the girl who had screamed. I decided to find out how I could get in touch with her, and after the Hy Maya performance, went up to talk to the band. There were two members, one, a tall guy with a long black beard, looked too scary to get near, so I talked to the other one, whose name, I found out, was Bob Bensick. Bensick gave me his phone number, and invited me to get in touch, which I did not do. But the more I thought about it, and the sillier play-acting at Lesbianism looked, the more it seemed that the person who really needed to call these people was Peter. So after a little persuasion, he called up Bob Bensick and asked him if he needed anybody to play with him. Bob said no, he and Allen Ravenstine had a pretty tight thing going, but there was a group of people who had regular jams at a house on 23rd Street downtown, and they were always looking for people to play with. So Peter called them up and one Sunday night went down to jam. When the jam was finished, Peter asked the rest of the group (Albert Dennis, Rick Kallister, and Scott Krauss) if they wanted to start a band. They said, "Sure." A month or two later, they were playing at the Viking under the name of Cinderella Backstreet. They were the people Peter had been waiting for: accomplished musicians, but open to new music. Most of them had originally come from the Sandusky-Norwalk-Milan area of Ohio, and had followed each other into Cleveland. The move got started in this way:

In 1967-1968 there had been a band called The Munx. Denny Earnest played guitar, his younger brother Billy played keyboards, and a high-school-age Bob Bensick played drums. Albert Dennis was the equipment manager. Billy was a child prodigy, a thirteen-year-old virtuoso, and the rest of the band wasn't half-bad either. Denny's mom acted as their manager; thanks to her push, and to the musicianship of the band, they got a lot of gigs. The band opened for the Velvets once at La Cave, and Lou Reed is supposed to have been very impressed, especially by Billy's playing. They transformed themselves into the Sheffield Rush in 1969, and then broke up for a time. Denny went to California with his girlfriend Judy Spencer, a black, classically-trained soprano with a powerful voice and an equally powerful appetite for tequila. The rest of the band were getting out of high school and getting ready to leave town.

There had been younger kids, too, friends of the band, who looked on Bob and Denny as their role models, who practiced their instruments and looked forward to being in their own bands. So when Bob Bensick married and moved to Lakewood, and when a little later Denny and Judy returned from California and moved into Cleveland, the friends of the band followed: Scott Krauss, Leo Ryan, Pat Ryan, Albert Dennis. They met people in Cleveland: Tony Maimone, Cindy Black, Rick Kallister, Tom Herman, Allen Ravenstine. They became a loosely organized association of jam bands, occasionally pulling together to play out under Denny's direction, in a group featuring Judy Spencer's singing called "Froggy and the Shrimps." Their lives revolved around three buildings. There was a brownstone apartment at 36th and Prospect; Tony, a struggling guitar player, lived there until he moved to Florida, and Tom, called T or T-Bone owing to his spare, 6'4" frame, a girl called Darlene, who claimed to be a mulatto, and several more-or-less groupies, girls with feathers and rhinestones and red lipstick, whose number included Cindy Black for a while. There was the house at 23rd Street, an old frame building dating from about 1910, sandwiched between a factory and a photo lab between Payne and Superior. Scott Krauss moved in there and painted his bedroom black. Denny and Judy shared a room. Albert lived on the third floor with a cat and a red telephone; he was very reclusive in those days. Leo Ryan moved in, and one night after a fight with his girlfriend tore his room apart, smashed all the furniture, punch holes in the plaster, and then painted a few memos to himself on the walls, among them "Fucken Dumbass." Ever after known as the Fucken Dumbass Room, it was never used again. The first floor held two practice rooms filled with snarled black cords, a bathroom that by common consent was never entered, and a big communal kitchen with a scarred, filthy red linoleum floor and a leaky refrigerator. On the bottom shelf of the refrigerator, after Rick Kallister moved in, there was always a box marked "Rick" holding a loaf of bread and three or four hard-boiled eggs. Apart from that, the refrigerator wasn't used much; Scott and Cindy (who had become close) seem to have lived mainly on Doritos and potatoe salad from the Convenient on Twelfth Street. The house had a big front porch on which, in the summertime, you could sit and listen to the catcalls drifting over from the City Jail, two blocks away.

The third center was Bob Bensick's apartment in Lakewood. Bensick by this time was no longer the straight-ahead rock drummer he had been with the Munx. He was learning keyboards, experimenting with electronic music and jazz-rock; he was also (basically for something to do) taking art at Cleveland State, where he found himself, to his surprise, one of the stars of the department. Bensick, though his own bands have never been very successful, has always had a gift for putting people in touch with one another. He began to introduce the Cleveland State art crowd to the downtown music crowd, and a loose but fruitful association sprang up which still continues.

According to Allen Ravenstine, he was also responsible for Allen Ravenstine. The story, as Allen told it to me one night, goes somethin' like this:

ALLEN'S STORY

"The thing that's really great is that I can trace--helps me very much to keep my ego seperated from letters from Spain-- I know exactly when this career started. It started the day Bob Bensick moved into the floor below me in the house in Lakewood, 1296 Cook Avenue. Bensick moved in, and he liked to smoke pot, so that helped, and I met (Scott) Krauss the night that I met Bensick, hit it off with him right away. And Bob used to take these fuzztones and rewire them so they were oscillators; he had these little black boxes, and he played them for me; and I used to get stoned and go down there, and I'd fiddle around with these black boxes. And then after a while he'd start playing his flute, and I'd just play with the black boxes. And they were neat, I mean they made neat noises, and I'd never messed around with any kind of electronic instruments before. I'd tried millions of times to be a guitar player and just never could get the discipline together. I hated all that crap where my fingers had to get calluses, and I had to endure all this excruciating pain while my fingers were learning to stretch that far, and put up with the bloody fingertips till they got the calluses, and that trash; I really couldn't deal with it. It was too much regimented work that I wasn't into. But I liked the idea of playing music. So I'd just fool around with these boxes, and after a while I had three or four of them, and one day Bob just said, 'Hey, you know you can get a whole bunch of those little black boxes in one big box, and they call it a synthesizer. Well, I

still had the inheritance from my parents, so I bought one. And it was great, cause I lived in Mentor, in this little house in the country, three acres of wooded lot, and a river running through the front yard, couldn't see the house from the front road, it had a big hill, used to get snowed in at least two or three times every winter, even with my four-wheel drive Jeep. And I spent two years out there not working, and just playing the synthesizer. And for the first few months, I actually like punched a card, I actually worked eight hours a day with it. I'd get up in the morning, and get real stoned, and play it all day while the other guys, there were two other guys living in the house, and they'd go to work. I'd play the synthesizer all day, and when they came home, I'd quit. Cause they-- there was no point in boring them, really. And then they moved out, and I lived there alone for a year and a half, and I just played with it. I didn't really work as hard as I did in the beginning. Toward the end I worked less and less; and then I suffered a great kind of apathy about it till I moved down here (the Plaza), and there was so much more energy down here, just generally, that I started to work with it more.

(On the formation of Hy Maya)

"We had this big room in that house; I don't know what it was for. It was like a sun porch that somebody had framed in, real nice; it was too big to be a regular room. It was a big rectangle that had steps down to it, while everything else was on the same level, so it obviously started out as something other than a room. And it was a perfect room to set up band equipment cause t it was real long. So Bensick and I-- I had that EML 200 that I have now, and then I had the keyboard that I have now, the little -- looks like a touch-tone phone-- and he had an Acetone organ and a 200, and he plugged those two together. And we had a big PA system, we had two of those Voice of the Theaters, in that little room, one at either end playing at each other, and we were in the middle. And we used to just do crazy things, we just jammed all the time. He'd come out and then we'd play for a couple hours, just straight, just go with it. And after a while we actually formed a band. And Albert (Dennis) joined the band, and he played string bass; there were two synthesizers and a string bass. It was real great. And after a while, I had about a twelve-dollar sitar, homemade, that Bensick had built. And we'd put a pickup on it, and ran it through a synthesizer, and I played it with a stick that I'd put a few tacks in and a rubber band around it, and I'd bow it, and run it through the synthesizer. It was amazing, made incredible noises. And we played a job at that Firelands College, out by Sandusky, the three of us; first time in my life I'd ever played out. No, we also did an art show at the New Gallery-- one of those times was the first time I'd ever played out, and it terrified me. So I drank I think like maybe closing in on half a gallon of dry sherry, and didn't feel anything from it; and then the minute the performance was done I was blind, and I don't remember anything afterwards, the whole thing caved in all at once.

(He remembers Cindy screaming at the New Gallery)

"That was really good, maybe the high point of Cindy's career. She was with us, I think maybe just for decoration; we told her, we said, 'We're ready.' And she said, 'Well, you know, how should I get their attention?' And we just said, 'Oh, I don't know, be creative.' About three seconds later I heard this blood-curdling scream. And it worked. There were a lot of people there...

(On their performance)

"It probably was impressive, just from the sheer audacity of it, if nothing else, cause neither of us-- oh, I don't know, Bob was trained as an artist, I suppose he knew what he was doing; but, you know, I'm just a primitive, and that was a real primitive primitive, that one.

"I guess we did some other stuff; now I remember we did one at Cleveland State where I didn't play anything. I just ran the lights. And they had knobs, so it was like a visual synthesizer, I just fooled around with that.

"I slowly infiltrated Bensick's world, and it really is my world. Everything that is now me directly stems from that: the friends I have, owning this building (the Plaza), everything stems from the day he moved into that apartment. Which is why I know, like the whole thing has nothing to do with me. It's all fate, there's no doubt in my mind, cause I can trace it, to the day it all started and I had nothing to do with it. I mean I did not control Bob Bensick moving into that house, and my whole life stems from that."

Hy Maya seems to have been a very loose band. It's hard to pin down the membership, let alone the dates. There was an electric and an acoustic Hy Maya; at various times, Bob and Allen; Bob, Scott and Albert; Bob, Allen and Albert were the members of the band. Perhaps it's truest to say that Hy Maya was Bensick's name for his way of doing music; and that if you shared his style at the moment, you also were in Hy Maya. It is certainly true that all these people were very adverse to tight formations. They were young, and still learning; Scott Krauss in particular was wary of committments because he doubted his abilities. They preferred loose jams; they were not anxious to pin down things any further. Cindy Black has said in a letter: "As far as I am concerned the most constructive time took place during the events preceding the collapse of Hy Maya, when we all met randomly at Allen's cottage to smoke, drink, discuss new music etc.... No one was overly concerned with recording contracts, press, egos, etc. Just simply being kids."

Peter, obviously, was coming from a different place. He wanted a tight, committed band that would stand shoulder-to-shoulder against the world, a duplication of the camaraderie he imagined had existed in his high school band. He wanted a band that would play out several nights a week, get press, get known; though he never mentioned a recording contract he may have had this in mind, too. It is possible that if the jam band that night at Twenty-Third Street had realized what Peter was thinking, they would have turned him down. But they thought he meant a band along the lines of Froggy and the Shrimps; five or six people all used to each others' styles who would work up four sets in a week and play out for fun. Peter said, "Let's have a band," and they said, "Sure." Rick, Albert, Scott and Peter worked up some songs, and played the Cooper School of Art midwinter party under the name of Space-Age Thrills. It was a good party: Tom Yody, the Cleveland artist, made his entrance by riding his motorcycle into the center of the room; our friend Donald Avery came as a nun, complete with lipstick and pectoral cross made of tampons, crayon-reddened at the ends. The rest of the band must have felt that it would be fun to play with Peter. A little later, Darlene and Cindy Black were worked into the band; as the Leatherettes, their jobs were to sing backup and look good. They were better at the latter than the former; in their feather boas, rhinestone-studded cutoffs, and low-cut lace and velvet tops, they were beautiful, but chronically off-key. The band's name was changed to Cinderella Backstreet, a name Peter had possibly derived from "Cindy Black;" they were now, Peter felt, officially a band, ready to take off. Probably the rest of the band had still not grasped what Peter had in mind; as they came to realize the difference between Peter's approach and their own, tensions would develop that eventually split the band apart. But for now, they had landed the Wednesday night slot at the Viking Saloon, we were moving into the house at Twenty-Third Street, "Raw Power" was due to be released, and everybody was feeling pretty good.

NEXT ISSUE: PART II - GETTING IN SHAPE
The Life and Death of Cinderella Backstreet
Ratman and Robin; the Eels in Columbus
Free Beer Night with Mirrors at the Clockwork Orange
The Buying of the Plaza

COMING SOON: PART III - EXTERMINATION

Jim Ellis, editor
CLE
585 Walnut Dr.
Cleveland, Ohio 44132

Dear Jim,

It's been my pleasure to see the last couple issues of CLE magazine. I think it's really great. As an observer of ROCK in S.F. & N.Y., I recently landed in Cleveland, and didn't know where the rock scene might be. Your magazine has helped me a lot.

But I'm puzzled about something: on my own I discovered a great rock group in Cleveland, and I've never seen your magazine refer to them. I thought maybe if you didn't know about them, you can't really represent the rock scene in Cleveland. I'm referring to the BACKDOORMEN, a really great rock group I saw last winter someplace. I lost track of them, and then discovered them again this summer at Fitzpatricks in the Flats.

The Backdoormen are really saying something, and you ought to get on to them. They are straight out of the Sixties, and yet they're NEW. I've never run across anything like them in my travels along the rock fringe.

I thought if you didn't know anything about them, I've enclosed some stuff I'd like back but that you ought to see. There's an autographed picture they gave my girl (I really need that back, but thought you should see it), and a poster from their first gig at Fitzpatrick's. There's a [redacted] biography-- with some rare notes on the back, and a letter that Dan Cook sent me after one of our conversations.

/ Dale Sommer

Clevelanders, don't be musicians. Don't be artists. Don't be socialists or devolutionists. Just be people who express it, get it out, express it, lance the wound, express it, bleed it dry, express it, burn on, express it express it expressitexpressitpresitresit. That's what we learned from Cleveland and its bands that don't hate their music, but love to play it. They showed us we could enjoy music, our own music, and if we did, others might listen too, and look to see for themselves. The cycle is good again, because even the simpletons can ride it this time around, like in the 60s. And people who say the music's too loud or lousy -- let them sing the love songs and listen to them or hustle each other to the tunes of Fayreweather, et al. And let them leave us alone. BECAUSE WE KNOW YOU CAN DO IT ALL WRONG AND COME OUT RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT.

Mystic Disco King / Cosmic Cerebral Surfer

BACKDOOR MEN

Dale:

You wanted to know more about the band. We're characterized, philosophically, by broad goals and confusion. It's fun, so we play. What else can I say?

you also wanted to know more about the music "scene". This maybe I can expand on a bit. The main thing everyone seems worried about is an audience. That's why we prefer to do those college gigs, those parties we play. The audeience is already there when you walk in, and they're there to party and only incidentally to hear the band. So they get loaded, and we start a bit late, then just hit them loud and hard with both the copy stuff from the 60s, which many of them recognize to our surprise, and with our own stuff, which some guys in the band still don't know the titles to.
Trouble with the "scene" is that it's got a fixed audience, the same one Laughner and Crocus worked hard to build up. But even they could only take it so far; they've about hit the limit, and they shouldn't want it to go much further. Otherwise, it all becomes "in" music and hence to "pop" music its a short trip. Most of the people into original song-playing bands are either in bands or working with them anyway, and so they can't be expected to pay the others' ways. It's like loaning yourself money or something. So the BDM is very happy with the response so far from the "scene". Everyone is encouraging and enthusiastic. The only problem is they're so bummed out about the sparse audiences. But it doesn't bother us, and it shouldn't the others. They should instead start playing outside it and getting the money there, from the ones like the college kids who have it. They'll pay for it. All they want is rock n roll from a non-union band; hell, enough $50-$100 gigs will pay the way if you hustle at it, and you're guaranteed a different audience and that kind of excitement every time you play. So it's another fun experience, plus you make more money and can keep the band together till maybe someone will record your stuff. You know what I'm talking about, don't you? Not college bars, but fraternity parties, campus blasts, stuff like that. You feel you're reaching more people that way, maybe some will listen. Who knows? Commercial success is something I don't even want to consider; the ramifications are too hideous. Right now we, the band, are in control, and the "scene" is actually in control too, so things don't get violated or watered down. It has to be like a revolution ~~xxx~~ within the mind instead of one that overthrows the government; the individual participants have to be the beneficiaries, not a record company or a bunch of promotors. As long as we all stay in the basement and just make guerrilla "raids" on the outside, like the college gigs, it'll live on and have value.
That's about all I have to say about it.

Mystic Disco King

The core of the BACKDOOR MEN are the Talking Dog and the Notorious Cook Brothers, who've been jamming and scheming together since their early teens. Bassist Al Johnston and drummer Casey Meers have also been around, but not in the questionable musical company of the aforementioned.

THE TALKING DOG (lead and rhythm guitars, vocals) comes from a confused background of decadent suburbia, Paul Revere and the Raiders worship, the U. S. Army, large women, and meager ambitions. Like the Cook Brothers, he's been writing songs as long as he's been playing them. It took him two years to convince his high school classmates that Bob Dylan knew what he was talking about; he's spent the last two years arguing just the opposite (didn't we mention confusion already?). Though he's written, sung and played everything from folk to country swing, he's most at home playing hard rock on his Rickenbacher or watching the Cleveland Indians from the bleachers.

THE COOK BROTHERS--DAN (lead vocals, Teiesco feedback special, harp, tambourine) and CHRIS (lead and rhythm guitars, vocals, humor) wrote their first rock song sitting in their dormitory bedroom in 1965 for their first band, the original BACKDOOR MEN. While Chris has always leaned more toward laziness and Dan toward hyperactivity, the brothers have found the combination compatible, despite several ugly scenes. Their various bands and duos or trios (with Talking Dog) have covered folk, country, folk-rock, country rock, folk country, country country, and folk folk (they were never good enough for jazz, jazz rock, etc.). They were also pitcher (Chris) and catcher (Dan) for a hardball team, but that's another story. Though Dan is the elder, he's not necessarily the wiser; he fancies himself the Cosmic Cerebral Surfer. Chris is content to play guitar, collect money, and leave image creation to others.

WILMER WANKER (bass) came to the BDM from Westchester, N. Y. The scion of a wealthy though unpretentious family, he quit the Julliard School after a clash over harmonics with the headmaster, and set up shop teaching piano, drums, viola and bass in a converted delicatessan. "Wank" journeyed to Cleveland one weekend in late 1975 to hear Rocket From the Tombs play a bar gig, was offered a job selling records in Parma, took it, and stayed on. He's currently the biggest member of the band.

CASEY MEERS (drums, occasional wailings) came on board with Al and has also withstood the test of time. An old friend or the Cook Brothers and the Dog, he's got the most rock 'n roll gigging experience of anyong in the band, having played steadily in high school and college so he'd have an excuse not to study ("Honest, Dad, I'll be famous one day."). Casey's favorite pastimes are sleeping and talking about falling in love, sometimes simultaneously. He likes drumming because it helps him sweat off beer. He also learned Karate recently, to protect the rest of the band from punk rockers and bill collectors.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL: DAN COOK AT 696-7000 (8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.)

CHRIS COOK AT 521-2410 (evenings)

TALKING DOG AT 734-3391 (evenings)

Wild Giraffes

The Giraffes, 5 lads from Mentor, are Chris King on vocals, Al McGinty on drums, Mike Terrell on guitar, Dave Ivan on bass and songwriter Edgar Reynolds on guitar.

The band formed before the great winter of 76-77 when, out of dedication to the original name of Ella Fitzgerald and the Wild Giraffes of Kentucky, Al sold his car to buy a set of drums.

In the spring of '77 the Wild Giraffes won a talent contest at Mentor High, where X-Maxx Band manager Joe Dominek "discovered" them and started them playing the short-term Looking Glass newave experiment. Along with the Pagans, the Giraffes opened the weekly shows, which included early performances by the Rubber City Rebels, The Nerves and Pere Ubu.

Perhaps drawing inspiration from Dominek's Maxx Waxx label, along with the beginnings of a local new wave movement towards releasing your own 45's, they recorded "New Era"/"Dreams Don't Last" at Terra Tu Studios. During this recording the boys were having trouble with their rhythm guitarist (who liked Foreigner and wore disco-stud jumpsuits on stage.) They used him, but turned his mike off during recording. "New Era" (formerly "March of the Martian Guitars") is the name of Cle's burlesk house, for those not in the know. "Dreams Don't Last" was written in the studio, with the lyrics scrawled and then quickly read off a paper bag. Although some fans like it best, the Giraffes hate the song and refuse to do it. For the Summer of '77 this record received the biggest airplay for an independent 45 in the area, a virtual SMASH even approaching Top-10 on some radio station near Pittsburgh.

But still they continued playing the circuit of Mentor jr. high schools. They did make several appearances with their old buddies The Pagans at the Mistake, the Coachouse, and Pirates Cove. At the time of this release, however, it did seem as if the Giraffes had a real opportunity to "break out"

Now it seems as though opportunity knocks again with the release of their 45, "Love Me"/"When I Find Out". It has all the pop potentiality the Giraffes have strived for; a simple melody with clean vocal harmonies that has not only gotten airplay of WRUW, but has cracked Denny Sander's show on the stogy WMMS. A definite Duane Eddy influence (other group faves include the Astronauts and Dick Dale) the A side has that same sorta fresh-scrubbed sound as the last, but the flip is a slinkier sexploit little girls might consider downright menacing.

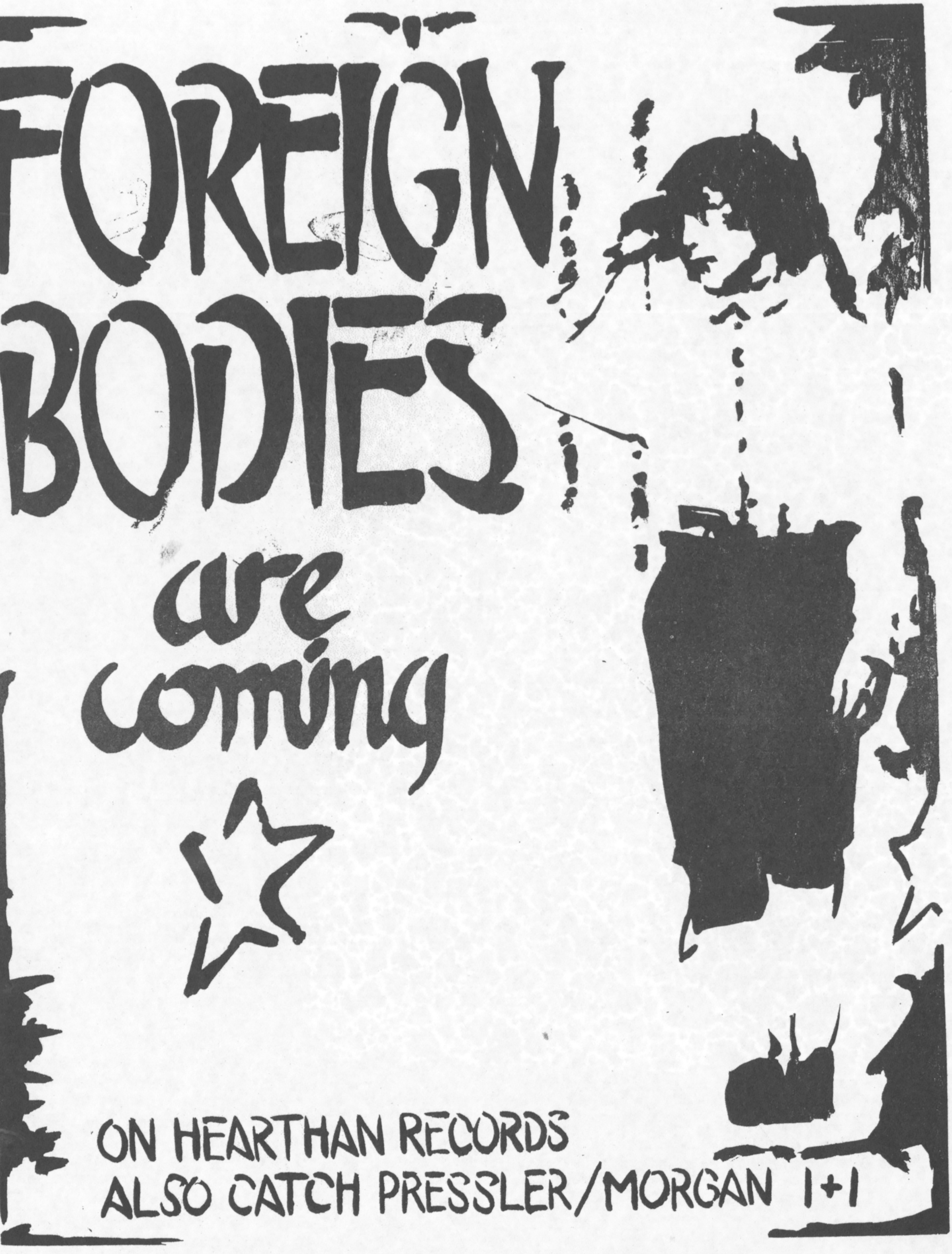
The Giraffes third single will be "Leather Girls," if they can get noted Cle weather girl and mother Liz Richards to pose for the sleeve.

Another upcoming Giraffe project is a movie called "Hitler Goes Hawaiian." The Giraffes perform the music and makes guest appearances. Filmed at the Great Lakes Mall where Mike once sold Eric Carmen a blow-dryer, the film includes babies in cages at the pet shop, people in Hawaiian shirts sitting under palm trees, and the highlight (also a big part of their act, when they perform it,) "Kitchen Magician," which features people buying kitchen stuff at Higbees.

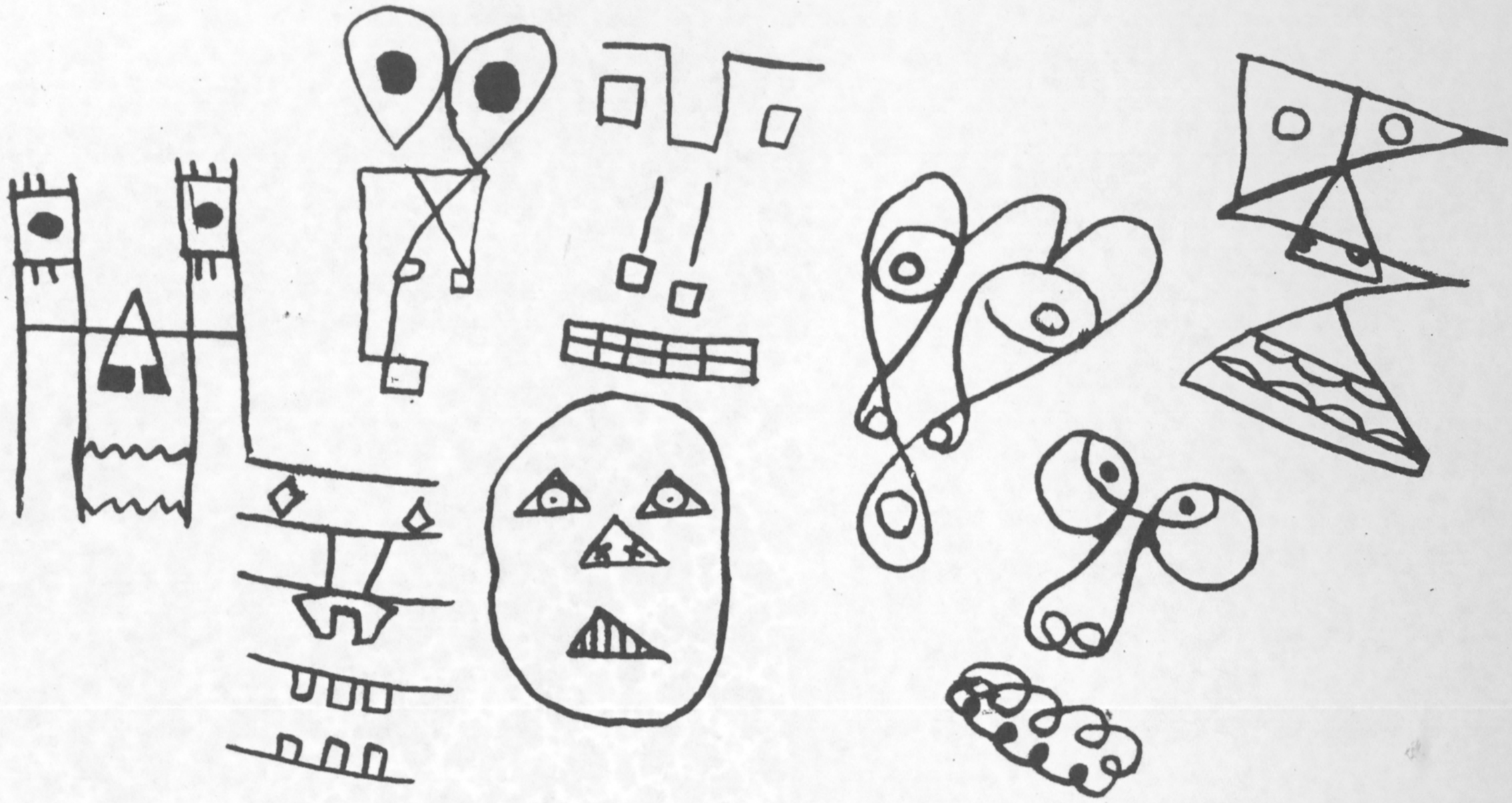
In the future they boys want to lose weight and get paid for playing. They want to keep a low profile because they hate "playing for 40 people in wraparound sunglasses snapping their fingers and only liking the Roy Orbison song."

The Giraffes sound system has belonged to Cyrus Erie and the Raspberries, and the Who used it at Music Hall in 1968. We hope it brings them plenty of good

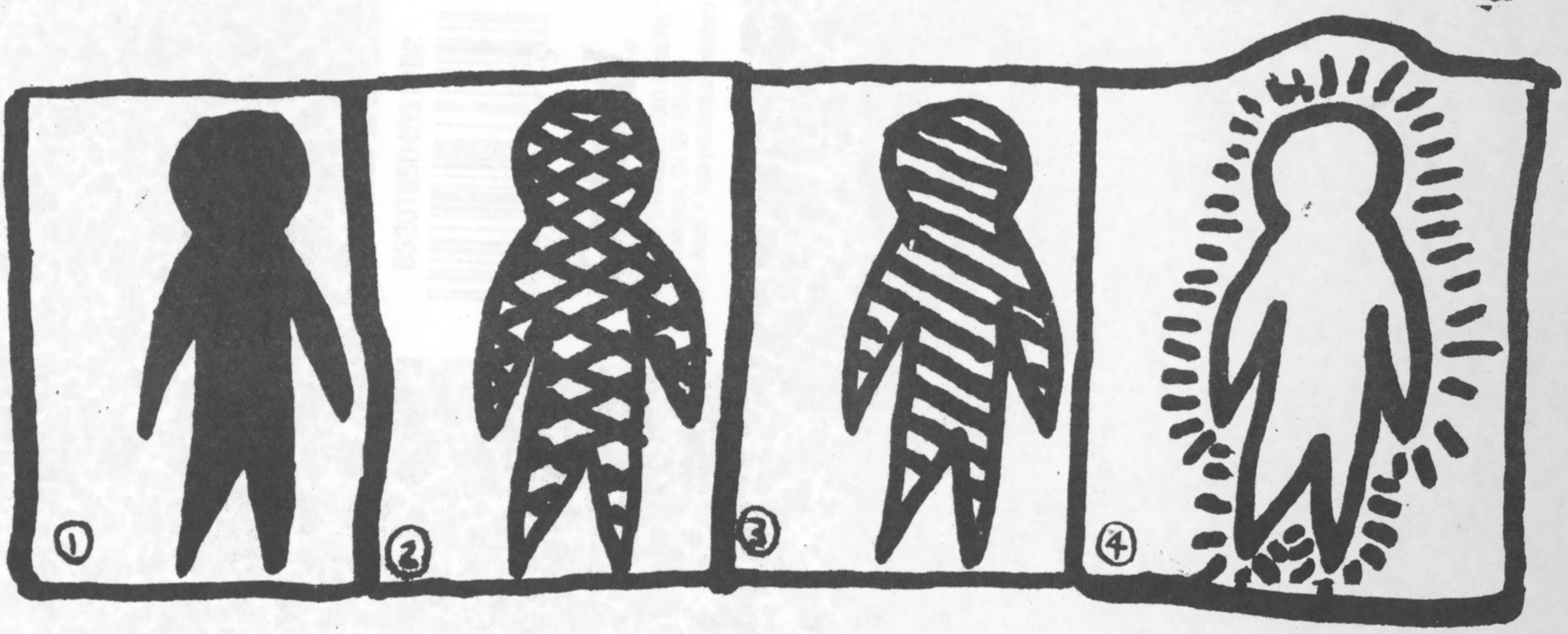
FOREIGN BODIES are coming



ON HEARTHAN RECORDS
ALSO CATCH PRESSLER/MORGAN 1+1



TIRED OF BEING AN UGLY FACE IN THE CROWD?



WHY NOT BE INVISIBLE?

THEME SONG OF INVISIBLES-TO-BE:

I WANNA BE INVISIBLE

i am not motivated toward living in this stupid world
" " " " " " " " chasing some pretty girl
" " " " " " " " driving a great big car
" " " " " " " " making it all that far

i wanna be invisible - i wanna be invisible

i am not motivated toward making a lot of dough
" " " " " " " " stepping on someone's toe
" " " " " " " " getting someone into bed
" " " " " " " " making somebody dead

i wanna be invisible - i wanna be invisible

©1978 bernie jolson

See:

...

bernie

and

THE INVISIBLES

...

playing "new wave nights" at local clubs should circumstances make it possible.

CLEVELAND

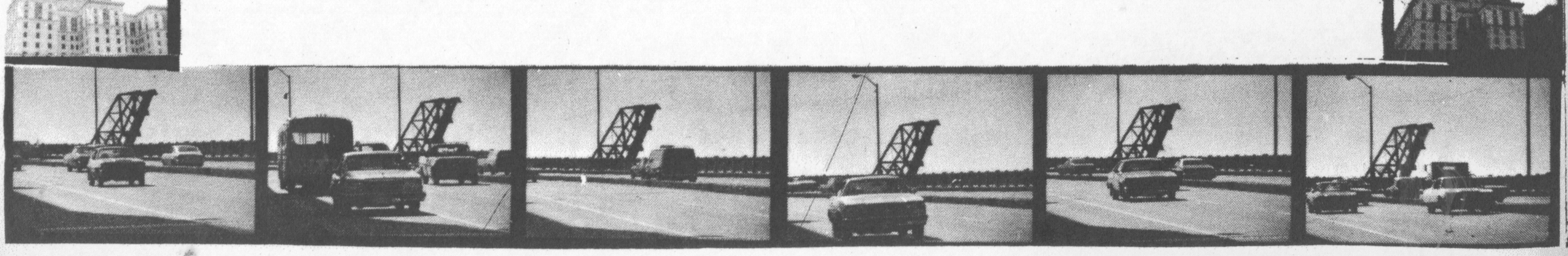
I'm living in downtown Cleveland. It could be Disneyland, it is so full of illusion. Gaudily dressed Playhouse Square people hold their heads high as they search for love. Instead, they get caught up in fleeting moments of ecstasy. A blind man in rags feebly stretches out his tin cup toward the "I'm too much in a hurry" crowd. I drop in a dime, knowing it won't help him much. He needs a new soul which can't be torn to confetti. Accountants and secretaries impatiently wait for the 9F bus. They long to hug their lovers in Mayfield Village. It must really feel good after an eight-hour prison term in business dress. A poor and hungry man walks for hours, looking for an unlocked YMCA, an unlocked Salvation Army, a welfare office that isn't so rock hard. Someone finally buys him a hamburger at the corner cafe. Young and old, rich and poor, black and white, we're all down here, all looking, all hoping, all praying, walking around and groaning as we struggle. A young electrician's truck stalls on E. 13th street and a Cadillac-driving corporate executive honks his horn in anxiety becuase he is late for his big corporation meeting. Little children flee from their frantic hurtful parents, only to be spanked publically. Up above, a sinister skywriting pilot scribbles in the sky, "THE WORLD LOVES YOU IF YOU SHOP AT HALLE'S". I looked at the pavement and wished people would have deeper visions.

bernie

WHY I WOULDN'T TAKE A LIE DETECTOR TEST TO GET A JOB

I wouldn't take a lie detector test because what I do behind closed doors isn't anyone's business. If I lit some logs and had an orgy of dogs or if I snorted cocaine and shouted "I reign, I reign", it wouldn't be their business. Even if in the bed I had lain, I screamed in pain and went insane it shouldn't bother them. If I smoked dope instead of making rope and made love to the pope, it wouldn't be their business. If I had a hassle in my castle and ruined my tassles or if I went off the deep, brought in a sheep, and never went to sleep, it's none of their business. If I had several people of mixed sexes tickling my naked body with fluffs of cotton or if I let my milk go rotten, it shouldn't concern them. If I got high, drank rye, baked a pie, had french fries, read lies, loved to cry, tried to fly, and let the flies die so my place would be a pig sty, they shouldn't care. If I mixed strong drinks, stopped up my sinks so my bathroom stinks and put a curse on finks or if I got stoned and in the wind got blown, left my clothes unsewn, had plants that had grown and was unfavorably known, they shouldn't mind at all. If I reached new heights by messing with lights though they gave me the frights on some dark dark nights or if I was sailing a boat, put on a coat so I could better stay afloat in the moat it still wouldn't be any of their business.

bernie



TWELVE THOUGHTS

#1. Peruvian huts rumble into the seasonal radiance of the chicken pox.

#2. Celery teeth grind the gravel in a Venusian Valhalla free from tumbles.

#3. Welts in the withered waters reflect the perils of pointless monuments.

#4. Ancient asparagus angles toward dead life forms hovering over jealous angels.

#5. Seas of kelp cry help the moment that the fishes become cruel and engulfing.

#6. Musical indifference leads to a craving for a noise that no longer annoys.

#7. The points of a pen and a pen knife puncture my dripping heart and meet in the middle.

#8. Birth, marriage, and death revolve around each other eternally. I exit into absurdity.

#9. My thoughts of a charming goddess make my breath and my mind ebb into shallowness.

#10. How many kleenex boxes will it take to absorb an ocean full of tears?

#11. In my self-portrait, pervasive melancholy is in the foreground and sparks of ecstasy are in the background.

#12. I will have fun just by walking around, pursuing only my inner self.

bernie

THIS WORLD OR THE NEXT?

Telephonic flares encapsulate the cosmos. Where did that rusty tricycle wander off to? I was born on this planet, but all I hear is a low mumbling. Where is the soft humming? Templates of brain cells stunt our appreciation for physical and mental beauty. Who will bring the Czar his cinnamon wafers? He will be a happy person. He who establishes fortresses in the woods must always be on guard for attack and is thus unhappy. One who playfully runs around the feet of elephants will live long. One who tries to fight with elephants will get crushed. The hazy world of childish laughter is more beautiful than heaven. It is there that realities change, there is a sense of humor, and all fighting becomes meaningless. Useless speech makes one aware that almost all speech is meaningless. What do you like to do most, talk or laugh? The world is a laugh because it can't be described. The strong are weak because they usually destroy each other while the "weak" remain alive. Temptations can best be overcome by ignoring them, not condemning them. Is there beauty in ugliness. A decayed city wrapped in beautiful vines and leaves is an unforget table sight. But where am I? In between the planets...

bernie

TINY TALES OF TIME

Rippling ramblers rumble their rumps into the rails of the road. Fat fellow fathers follow fast foxes. Tooting Tutti took too many Toms and Harrys. Limping blimps buried in light can't possibly flight or fight. The dune slurps as the moon burps. The sun shrieks as the Hun streaks. The toilet overflows so we go to the show. Bells flirt by swinging their metallic skirts and making breathtaking sounds. Bricks take long naps as they shield us from everything but ourselves. Tugboats yank the mud from our feet. Zooming zebras zonk zombies. Thundershowers of ping-pong balls carom off paddles and become cheap chrome saddles. Toothpick steaks stick into thick milkshakes. Infielders injured in the innings inch into institutional inns. Cookie the bookie gave me a cookie.

bernie

THE WINEGATOR (Concept by Tom Herman of Pere Ubu - written for him)

The winegator silently slid into the mini-store like the blob used to do. The store owner barely succeeded in not fainting. The owner then ran to the back room to call the police. The winegator quickly snatched three bottles of cheap wine and quickly slipped back into the underground to avoid a fatal bust. He breathed heavily. The bottles he clenched into his teeth almost choked him. He slid in safety into a stairwell where he found two dried out men slouching in dejection because they had finished their last bottle of raisin jack. When the winos looked up at the winegator, they were startled. But when they saw the wine bottles, they knew they had a friend. "I don't bite, I just drink wine," said the winegator. The winegator then gave the men a bottle each. The last one he would drink himself. They all began to drink and talk and smile at one another. The winegator read his comrades a limerick: "It would be so sublime--- If you'd give me a dime---If I only had wine---I could see the divine." The men clapped and said they would recite this to people the next time they panhandled for drink money. The winegator laughed and said if it worked for a winegator it should work for them too. Then they continued to recall many of the pleasant drinking experiences the three had had over the years. The winegator told of how he shared wine with a duck. He later devoured that duck as the men would devour a chocolate bar. Soon they all got sleepy from the wine and sacked out. Then it began to rain and the stairwell became flooded. When the flood was over the two men had drowned. The winegator lamented over their deaths but feasted on their corpses anyway. Afterwards, he crawled lazily toward the rainbow and the swamps. Both were only a string of wine bottles away.

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"Here in the life"/"It's in imagination"

☐ Enclosed is 50 cents. Please send information on further releases.

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THE HUMAN SWITCHBOARD

The Human Switchboard is Myrna Marcarian (Farfisa, tapes, vocals), Ron Metz (drums), and Robert Pfeifer (guitar, vocals). Metz and Pfeifer have been playing together on and off since grade school. Marcarian and Pfeifer met in college where they wrote and played together. So in late '76/early '77, the Human Switchboard was, unbeknownst to the band, formed on their weekend get-togethers. In June '77, they raised a $100 for studio time and $20 to rent an organ for Myrna and recorded the basement classic of the year (the FLY-IN E. P.). David Thomas, from Pere Ubu, mixed the tapes and the E. P. was released on their own Under The Rug label. All four tunes were written by Pfeifer, with three of them featuring his vocals (Myrna sings the fourth). This is a must purchase for any follower of the Ohio "scene." It's one of the only records to capture the 60's garage sound, ala the Standells, Chocolate Watchband, Count Five, etc., without sounding like a cop.

The record received enough reviews (I counted over 20 in the band's promo kit, all good-- like Phast Phreddie nominating it for "Nuggets, Vol. 2"). The band was surprised at the reaction since they had all gone back to their commitments at school.

"I was starting graduate work in philosophy," says Pfeifer. "Ron just started school and Myrna was finishing her undergraduate work in philosophy. The problem was that we were at different schools. Myrna was in New York. Ron was in Cincinnatti.

"We'd get together during breaks to rehearse. We got sick of school and then the E. P. got a positive reception so we decided to commit ourselves to the music. School had become too easy. It'd become a rut. Since we were broke, we thought we ought to be broke doing something that hadn't become tedious."

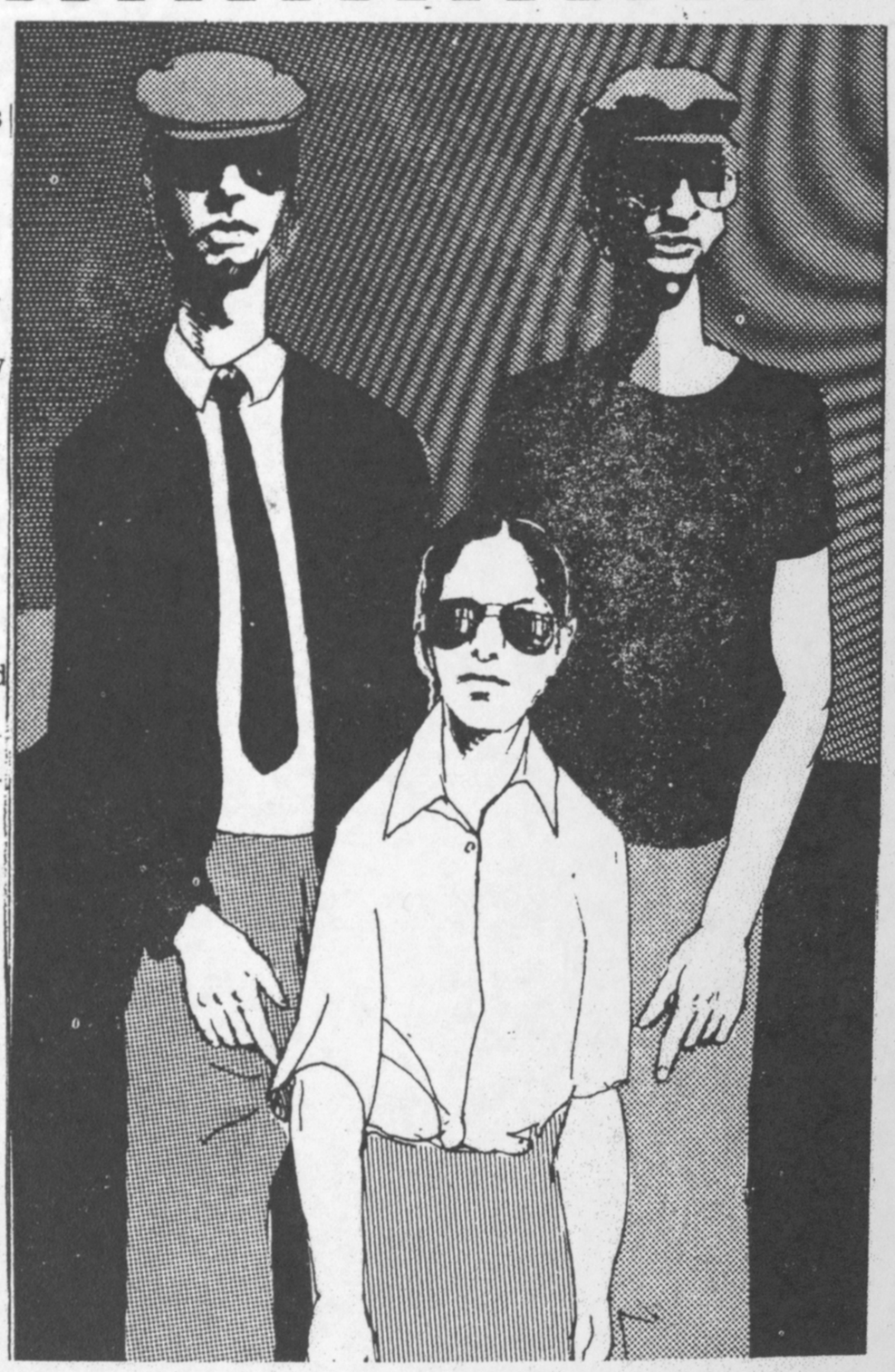
In Spring '78, the Human Switchboard went to Akron during a break from school to record a few songs at Bushflow Studios (run by Tin Huey's Mark Price). Nick Nicholas, of the Bizarros and head of Clone Records, heard an early tape from the sessions and arranged to have the next Switchboard single released on Clone. The 45, issued Fall '78, makes for a hot (and perhaps more accessible) follow-up to the FLY-IN E. P. It's already gone into its second pressing. The hit-cut "I Gotta Know" opens with a hesitant guitar riff running into a Spectorian glockenspiel and finally the band in full swing. It's a catchy tune that doesn't lose its edge after repeated listenings. The flip, "No!," opens with a neat boom-bah-bah-boom-boom on the drums and then WAP into a straight ahead rocker.

The summer rolled around and the band began to prepare for their live debut. Their first two gigs were in the basement of a Columbus record shop. Both were successful. Their hometown debut was at the Governor's Chateau opening for the Bizarros. The Switchboard played a short, tight and energetic set. They were better than their records. The band then did several nights in up-state New York and then back down to Columbus, in a club this time where on a Sunday night they outdrew shows by David Johansen and the Dead Boys earlier in the month.

The next time I caught them was in Pittsburgh. They did two sets that night, including a cover of "Downtown," which Myrna did the vocals on and the crowd loved it. They drew well in Pittsburgh and seem to be getting regular air play on the college stations, one of which aired a long distance telephone interview.

So what's going on now with the band?

"A tune called 'You're Much Madder Than Me' is supposed to come out on the second BOMP sampler album," says Pfeifer. "We'd like to go back in the studio to do some new stuff. Nearly everything we've released was old when it was recorded. We'd like to get something out when it's fresh. But that's just a matter of money."



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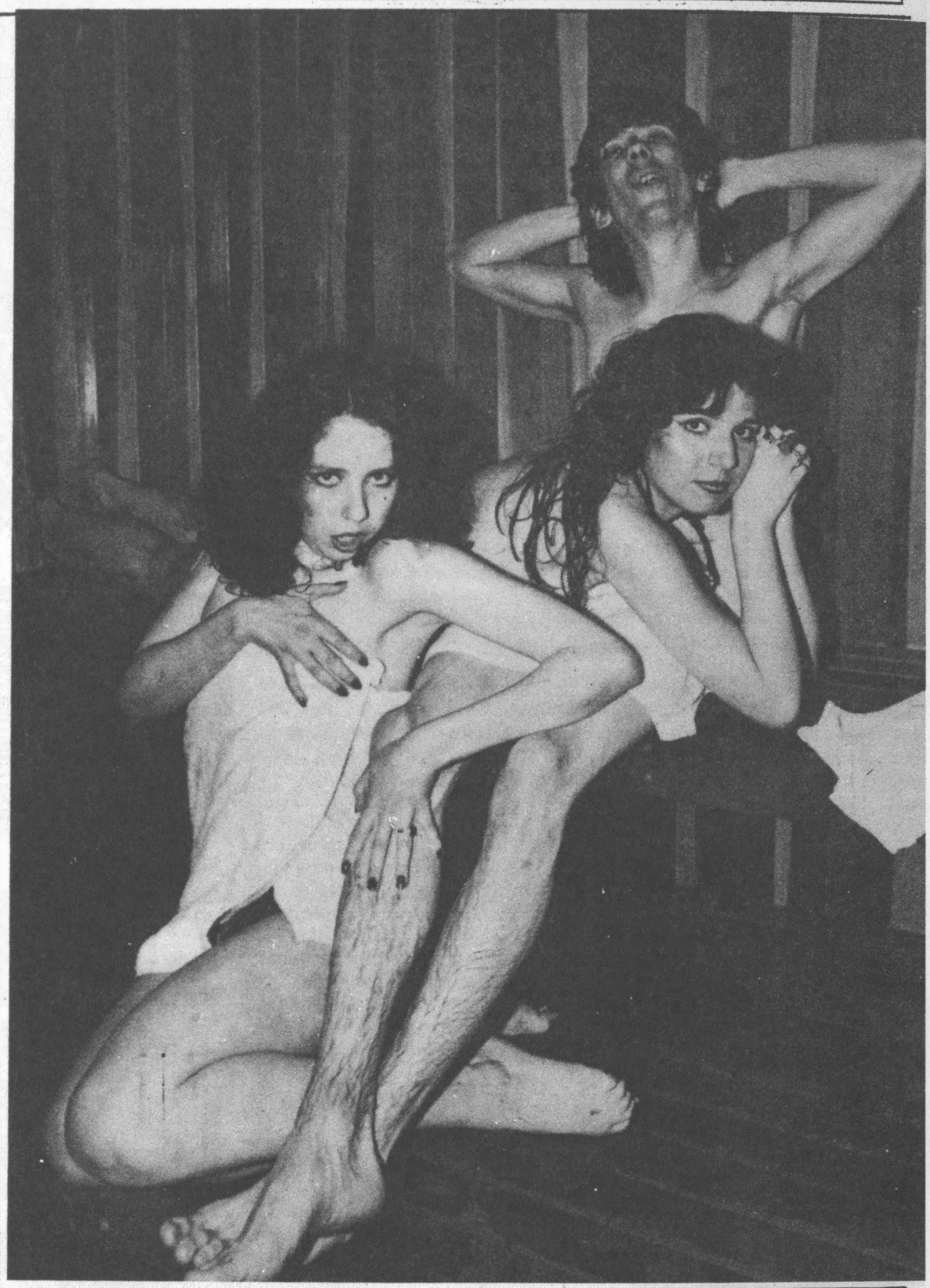
"I Sold Out For Money, Sex & Drugs"

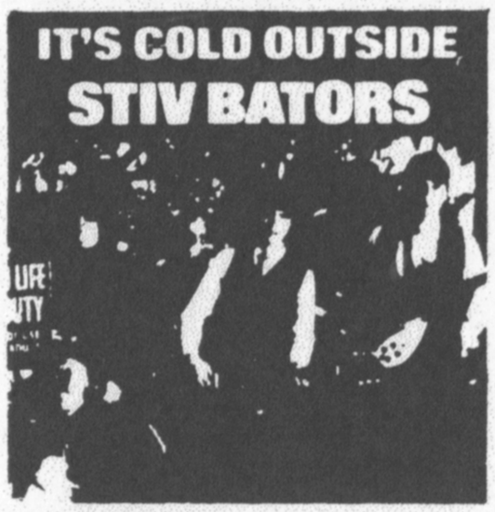
***

BATORS SIGNS WITH BOMP FOR $BILLIONS



It's Cold Outside

POP GOES ANOTHER WEASEL



STIV BATORS
"It's Cold Outside"/"The Last Year"
BOMP BMP-124

Everyone warned us to stay away, but who could resist that smile? Yes, it's true friends, we've signed Stiv Bators. But you'd be surprised, he's really a regular guy! In any case, we fell in love with his concept of a Choir-type Ohio teen band playing music with the raw power of English punk, not to mention bringing together many of the most noted survivors of recent years for a series of all-star sessions. Already lined up are recording sessions in LA featuring Stiv's new band (which includes the former leader of Blue Ash, another beloved Ohio band) and ex-Runaway Joan Jett, sessions in New York with members of the Heartbreakers, David Johansen's band, and Blondie, and sessions in London with Cook & Jones of the Pistols plus other luminaries, culminating in a zany tour under the banner of "Allies Against the Industry." How can it miss? Stay tuned for further details.....

Reprinted from CLEVELAND MAGAZINE, October, 1978
"Maximum Music for Your Dollar", by Derek VanPelt,

15~60~75

If you don't mind a 40-minute drive out of the city on the weekend, you'll be richly rewarded at your destination by the fascinating music of the **"Numbers Band," 15-60-75** — which can be heard every Wednesday thru Saturday in the basement of JB's, a small club on Water Street in Kent. Like the Mr. Stress Band, 15-60-75 (whose name comes from a numbers combination mentioned in Paul Oliver's book, *Blues Fell This Morning*) is the focus of a devoted cult following that has grown up at their regular habitat — the same nondescript venue that nurtured the James Gang and the Glass Harp early in their careers. On weekends, the place is packed with Numbers Band fanatics, who respond enthusiastically to a complex brand of blues-based rock and roll that most club owners and music business pundits would label exotic and lacking in "commercial potential."

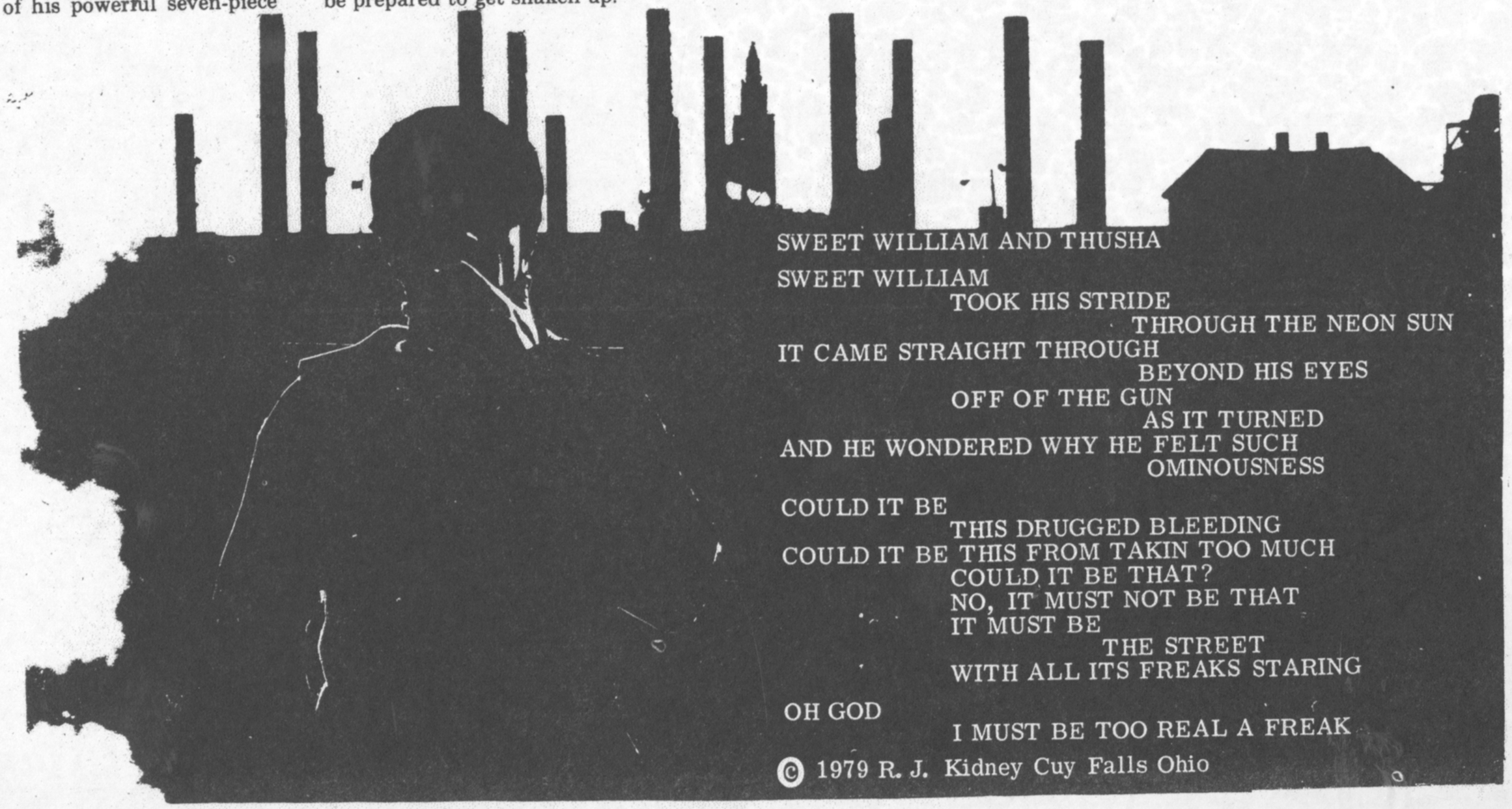
The music of the Numbers Band is both rocking and strangely hypnotic — a quality which inspired the phrase, "voodoo music."

The music of the Numbers Band is a little difficult to describe, although the late Peter Laughner's phrase, "voodoo music," comes pretty close. Actually, bandleader Robert Kidney, Jr. would just as soon call it "rock and roll" — but though that pounding, danceable backbeat is always there, the brew is so rich that there's *no* comparison to the average derivative rock band. Blues, R&B and jazz influences are strongly evident — yet when the Numbers Band takes on a classic blues number, for example, it becomes essentially a new song, reshaped by Kidney's unique musical imagination and the outstanding talents of his powerful seven-piece band. Taking into account Kidney's moody, poetic lyrics for his own original compositions, the effect is both rocking and strangely hypnotic — a quality which no doubt inspired Laughner's description.

Kidney, a working-class kid from Cuyahoga Falls, began molding the Numbers Band and its repertoire ten years ago out of his own eclectic listening experience, which included everything from the Beatles and the Kinks to Muddy Waters and avant-garde Cleveland jazz saxophonist Albert Ayler. Despite some personnel changes and other setbacks, including the loss of all the band's equipment and its musical home in a fire that destroyed JB's, the band and its music continue to grow perceptibly almost by the week. No song is ever done quite the same way twice.

Kidney's half-sung, half-chanted vocals are vaguely reminiscent of the Doors' late Jim Morrison, and his stinging lead guitar beautifully complements the fluent second lead guitar of Michael Stacey, the relentless rhythm section, the soaring harmonica of brother Jack Kidney, and the jazz-inflected riffs of the horn section. The band's compositions and arrangements reflect a unique confluence of the many streams of music that have flowed out of the urban experience, and Kidney's lyrics are deeply felt, yet unromanticized vignettes of city life, its challenges and conflicts — sort of a Bruce Springsteen without the overdramatizing.

The Numbers Band's LP, *Jimmy Bell's Still in Town*, recorded live at the Agora four years ago and released on the band's own label, is unfortunately now a collector's item. The band is currently recording new material and shopping for a recording contract. They have also recently begun to appear at Peabody's — a good thing for listeners who find their customary volume levels at JB's difficult to deal with. Loud or soft, the Numbers Band must be heard to be believed; be prepared to get shaken up.



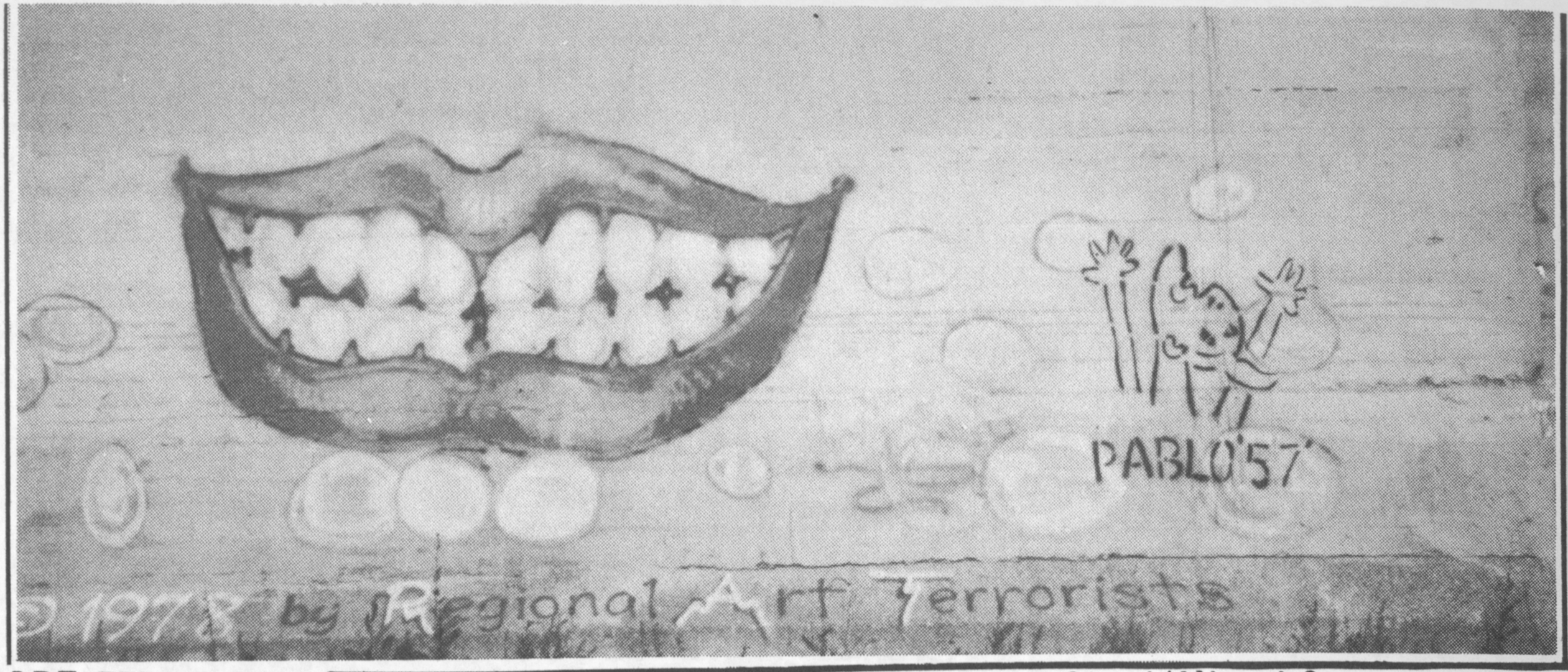
SWEET WILLIAM AND THUSHA
SWEET WILLIAM
TOOK HIS STRIDE
THROUGH THE NEON SUN
IT CAME STRAIGHT THROUGH
BEYOND HIS EYES
OFF OF THE GUN
AS IT TURNED
AND HE WONDERED WHY HE FELT SUCH
OMINOUSNESS

COULD IT BE
THIS DRUGGED BLEEDING
COULD IT BE THIS FROM TAKIN TOO MUCH
COULD IT BE THAT?
NO, IT MUST NOT BE THAT
IT MUST BE
THE STREET
WITH ALL ITS FREAKS STARING

OH GOD
I MUST BE TOO REAL A FREAK

© 1979 R. J. Kidney Cuy Falls Ohio

Photographie: Isabel Kopp



ART TERRORISM: CLE interviews Fred Mertz

one What are alien orders and why should they be ignored?

I really have no idea what ignore alien orders means. A friend of mine said it to me once. He lives 2000 miles from here. I don't think he knows what it means either.

two What are your reasons for altering billboards?

I like to say "adjusting" billboards - like adjusting your t.v. set -to get a better picture. I've thought a lot about this question and the best answer and the most truthful is: I do it so I'll get more and better blow jobs.

An artist I don't particularly respect once said something like "Irrational ideas should be followed logically, absolutely, and immediately." This seemed like sound advice to me. One day I was walking by a billboard close to my house and I thought, "I should fix that, it needs to be adjusted." Every one after that was done for better blow jobs.

three blank

four What kind of reaction do you expect to get from your work? What do you get?

I expect that people who see it will think its good because it's bad or funny or something.

The reaction is usually favorable. I enjoy listening to people relating the phenomenon to other people.

%5 What would you say to those who say that you're defacing public property?

I don't think that there is anything I could say that would convince them that I'm not defacing public property.

six What would be your reaction if someone else, unknown to you started to copy your work and alter billboards?

It pleases me to see that other people do alter billboards. Art terrorism has been around long before Duchamp put a mustash on the mona lisa- its not my own invention.

seven What's the difference between your stuff and some kid with a can of spray paint doing grafitti?

Style.

8. Why do you concintrate on the University Circle area? Why not alter a billboard in Parma heights?

Well I guess its 'cause I'm lazy and U- Circle is close and offers a large audience (Wide exposure.)

nine If you think billboards infringe on people's choice of what they look at and observe, arn't you doing the same thing with your messages, by using billboards as your format?

Yes, I guess I am.

lo. When are you going to strike again?

Any minute now.

中華人民共和國製造
MADE IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

THE STIFF AKRON COMPILATION
SOCIO-ECONOMIC DINOSAUR OR REVANCHIST MONSTER?

people's struggle in AKRON PROVINCE

Comrades, as the long march from artistic anonimity draws to a victorious close, certain revisionist ideas, cultural dinosaurs, rear their ugly heads to capture the attention of the people. It is at this moment in time when the solidarity of all creative efforts, conceptual or concrete, is most important. For it is at this moment when the spectres of old thinking, old action, and old economics return to sap the revolutionary will of the cultural vanguard. It is on this final battlefield that the parasite class chooses to drink the blood of the requited revolutionary. The advances of the cultural revolution are blurred by the softening of the revolutionary spirit. The jubillant returning home soldier is drunk, elated with the idea of victory. No longer vigilant, he becomes the easy prey of this class of profiteers and parasites.

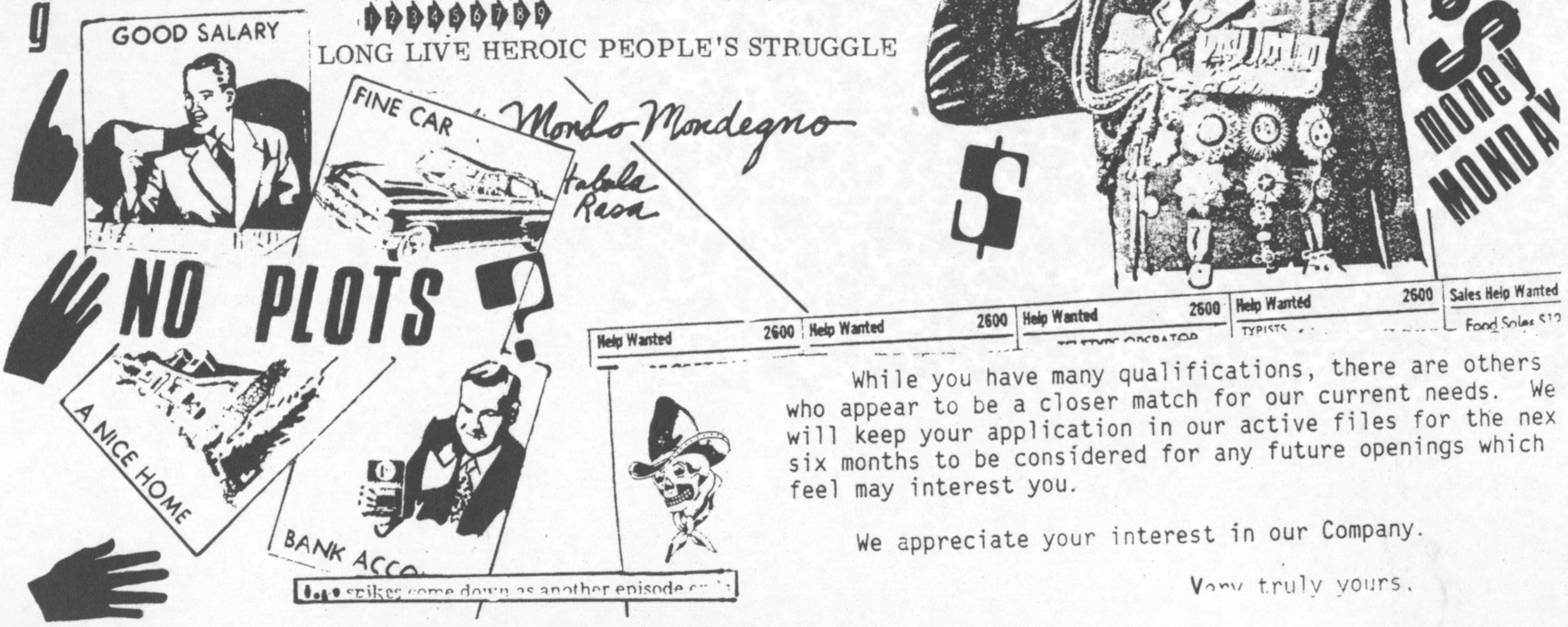
The Stiff Akron Compilation is the product of Liam Sternberg and his associates of Akron province, hereafter referred to as "Sternberg Gang" for their complicity in the AKR Compilation. Others complicit against the people's struggle in AKR include "Stiff Gang", a group of mercenary para-producers and capitalist investors from England. Not content to blur the advances of the revolutionary struggle of the English, this multi-national abo conglomerate has devolved to the state of war captalism, imperialism, and must fight for raw materials on foreign shores.

The struggle for AKR province was led by heroic recordings of Tin Huey, Bizarros, Chi Pig, and Rubber City Rebels in the earlier days of the cultural revolution. Self-serving Sternberg Gang and capitalist-road Stiff Gang became involved in an attempt to steal credit (artistic or monetary) from heroic peoples collectives by the infusion into the world market of a record album. It was their intention, from the start, to represent themselves among those who had served in the people struggle of AKR Province. Through their inclusion, control of the Akron Compilation, the opportunists and capitalist roaders kept many deserving collectives from recieving their just due and people's praise. Although young talent may have been promoted in a positive way, heroic actions of those involved earlier, involved in a committed way, may become blurred or weakened. Chris Butler, ever-vigilant soldier in the struggle for AKR Province cannot be considered a part of Sternberg or Stiff Gang because of right intention. He may be considered one of the cells damaged in an inter-body fight between the forces of the revisionists and the cultural vanguard.

Let us then purge and abnegate all counterrevolutionary attempts by the Stiff Gang and their running dog accomplices The Sternberg Gang. Let us proclaim solidarity with heroic Tin Huey, Chi Pig, Chris Butler, RCR and Bizarros in their thankless struggle for AKR Province.

LONG LIVE RIGHT THINKING TENNANTS OF
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
LONG LIVE HEROIC PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE

purge gang



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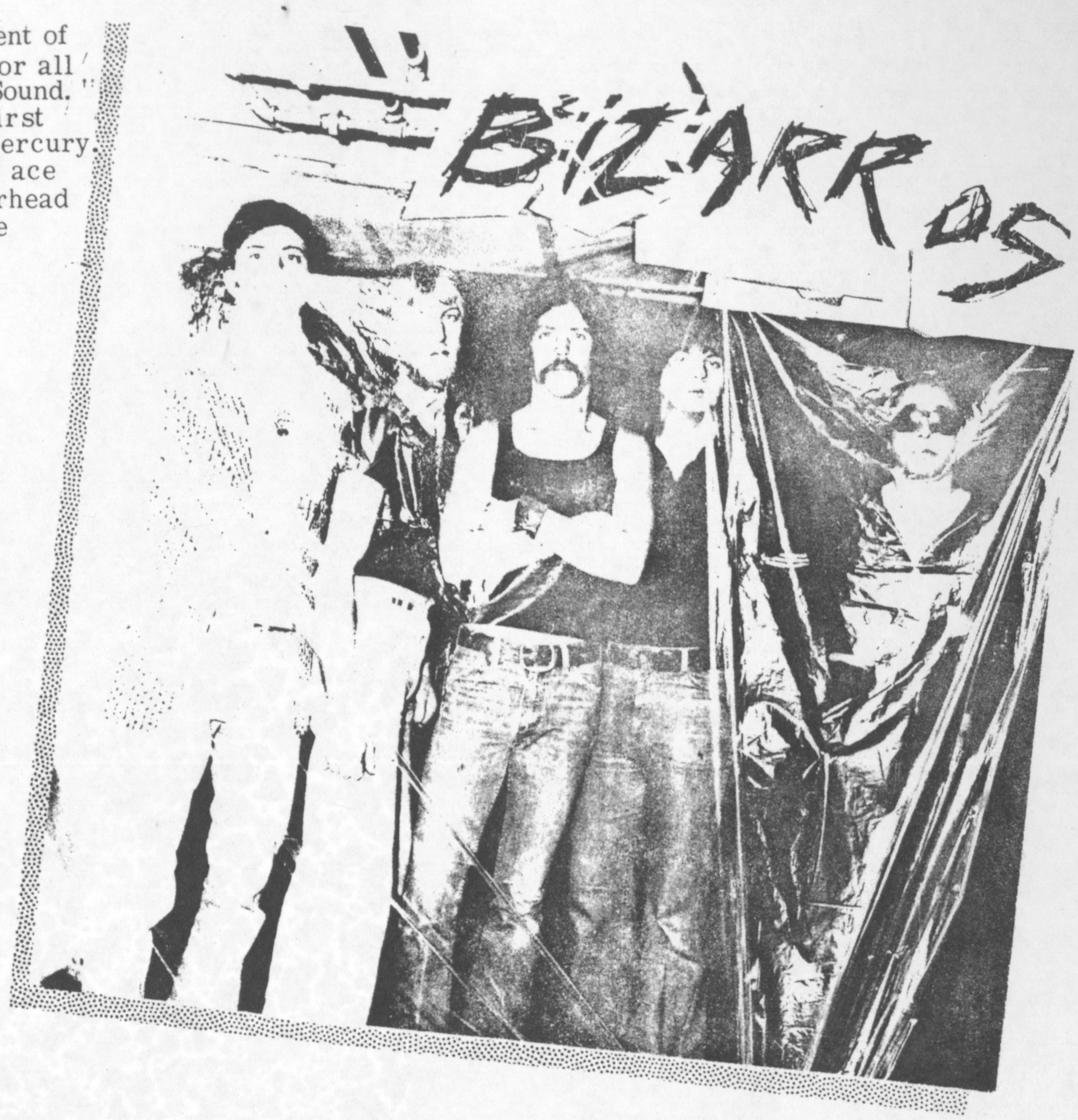


Nick Nicholis is head Bizarro and president of Clone-- the label primarily responsible for all non-Devo related interest in the "Akron Sound." Over a year in the works, the Bizarros first full-length album has been released on Mercury. The following interview was conducted by ace Cle reporter Dave Forehead-Refrigeratorhead in the Bizarros' AKR basement during the fall of '78 ...

CLE: You cut Lady Dubonnet in October of '76?
NICK NICHOLIS: That's when it was released. We did it probably three months before that.
CLE: In Tin Huey's studio?
NN: Everything that Clone's ever done was done at Tin Huey's studio.
CLE: So you've been friends with them for a long time?
NN: Terry our keyboard player ... he and Harvey Gold used to go to Akron U. together. They were classical guitar majors together. He introduced me to Harvey.
CLE: Did you listen to Lou Reed a lot?
NN: Terry and I did, yeah. Terry and I were into the Velvet Underground a lot in High School. That was our favorite group. And Beefheart. When I picked up Strictly Personal I got it late. It was a cut-out. I got it so late that Trout Mask Replica came out a month later, so I had both of them at the same time. My favorite albums for a year.
CLE: Are you trying to be a non-commercial band?
NN: We try to write... we're writing more stuff with melodies but, yeah ... basically we want to be an uncommercial band.
CLE: 'cause I think I could hear your stuff on FM maybe someday...
NN: Moreso than Ubu ... but on the other hand we're not like the Rebels or Teacher's Pet either. Who's our audience? We've sold records in Texas and Louisiana, so I don't know. We have a real basic approach to what we do ... we're still not going to be real crazy on stage ... our image is going to be real subdued. We never do approach it as, you know, punks from Akron.
CLE: Do you write about Akron?
NN: Only on our album. There's two songs that have direct referances to Akron. But before the album there was no concious effort to. The song that you'll hear coming up is called "Akron Snows", about a factory worker ... a frustrated factory worker ... the things he thinks about. Things going through his head while working on a tire-building machine.
CLE: Winters here are so
NN: He's looking for redemption and he finds it through his work. The song didn't start real positive but it turned out that way. And in another song there's this line "When you smell the rubber you know it's spring".Which is a fact because in the springtime it rains a lot and the sewers overflow and the rubber stuff is washed down. The smell is with you for hours after it rains. Everything else is just whatever idea I have at the time.
CLE: How did the Akron album come about?
NN: OK, Dave Robinson was here signing Devo for singles deals with Stiff. In the meantime, there were two bands in Akron that weren't real bands, just some people who had some studio time and some ideas. One was the Waitresses and the other was the Belvederes, which was led by Liam Sternbetg.
CLE: Just figments of people's imagination ...
NN: Right. That's all it was. And they both had this idea that with New Wave going on, they were going to do some tapes and see what could happen. Chris Butler was real serious about it from the begining. He played with the Numbers Band for three years and was tired and wanted to do something he liked. So he was real honest from the start. Liam Sternberg said "I hate Rock and Roll (he was writing a ballet score and playing in a lounge band for money then), I'm going to do something I can make money off of." So Sternberg managed to get his tape to Mark Mothersbaugh and Mark ran into Robinson and gave it to him. So Robinson says something like "There's something else in Akron besides Devo." He contacted Liam because his name was on the tape, and Liam, being a club musician, wanted to get other club musicians on it with him.Friends of his from different lounge bands. You know, get a band together, get an album together.
CLE: But they never played out.
NN: NO. Out of Idiot's Convention maybe some or all of them are playing out but not together as the unit Idiot's Convention. Maybe one of them is in a top 40 band, like the Pacemakers or something, but no bands. There are no bands on that album except the Bizarros, Rubber City Rebels, Tin Huey, and Chi Pig. That's it. All the other bands were just made up of Sternberg's friends. That's all it was.He was commissioned by the Akron ballet to do something, quote, "to get back to something serious." Well, that's the people who control the industry, anyway, he shouldn't be so different. There's no reason to single him out except that he's so close.

We knew we were getting ripped off from the start when they wouldn't pay for the recording. And because we were right in the middle of a deal with Phonogram, we didn't want to give them a song we might make money on. So we thought we'd give them our worst song.
CLE: I like it.
NN: Oh yeah, we like it too. But it's our weakest song.
CLE: What do you think about the state of Akron now that Devo's left, Rubbers have left...Huey's going to leave.
NN: I don't know ...blown up.

I just want to predict that this Akron album is going to kill all, interest in anything creative coming out of Akron. It's going to make as many enemies as new converts. And because we've had some positive things said about us in the British press... because we've been out for a while and because of all the publicity Devo's been getting, and Tin Huey's going to get... because of this album, it's not going to mean anything to anyone else coming from Akron.

DIDACTICAL WORKS re DE-EVOLUTION

PRELIMINARY REMARKS

More and more these days, one finds that he is asked, or perhaps even asks himself, "What's going on here?" Yes indeed, what exactly is going on? Lunar modules dock and re-dock, shoot thru inter-lunar injection, the lunar rover does burn-outs on the immemorial dust of the Mare Tranquillium, nitro-methane-fueled monsters and hijacked 747's assault our ears (and other hidden, more secret senses) with their shriekings, and, in general, we find a continuing schism between the perfection of man's machines, those stalwart servants which will enable us to achieve the Utopia and the "perfection" of those who are supposedly benefitting from their services: humanity. It often seems that in the pursuit of technological paradise, the demands of this particular evolutionary route continually force us to eliminate, deny or ignore that which makes us whole, and rather to become machines, and imperfect ones at that.

TECHNOLOGY'S TECHNIQUE

Technique: "any complex of standardized means for attaining a predetermined result which converts spontaneous and unreflective behavior into behavior that is deliberate and rationalized, and which is concerned with the immediate consequences of setting standardized devices into motion." As Jacques Ellul says, "He who maintains that he can escape technique is either a hypocrite or unconscious. The autonomy of technique forbids the man of today to choose his destiny . . . it is not a kind of neutral matter, with no direction, quality or structure. It is a power endowed with its own peculiar force. It refracts in its own specific sense the wills which make use of it and the ends proposed for it . . . . The second consequence of technical autonomy is that it renders technique at once sacrilegious and sacred . . . men cannot live without a sense of the secret . . . but the invasion of technique desacralizes the world in which man is called upon to live. For technique nothing is sacred, there is no mystery, no taboo. Technique does not accept existence of rules outside itself . . . still less will it accept any judgment upon it. As a consequence, no matter where it penetrates, what it does is permitted, lawfully justified . . . ."

The sacred is what man decides to respect. The taboo becomes compelling from a social standpoint, but there is always a factor of adoration and respect which does not derive from compulsion and fear. The mysterious (from the point of view of technique) is merely that which has not been technicized.

TECHNICIANS ADVOCATE REMAKING LIFE!

Technique advocates remaking entirely life and its framework, for they have been badly made. Since heredity is full of chance, technique proposes to suppress it so as to engender the kind of men necessary for its (technology's) ideal service. The creation of an ideal man will soon be a simple technological operation. It is no longer necessary to rely on the chances of the family or on the society--or even the civilization. (Jacques Ellul: *The Technological Society*.)

In order to escape from this labyrinthine nightmare, there must develop an awareness of both the forces and the "choices" which have led us to this point, and the choices or "courses of action" which might lead us out. As Lewis Herbert says in *Towards Liberating Technology*, "What is the liberatory potential of modern technology, both materially and spiritually? What tendencies, if any, are reshaping the machine for use in an organic man-oriented society? . . . how can the new technology and resources be used in an ecological manner, that is, to promote the balance of nature, the full lasting development of natural regions, and the creation of organic, humanistic communities?" Herbert further states that an organic mode of its inorganic components . . . would be as non-functional as a man deprived of his skeleton. What we seek then, is that transcendent state most fully engendered by Fred Flintstone--technologically sophisticated cave-man.

DEVO: HOW LOW CAN YOU GO?

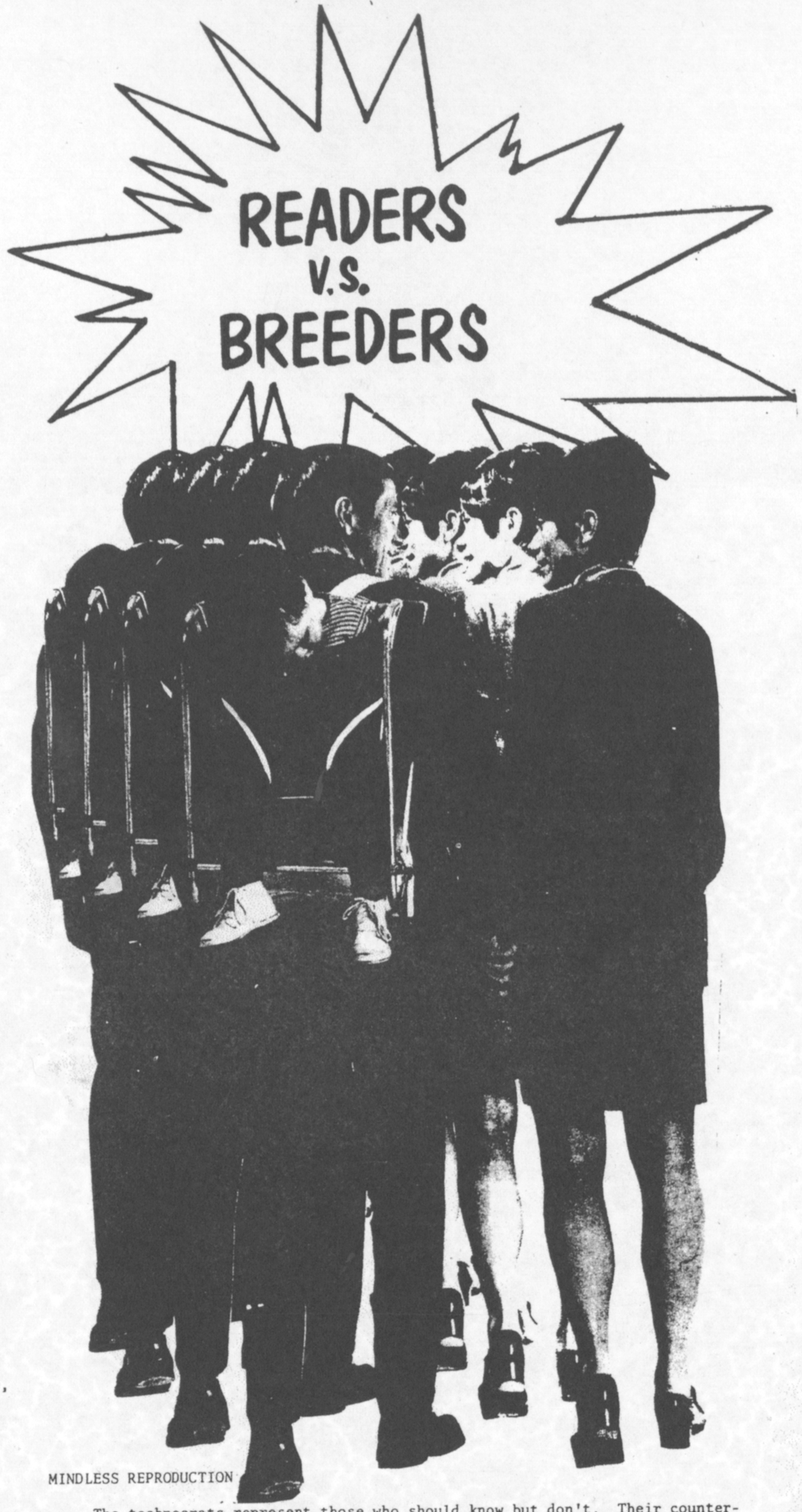
The de-evolutionaries, devolutionaries, or Devo-tees, as it were, have developed as their basic premises the concepts of cathonic progress and of fluid catharsis. Cathonic progress is essentially the idea of going up by going down. As G. Spencer Brown says in *Laws of Form*, "The work of Einstein, Schrodinger and others seems to have led to the realization of an ultimate boundary of physical knowledge in the form of the media through which we perceive. It becomes apparent that if certain facts about our common experience of perception, or what we might call the inside world, can be revealed by an extended study of the outside world, then an extended study of the inside world will reveal, in turn, the facts first met with in the world outside; for what we approach, in either case, is the common boundary between them." In other words kids, you can get to the top by heading for the bottom. When up or down, light and dark, progression and regression are viewed not as opposites, but as contraries, different manifestations of the same basic energies, then devolution becomes not only possible, but viable.

SHAMELESS!

The other base of Devo is the idea of fluid catharsis, but when I investigated this phrase, I was greeted with childish snickers, and was finally informed that this simply meant that Devo-tees try to make "them piss their pants." These Devoists may be called childish, smutty or even foolish, but they are unashamed. As G. Spencer Brown puts it, "It is all too often forgotten that the ancient symbol for the prenascence of the world is a fool, and that foolishness, being a divine state is not a condition to be either proud or ashamed of. Unfortunately, we find systems of education today which have departed so far from the plain truth that they teach us to be proud of what we know, and ashamed of ignorance. This is doubly corrupt. It is corrupt not only because pride in itself is a deadly sin, but also to teach pride in knowledge is to put up an effective barrier against any advance upon what is already known, since it makes one ashamed to look beyond the bonds imposed by one's own ignorance. In the face of strong, indeed violent social pressures against it, a few people have been prepared to take the simple and satisfying course towards sanity, and attain freedom from natural and indoctrinated shame." So it is that the Devo-tees believe that only in a re-affirmation of the organic impulse, and the subsequent realization of the basic physiological facts which are the functioning components of man's destiny-cluster can the horror of cybernetic man be avoided.

THE BELCH, THE FART & THE BELLY LAUGH

The concepts of Devo are aimed at two kinds of people, those who should know but don't, and those who don't know but should. In order to function with the ongoing system, especially in its schizoid love-hate dance with Death, perigee of the cycle, one must in some part become inhuman. The "Achiever Functionaries," the cult of Moloch the Machine, greatly fear death. They will in fact trade their human identities for the chance of immortality, even if they must live as machines. Their fear is such that they will countenance an end to the organic continuum if it will make possible some pseudo-life in cybernetic form. They have sanitized, sterilized and deodorized the orifices of the body (see Polymer Love), while leaving the air and waters reeking; they worship youth while trying to destroy the young; and they are obsessed by the anus, that simple excretory opening. The de-evolutionists seek to remind them of the belch, fart and belly laugh.



MINDLESS REPRODUCTION

The technocrats represent those who should know but don't. Their counterparts and those who form the second group Devo attempts to reach, are those who don't know, the cult of mindless reproduction. These are the essentially wretched victims of the Molochites, who exploit them for their own inorganic and perverse ends. They are unthinking slaves of the organic processes they do not understand, they live only to reproduce themselves, and thus perpetuate the cycles of corruption and exploitation at the hands of their masters. The aim of Devo, altho low, is to inject some notion of the transcendent into the bleak existence of these poor ones.

READERS VS. BREEDERS

The Devolutionists have chosen to refer to these two groups as the Breeders and the Readers. They say "Readers are oral humanists, pussy liberals, misquided individuals who believe in laissez faire, aseptic artists who wish every orifice was a duvetyn anus, garden variety fascists, and quasi-scientists fascinated by the niceties of cellular surgery who always leave the lights on." Readers have given up the responsibility and duty to partake in the life cycle, in order to obtain a kind of synthetic salvation in the "fine object." These people seldom reproduce successfully. Breeders are characterized by "fat dimples," obesity, concern with hemorrhoids, hang-ups in the enema bag, and a general ignorance of the consequences of the very organic functions they perpetuate. The beast flesh creeps back.

DEVIANTS

Now there are some purists or logicians among you who are saying, "Yeah, but what about Readers who breed, or Breeders who read?" I myself know a man who has both a well-stocked library and three children. When I questioned Devo-tees, they replied, "Well, yuh always got yer Deviants." They refer to them as Mavericks, but informed me that these are volatile types who inevitably coalesce into full-fledged Readers and/or Breeders. It is possible for a Breeder to become a Reader, or vice-versa, but only at great effort and psychic expense.

Jerry Casale

POLYMER LOVE

People fail to recognize that *plastic*, the adjective, connotes at least a polar ambiguity; there is little hope for them as humans. On the one hand (oooh) *plastic* is a vituperative scream hurled against the straight world for its rigidity, negation of process, and fear of death. Although the term has had its day at the Newspeak pillory, it remains deep in long-haired consciousness (or unconsciousness, as the case may be). Conversely, plastic connotes superiority over natural forces. It is nonbiodegradable, nearly unlimited in its capability to be transmuted in form and function; the archetype of the New Way. It is, in substance, the fusion of Art and Life (polymer paint and deodorized dicks, both from the same can). Polymer is plastic in its most liquid state -- e.g., polymer water, (H3O), that is one ion heavier than real water. It looks and feels like real water, but is fatal if ingested.

There are some health food die-hards and hippies and professors who feel the same way about the French fry and the doughnut. This can be dismissed, for these same people fear the hot grease and the sticky frosting, the monosodium glutamate and di-potassium phosphate; they worry about outmoded dichotomies. Some even think that the Democrats care about the Little People, as if tragedy were still possible in the 20th century. They don't understand that plastic can take care of itself.

In fact, I know one who takes care of himself. Listen: I know this guy, see, and he wanted to shave his girlfriend's pussy. I don't want to say their real names. I'll call him Ken and her Barbie. She'd never let him. She'd say, "It gets all prickly when it grows in. Besides, it's a hassle." After that, Ken started looking for products which would ease the pain when he took the razor to it. You see, he loves her, and doesn't want to hurt her pussy. Well, he discovered Neet Spray Foam. Now she's showing a wimpus, a mucket, a scratch pad, a burning bush (the bush that burns, yet is not consumed), the dolphin's smile, whatever you want to call it. He loves it. In fact he loved it so much that when his girlfriend got the zany idea to put it on his balls, he said, "Sure." Last week he walked into the Playboy Club, walked in like he had something wrong with his butt. I spotted it right away. "Something wrong with your butt?" I quipped. "Not exactly," he replied, "Barbie sprayed Neet on my balls, and now they itch. It was really fine for a while though," he continued, "she's going so spray them again tonight. She said so on the phone."

If this story leaves you cold, you should meet him. And wait'll you get a load of this:

Ken cannot be dismissed as merely a provincial Mod with anal-creative fantasies. He and Barbie exist beyond the consciousness of the French fry and the doughnut. For, in these two constructs of quasi-nutrition, prototypes of creative foods, still remain the disturbing remnants of decay. The French fry and the doughnut: the hot golden pole rammed through the hot sticky hole. This action repeated in rapid succession results in the deterioration of both the male and female components. Try it! Ken and Barbie could never return to this. They have a vision. She, the LEM opening her capture latches to receive him, the capsule's probing beak--floating in space, remote from the stench of human sentiment spawned in the certainty of death. They are the Beautiful People. Barbie sucks Ken's smooth hard sacs, he licks her deodorized openings. It satisfies them for the moment, but the hair grows back. It must be understood that, given this scheme of anaerobic narcissism, "love" is predicated on the selfishness of reciprocal Suck. It's a closed system, pregnancy is error. Ken coats his cock with a latex sheath, and Barbie swabs her sleeve with acrylic foam. The space age neophytes know they've got to cover up.

The Reality of Imitation:
Plastic Smegma

It is necessary in this discussion to establish the integral relationship between fucking and loving before a real understanding of the conditions of polymer love can be achieved. The relationship is simply this: fucking and loving are the same, or should be. Of course there are those who feebly attempt to defy this awareness, maintaining, "I only want a piece of ass," or "Pussy's pussy," or "You sucked one cock, you sucked them all." But man loves pussy, and pussy is the essence of woman. Therefore, man loves woman. And the same is often true of woman's regard for him. Finally, in a culture where all the other forms of love are preempted by the introspective conditioning through the media, fuck-love is all that remains. All other explanations and rationalizations are miserable emissions from the rear.

Although the beautiful people presently perceive themselves as interlocking systems with specific pleasure potential, there are those who still fear the implications of the mysterious "inner space." Expressing their private peek into the infinite with such sentiments as "I came real good," or "I shot all over, come was flying out her ass," they lack the sophistication of instant-replay analysis. They would rather do it with the lights out--they are literally in the dark. These must not be loathed or pitied, they are merely flat tires on the freeway of life, and we will not concern ourselves with them here.

The incipient techno-polymer language of love and those who employ it are the subject of study. The digesters of current psychosexual tripe, who read, dig, get off, and groove on the literary abomination of the cleft. These readers (see feature article) are the dildos of the technological politik. Like Barbie and Ken, they ooze and squirm at the possibility of induced orgasm with reduced effort. Hook up and stay dry, it's economical. This preoccupation with technique is merely an adaptive measure following the death of Old Mysteries. Taboos which made for great fucks under the organic form of life, predicated upon the cycle of death-reproduction-death, are no longer viable; thus, pushing the spacenik out of his "tree." Contrary to the sentiment expressed in emotive offerings like "I came real good," the language of love among "those who should know but don't" reflects the onset of techno-sexual consciousness.

"We docked."
"I slid my gig into her sleeve."
"I fed my rod up her toy."
"We balled."
"She did a read-out on my rocket."

This obsession with technique, and the language of technique, exists in an unstable state, it can't last. In an effort to program, there will come a time when amplifiers look like trees, and houses look like caves. He will buy her Essence of Woman spray that smells just like real cunt; she will apply plastic smegma to his cock from a tube in preparation for human beast-love (a simulation of the way the "live ones" used to do it). New taboos must be created by the cybernetic pioneers of creative evolution, hence, Barbie and Ken titillated by the possibility of "having a baby." "I don't even see how that could come out of a girl," says Barbie, looking at a fully developed foetus suspended in a Lucite cube. "Girls used to get wet and sticky down there, it was awful," offered Ken.

One Nu-Tabu might be:

Total Ostracization for any who dare sex with one who was frozen.

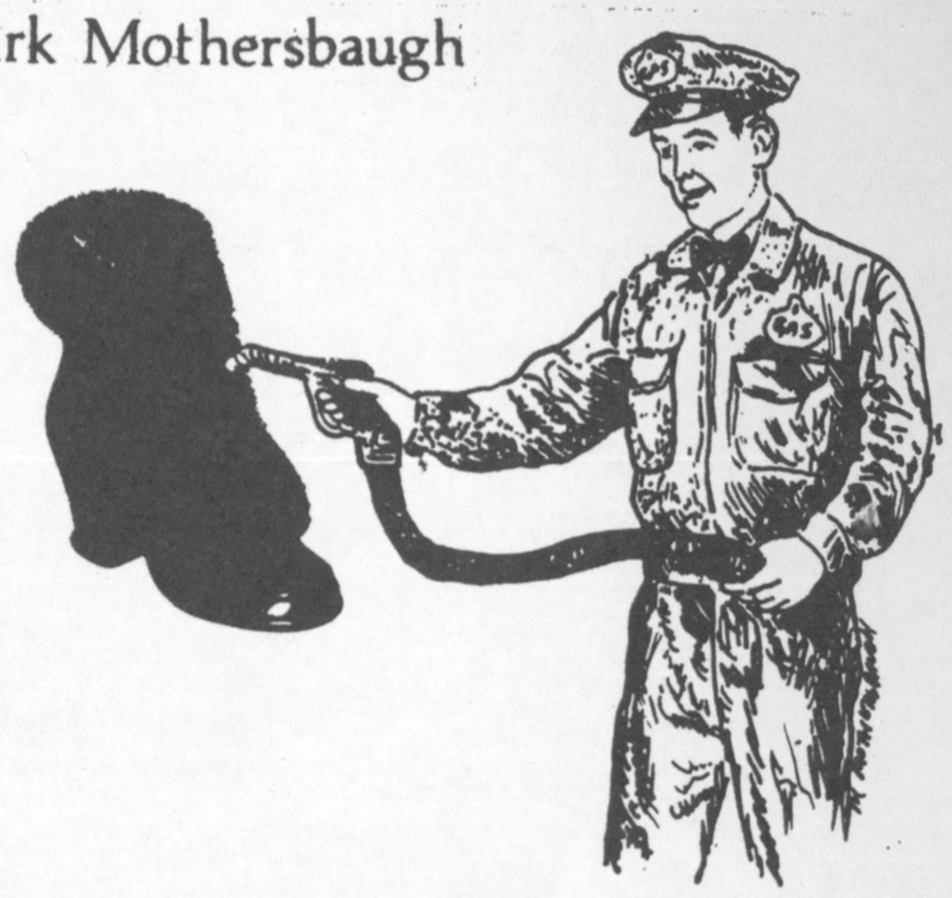
Can this be wrong? Unnatural? Ass-backwards? Not at all. One guy even said in a book something about how anybody that didn't have their machines was kinda like a guy without bones--a jellyfish! But before any of you jellyfish attach yourselves to the E-machines, let's spread out!

Anecdote: Dog-Style Love

I interviewed a friend of mine, he's a real Devo-ist: Meatman, he only delivers Prime, concerning this subject matter, and his view is epiphanic, he says, "The way I see it, man is a germ in the universe, he's not gonna die if he can help it, I mean, it's that Henry Miller stuff . . . you know, I sampled her potatoes and gravy, she was wriggling like a wet fish on the end of a spear, comin' and jerkin', . . . stuff like that . . . all this talk about plastic sex parts makes me puke . . . like I said, man's a germ, he's gotta couple, he's gotta spread . . . that lunar-dock stuff is all a bunch of beat-off propaganda, don't they know the astronauts can't even come when they get back . . . it's gotta be wet and oozey, it's gotta be Henry Miller . . . I had a friend who used to fuck a data processing girl behind a big UNIVAC 704 . . . he laid her right on the read-out board . . . he used to say there was nothing more spiritual than dog-style love."

In other words, and these are other words, life is the only force which resists entropy. The perpetrators of techno-sexology are the potential victims of fixed pelvis (see Wilhelm Reich). Like they been askin' for years: "Does it make more sense to understand man as a biological phenomenon with all that implies, or to try to fit human behavior to the prediction-generalization model of 19th century physics?" The man who scratches his head at that question is in trouble. To explore is divine, but to ignore is Devo.

Mark Mothersbaugh



My frauline done told me..when I was in goose-steps..she said I would gas them.. an' now Im a big man..filling up autos, that beep at me often, I drop what Im doing, and wait on them cheerfully..Some choose the big pump, others the small.. Its a small, small world..and I hears them autos call..Well Im a big time pumper, I pump 'um fulla my gas..and if you give me static, Ill tell ya blow it up your ass!! My station is pretty..I keep it in top shape..the customers dig me..cause I got the answers..to all of their auto needs..I fix them up often, and relieve their tensions, cause no one wants an auto..that threatens to lose it..The autos come crawling..into my station, they beep at me always, I stop what Im doing, and greet them with smiles, I call, "Filler up?," and they yell back, "1.00 regul please." I wipe all the dead bugs, and dirt off their windshields, and connect my big hose, up to their gas tanks..The gas hums as it enters, and fills their empty auto tanks, I do two at a time now, Ive developed a technique..my timing is very good, if not always precise, I give them a fair deal, and they drive out satisfie We need each others business..without which we each could not survive..and we lik to trade money, because it means honor, not like those people, who are sick and cant touch it, because they are unhealthy, they leave me cold. I help who I can help, and feel nothing for those who cant or wont or dont come to my station, for I will only tow those, who show me their honor..I cant help everybody, and Im not my brothers keeper, yet those who come to me, we huddle together, and despite the weather, we find strength in our circle..I am very important, to the big and the little guy..we all need each other, to keep ourselves going..Their autos all need me, my pumps need their empty tanks, and if the good Lord is willing, we shall be here to the end..pumping each other.

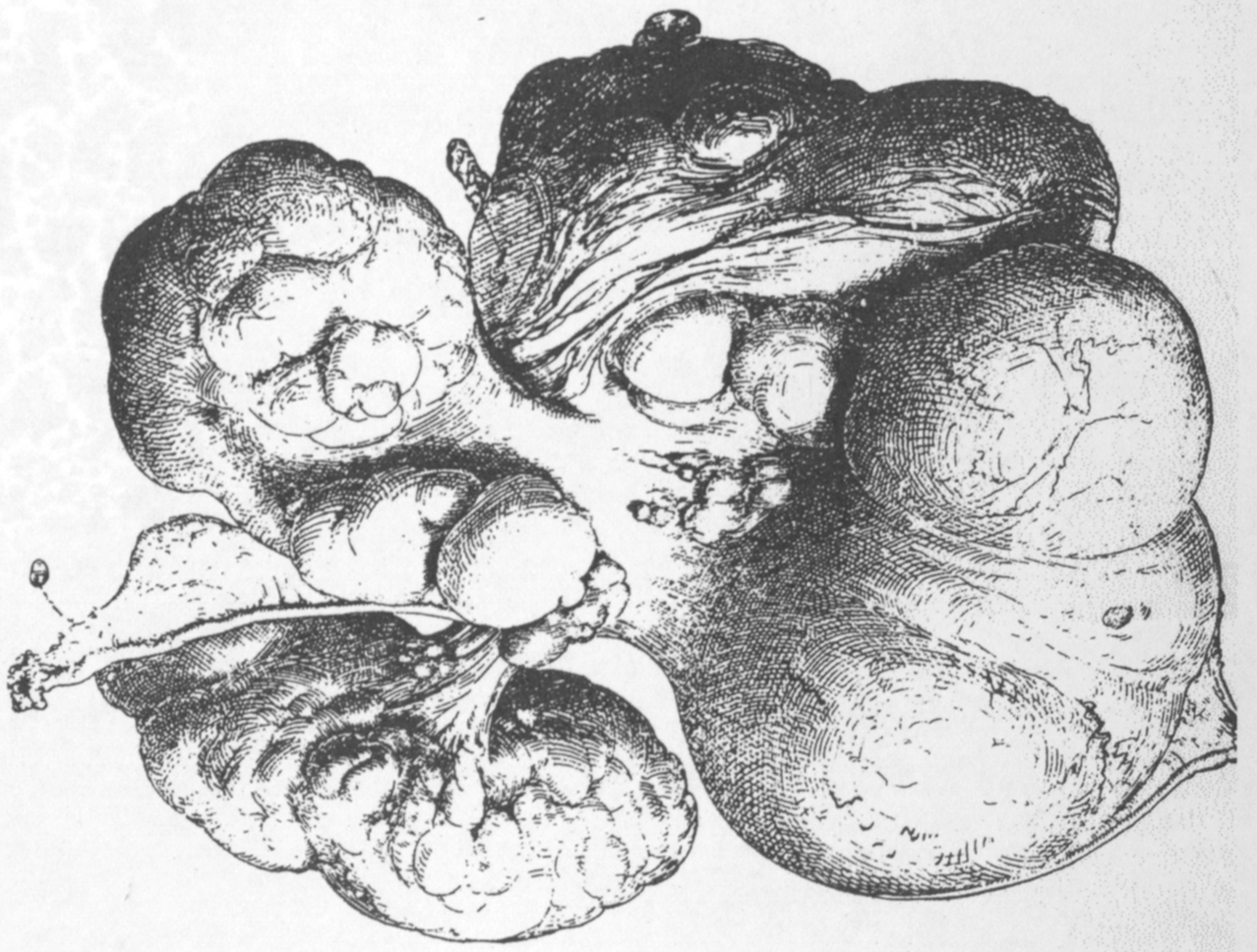


Fig. 70 Our Solar System as viewed from inside Uranus.

"Brand New Cadillac"
NYC's ZANTEES immortalized in new film by M. Henry Jones!

The Zantees first drew attention, it seemed, as "Miriam Linna's new band." Miriam, notorious first drummer for Cramps and Nervus Rex, received several hundred votes for "Woman of the Year" in NY ROCKER's 1978 rock 'n' roll opinion poll, in addition to having received numerous write-ups and interviews. Recently, she appeared on the cover of THE SOHO WEEKLY NEWS in Michael Musto's "Girl Talk" story, and is a well-respected rock writer herself. Attention didn't rest soley on her for long, though, as audiences were stunned by the Zantees' rousing, gutsy, slick but thoroughly danceable performances at Club 57, Irving Plaza, Max's, CBGB's, Hurrah, and the wild and controversial "Battle of the Bands" recently held at NYU, versus Fleshtones and Nervus Rex.

The Zantees don't really consider themselves "New Wave." "We just wanna have a rockin' good time, we just wanna have a gas," former Cleveland Miriam's often heard to say, and one of their more peculiar attributes is the high percentage of cover material they do.

I really don't think most audiences understand how special a band has to be, to pull off cover material well and make it seem fresh and original. I always assumed most of their songs were their own, but maybe that's just because I'm not old enough or knowledgeable enough to remember all those classic tunes. I use the word "slick" a lot in describing this band, and by that I'm referring to their professional attitudes and excellent musicianship. The Statile twins, Bill and Paul, are two of the best guitarists I've ever heard in this area, and the key word to their performances is "understated." They don't cop any tacky, pretentious, egotistical riffs--they don't resort to cheap showmanship. They keep their sound minimal and effective. Over all, I find the band to be in very good taste. How can they be all these things and not come off as bland, homogenized oldies revivalists? Maybe it's their sincerity. See them just once, say hi and talk to them, and you'll know what I mean.

Visually, this band's a riot. Tall, gaunt lead singer Billy Miller shakes up a storm, positioned between those identical twins on guitar, and girl drummers are always great to watch--Miriam's no exception. Their new bass player, an ex-Velvet, usually dresses in black and remains somewhat invisible, save for the stark whiteness of his bass. These and other factors led filmmaker M. Henry Jones to choose this band as the subject for his new film, "Brand New Cadillac" (tentative title), in which the Zantees sing this classic song. Shot in black and white, the band members are limbo-lit, against a deep, jet black set—very theatrical—and combined with the footage of the band are unusual dance sequences, in color, performed by Peter Zaremba of the Fleshtones, Gordon Spaeth, notorious sax and harp player, model Nina Bowles and real-life go-go dancer Deena Schwartzbaum, who appear as red and green shadows rockin' against a white backdrop.

The soundtrack was recorded at Songshop Studios on the West Side, under the guidance of Aural Manipulations Productions' Paul Monroe Martin, who also plays rhythm guitar and writes for STRANGE AGENTS, who recently showcased at CBGB's.

Jones, who premiered his latest completed work, "Soul City," at the Museum of Holography in NYC last February, is a multi-talented, manically driven young visual artist who's received much acclaim for his meticulous yet delightfully original animation techniques. "Soul City" features the Fleshtones, and was my all time favorite rock 'n' roll film until I screened the rushes for "Brand New Cadillac." Perhaps in this new film he'll outdo himself, critics speculate! BIKINI GIRL magazine readers also know him as the creator of the Lauren Agnelli flip-book featured in Issue Two.

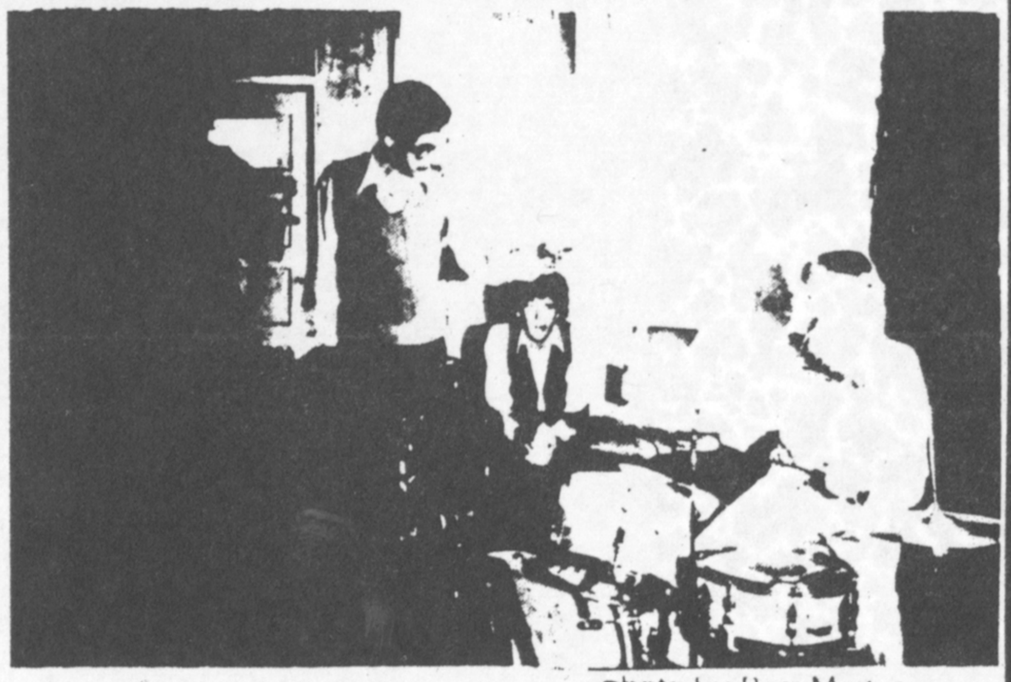


photo by Barr Masterson

Zantees record offer rumours abound, but under which label they'll finally settle remains a mystery. Most recently, they received a very tempting offer from a well known independent label on the West Coast...hush hush! In the meantime, fans can hear them on a special limited edition 45 on the jukebox at Max's.

Lisa Baumgardner

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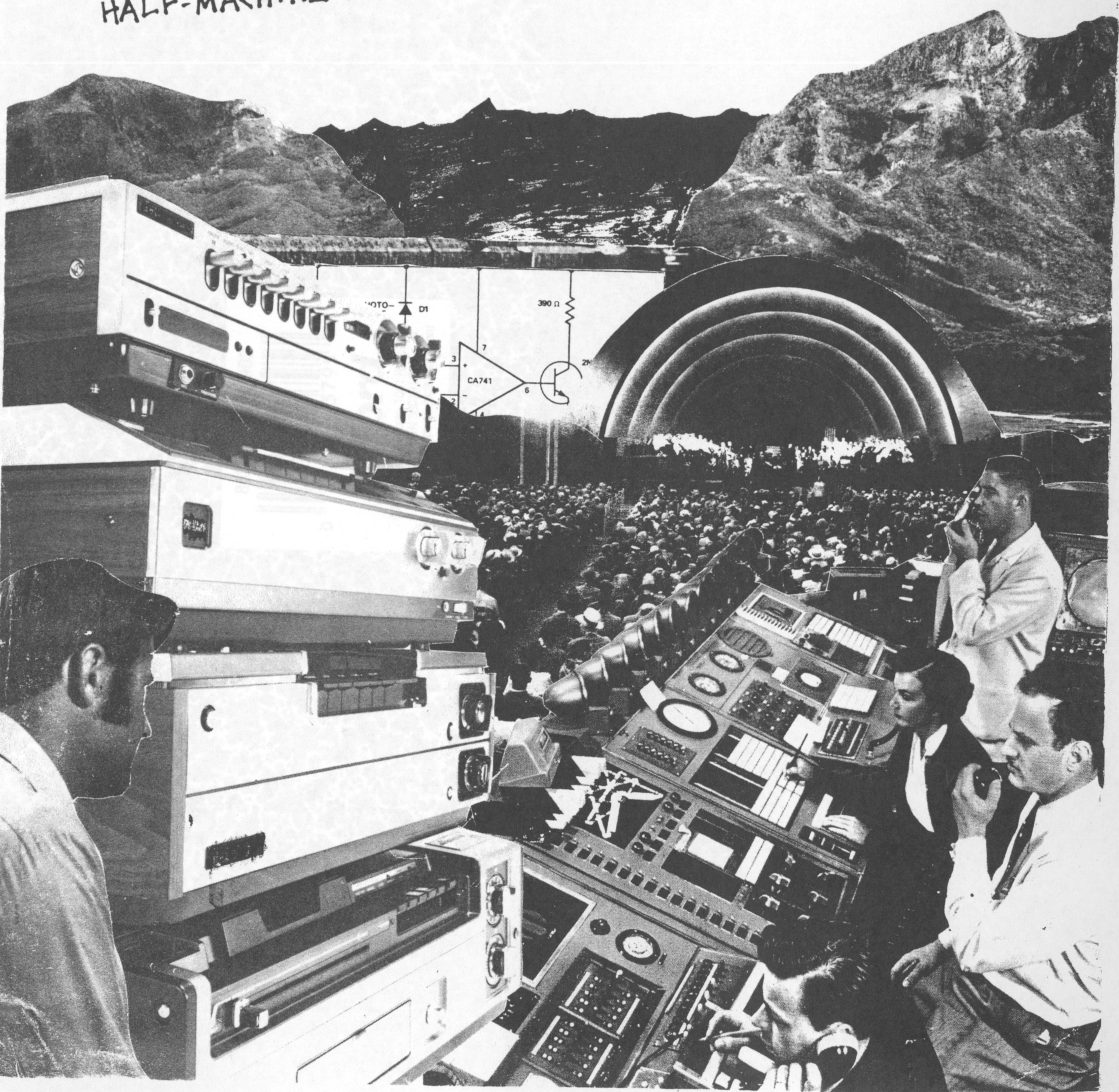
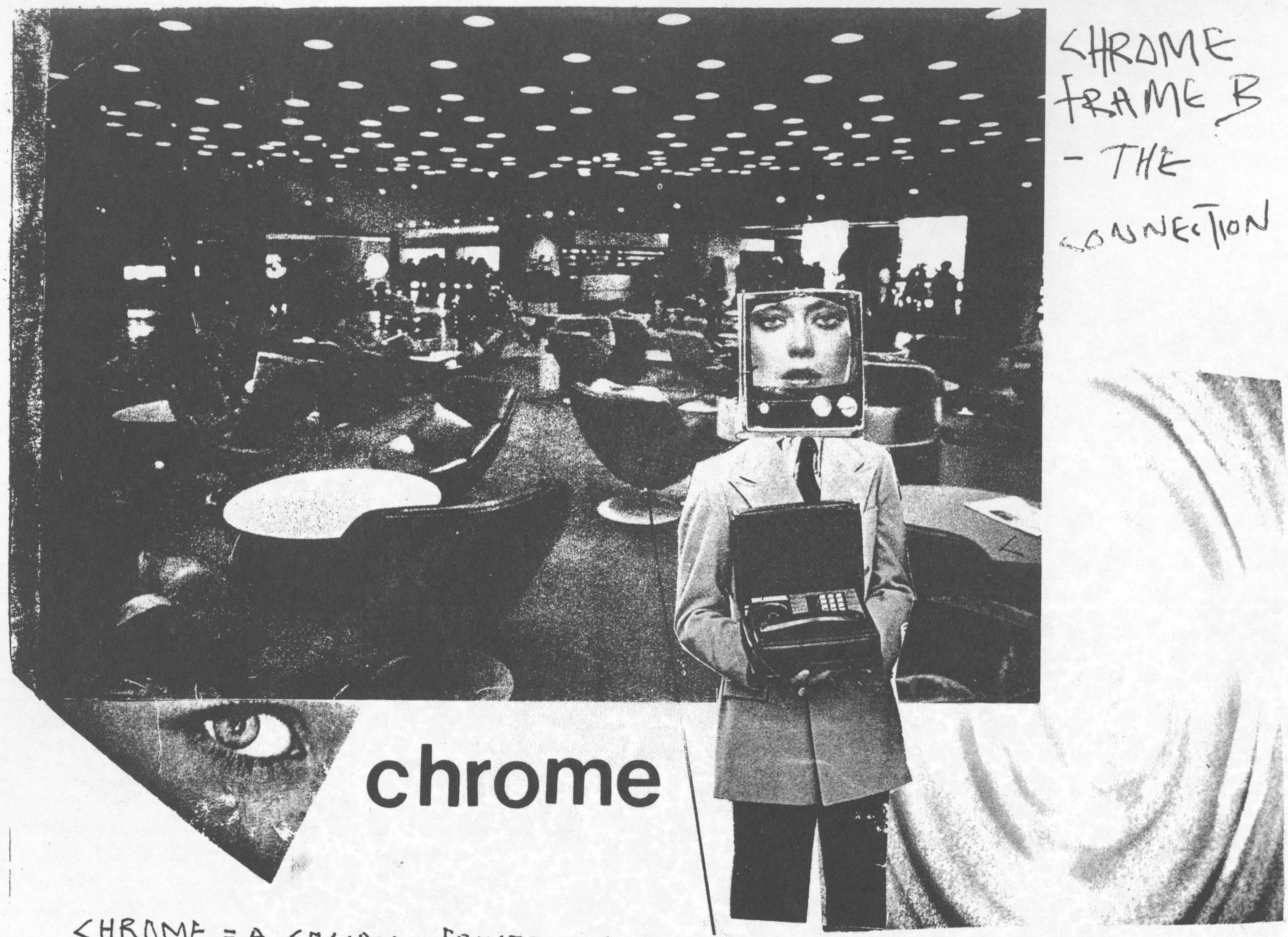
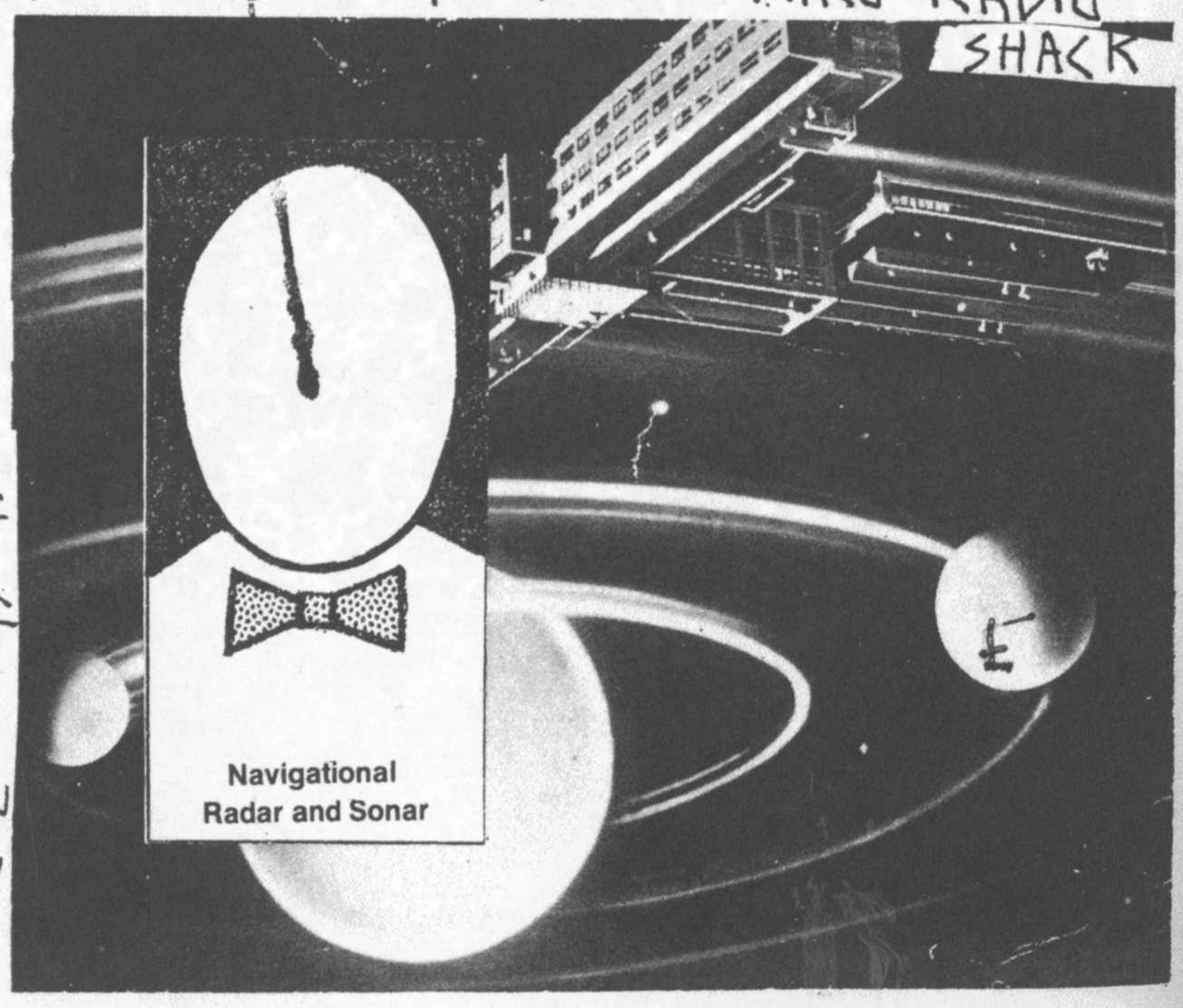


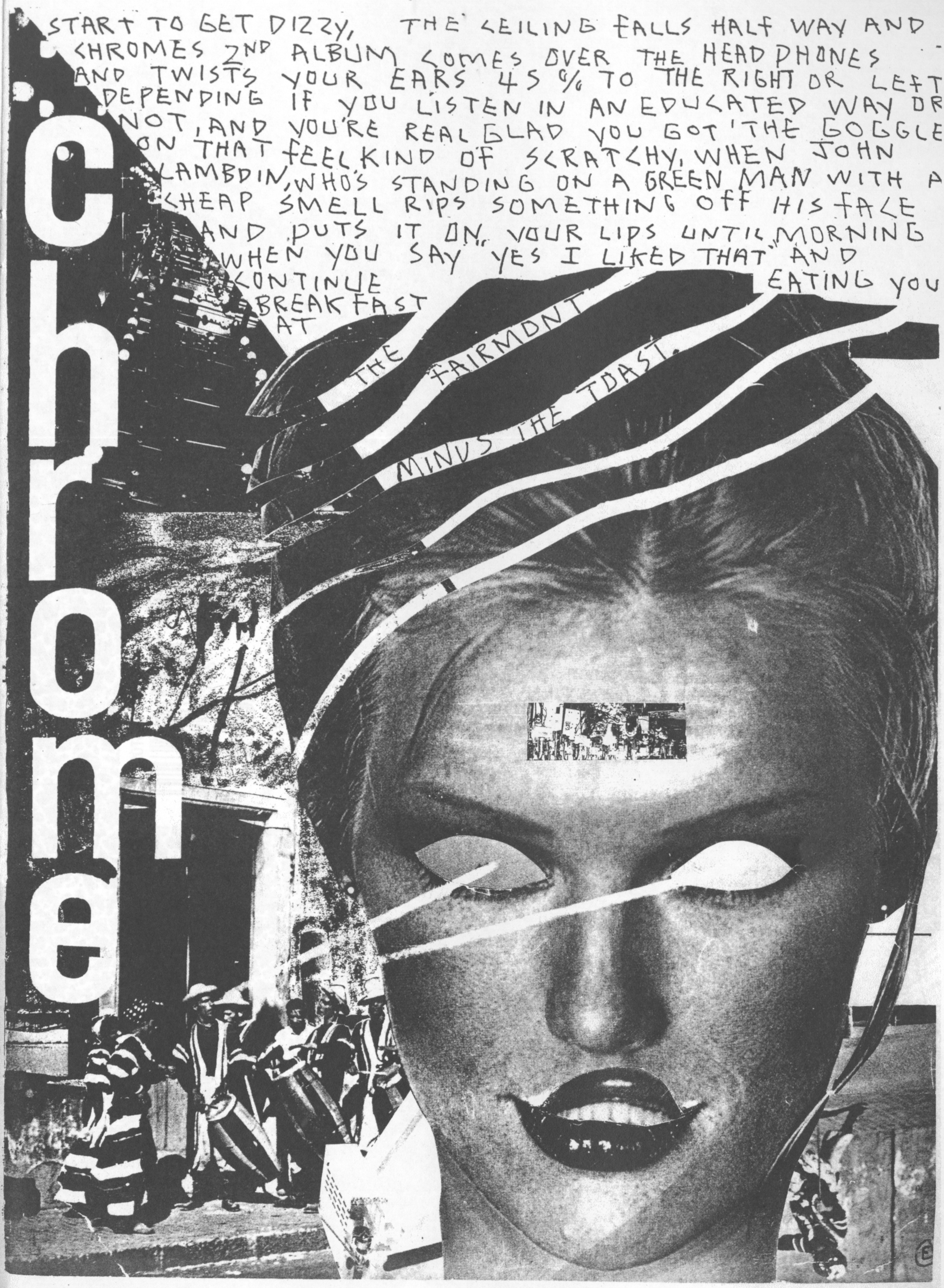
CHROME FRAME B - THE CONNECTION



CHROME = A SOCIALLY FRUSTRATED BAND OF OUTCASTS, A HARD TO WRAP PACKAGE, A WHOLE MILITARY CONCEPT - BUT NOT FROM HERE A PROTO TYPE VACUM CLEANER THAT SUCKS UP PYGMIES AND BILLY BARTY LOOK A LIKES, AN UNACCEPT-ABLE 'TOLERANCE LEVEL, A SHERMAN TANK WITHOUT HUMANOID FACTORS, PAIRS OF BLACK BOOTS THAT ATE YOUR BLOCK, NOTHING ELSE TO DO, A SKILFUL NO TALENT GARAGE STATE (WHERE INTELLECTUALS ARE PRESSED AND LABELED) REAL BAD RECEPTION ON CABEL VISION, WHEN HILIOS CREED WADS UP NEWSPAPER AND IT'S AMPLIFIED THRU RADIO SHIT INTO A 3 INCH SPEAKER THAT'S CRACKED AND MICED AND PUT THROUGH NO EQUALIZATION ON PURPOSE, BUT AMPLIFIED AGAIN - AND FINALLY VIA HEADPHONES YOU GET THE MESSAGE - AT FULL, TWISTED AND BROKEN VOLUME - WHEN THE WAR MOVIE COMES ON AND CHROME STEPS INTO YOUR LIVING ROOM OUT OF A GREY MERCEDES WITH A BROKEN WINDSHIELD, AND YOUR STRAPPED DOWN AND GIVEN AN E.K.G. WHILE YOUR MUMMY WATCHES AND FEEDS YOU INTERVEINOUSLY AND YOU



START TO GET DIZZY, THE CEILING FALLS HALF WAY AND CHROMES 2ND ALBUM COMES OVER THE HEAD PHONES AND TWISTS YOUR EARS 45 % TO THE RIGHT OR LEFT DEPENDING IF YOU LISTEN IN AN EDUCATED WAY OR NOT, AND YOU'RE REAL GLAD YOU GOT 'THE GOGGLE ON THAT FEEL KIND OF SCRATCHY, WHEN JOHN LAMBDIN, WHO'S STANDING ON A GREEN MAN WITH A CHEAP SMELL RIPS SOMETHING OFF HIS FACE AND PUTS IT ON YOUR LIPS UNTIL MORNING WHEN YOU SAY "YES I LIKED THAT" AND CONTINUE EATING YOU BREAKFAST AT THE FAIRMONT MINUS THE TOAST.



A VERY IMPORTANT BAND - CHROME MASTERS OF ULTRA-WAVE. THREE ALBUMS AVAILABLE ON SIREN RECORDS 'THE VISITATION' IS THE FIRST, POST-PSYCHEDELIA PRE-APOCALYPSE AND ALSO THE MOST 'NORMAL' IN TERMS OF SONG STRUCTURE AND FORM.

'ALIEN SOUNDTRACKS' THEIR 2ND ALBUM WAS DONE AS A SOUNDTRACK ORIGINALLY FOR A PORNO SHOW, BUT THEY MUTATED THE SHIT OUT OF IT AFTER THAT. TAPE STRATEGIES = MUNIPULATED SPONTANEOUS TRACKS.

THEIR 3RD PHASE IS "HALF MACHINE LIP MOVES" RNR FOR THE 80'S. EXTREME TONALITIES ENCOMPASS THE WHOLE SPECTRUM--CATAPULTS YOU FARTHER THAN THE VOYAGER 1. ANALIZE.

IN THE MEANWHILE THEY HAD TO BATTLE MCA MEGACORP'S DRIBBLING DISCO-PAP SUBSIDIARY - INFINITY OVER THEFT OF IMAGE. WE'RE VERY HAPPY TO REPORT THE REAL CHROME WON. PHONEY'S COLLECTOR ITEM SINGLE FLOATING AROUND OUT THERE SOMEWHERE MAKES FOR PROOF POSITIVE THAT YOU CAN'T STEAL ORIGINALITY.

NOW BACK IN THE STUDIO RECORDING AN ULTRA-MODERN EXTENTION TO THEIR METALLIC SCIENCE-GONE-TOO-FAR EXPLOITS - "GOING OUT IN STYLE" A 12" 45 WILL RESULT. WHEN READY TO BE UNLEASHED, IT SHOULD APPEAR ON SIREN DOMESTICALLY, FETISH IN THE U.K. ALSO APPEARING ON A RALPH RECORDS ALBUM WITH THE R, TUXEDO MOON, & MX-80 EACH BAND DOING THEIR INTERPRETATION OF THE CLASSIC 'I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO" TO BE RELEASED WITHIN THE YEAR.

DEBUT CONCERT SET ---- NEW YEAR'S EVE 1980, LOCATION BEING KEPT CLASSIFIED AS TOP SECRET SHOULD BE PURTY SCARY EXPECT A BAD CASE OF FUTURE SHOCK

REMEMBER - THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

VERY GOOD FOR NOW...

You called it the dead aquarium. It was a two-gallon jar.

Here is your feeling: nose drawn up and face stiff (I tried it myself), eyes washed out (I know the feeling), belly washed out with tea, weak tea, half-milk and cold, empty, so empty it must be clinging to the ridges of your spine, which you know till you put your hand on it, find it full and swollen. This feeling, swelling, stiffens your face, pressing into your eye; it adds a new print to the tangled overlap on your retina; miscellaneous data for me to take down, and in prose. Things come through so clearly in prose.

The fluid in the jar, heavy, translucent, parodied water; and floating in it an indeterminate fish, long and ragged-finned, its eye like polished metal, unmoving.

Miscellaneous data, organized, punctuated. Thought follows thought; it's easy to tell which comes first. Events can be compactly summarized; you know what's going on; there's beginning, middle, end. Take this, for example: on your wrist, there's a burning spot, where you were touched. Something entered there, I don't know what; I only know that starting there, you crumbled.

As you held the jar in your hands, rocking it, the fish moved, "swimming" in heavy fluid, fins beating; at the very center its unmoving eye. Around it, pictures rippled out, overlapping on your eye, an erratic doily with a space in the middle, a small breathing space, a place for me to stand and disentangle the pictures, casing them in prose, clean and separate, much easier; why can't I reach you?

I lift this one out carefully, easily broken this one: in this one you are waiting. You wait, you empty all your present moments into the moment ahead; you hear it coming to you beating its wings against the channel, it spreads them out in front of you, eyes fixed on it you press forward, no sinking into the couch, you write that moment over and over on your brain till your small scrap of grey matter is completely covered with scrawls, you hear that moment coming towards you, its heavy feet beating in the corridor, teacup in hand, you sit up and wait.

Back and forth from the couch to the chair and sometimes into another room. Nothing now is printing on your eye; the tangle there absorbs your mind; I don't think you can see the table you have your feet on.

The teacup rocks (I notice) in your hand drops spilling out (it is apparent) one four six on the floor edges spreading the teacup tilts (I see) in your hand a stream (but when is this?) pouring on the floor edges widen fast slicking the floor the cup (I can tell) jerks out of your hand its edges meet the spreading edges of the puddle on the floor cracking (I note) your thigh is (Friday?) soaked.

All around you the fish is hanging, eye unmoving, fins beating.

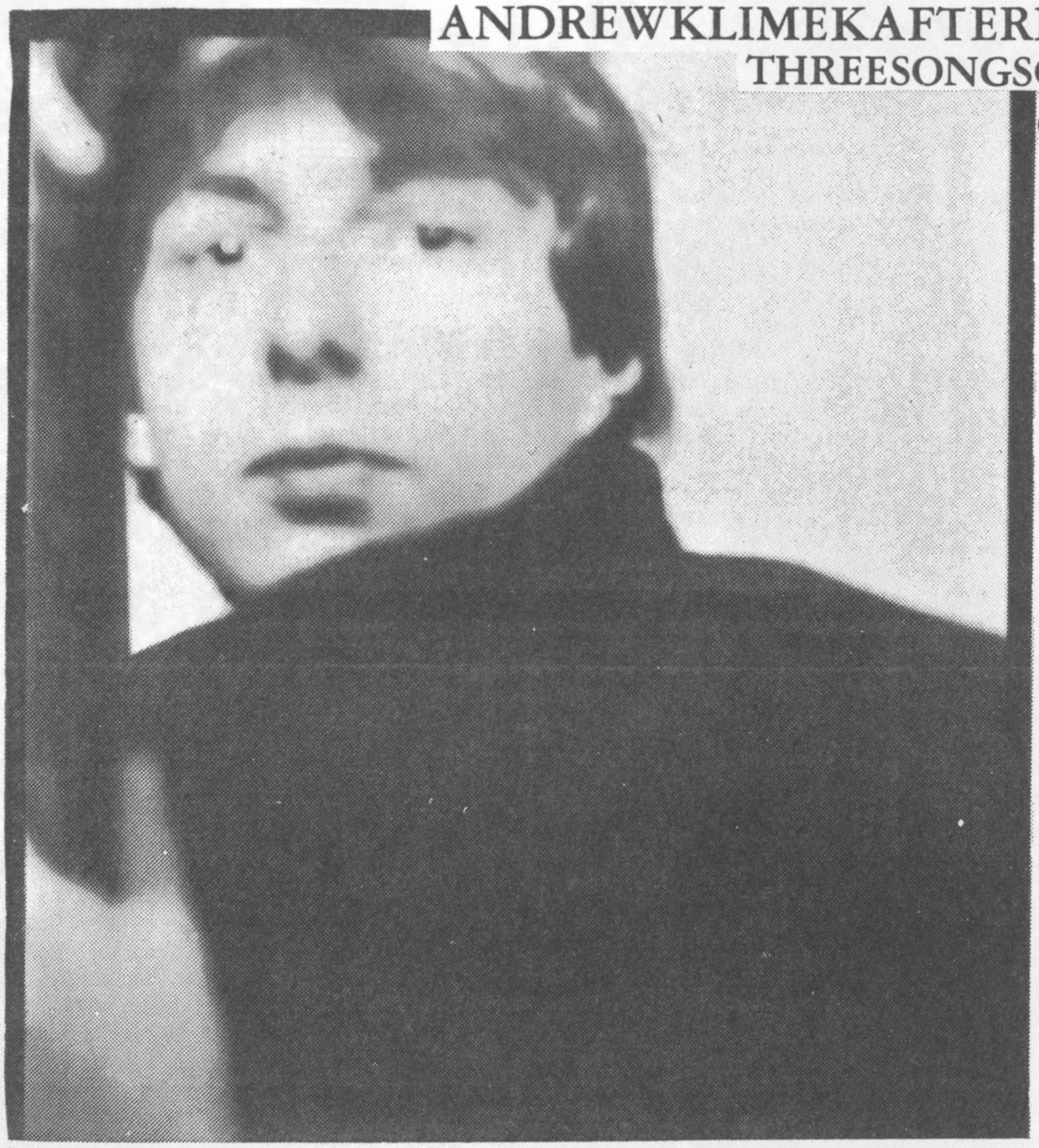
I know what you're doing: you're waiting for the phone to ring. Let me explain something to you. The other night, when there was no hot water in your apartment, and you were tired and needed a bath and couldn't get one because there was no hot water, and you were thinking about that constantly, the prickle between your shoulders where the sweat had dried made it impossible to think about anything else, you decided then to forget about it and have a cup of tea and go to bed, remember? You crossed the kitchen with the teakettle and maneuvered it around the pile of dirty dishes that hadn't been done because there was no hot water, remember? Cursing the fact that there was no hot water and then you turned on the tap and nothing came out? Because you were trying to fill the kettle from the hot water tap? This is the way you are waiting for the phone to ring.

So now you decide to have a bath and forget about it. And in the water, long silver water pouring over your flapping wrists, washing you clean and single, you empty out, listening for the phone; the water curls in a pool under your thighs, waiting. Much in this room is white. The phone is a few inches from your hand; if it rang, you would grasp the phone lines, pull yourself out, hang on them and dry, your skin would have its shape again, the spot on your wrist is glowing brighter, you lie and wait for the phone to ring.

I want you to see this now; it was a moment when everything cleared, a kind of vision; it was in a cheap restaurant, you were having lunch. You were staring at a tabletop, whose black formica wholly defined and surrounded the saltshaker, itself separate and distinct from the creamer and the waterglass. They were glowing quietly; not with the threatening glitter glass takes on when your pupils are a little too dilated and the blood stuffs your face, but softly, clearly, each object calm in the knowledge of its separation from the others. You watched, listening to the woman at the next table, chatting with the waitress. "Honey", the waitress said, "I been married twice". "Divorce or shack up, whatever comes next", the woman said; and at this you turned your head, seeing the waitress, one leg drawn up, her foot resting familiarly on the

empty seat of the woman's booth, gesture with a lift of her head towards the kitchen. "He's right in back, but I got no hurry". You stared at the lusterless brown hair pulled back tightly from a face the color of bread, at the plain brown glasses supported by a wedge nose. It was a nun's face you saw; not a pale lily of Jesus, but an iron-spined schoolteacher, relentless in her discipline, who slumped against the booth (the slackness in her bent leg!) raising her eyes to the cook? the busboy? Did she lean against the coffee machine on breaks and dream of having her cunt opened? And you thought: "There must be no more marriages. Nothing has to move. It is so easy, now, to sit still."

I can see, now, that you haven't been listening. The burning spot on your wrist is larger, and open, and drops fall from it slicking the floor, and now this is the end, this is the ending I have been fighting for weeks, I didn't want to write it for you, I don't want to sing about extinction, but things take a wrong turn sometimes, like when you picked up the fish, a small thing, pleasant enough in its own way, but a downward slide impossible to stop. It grew inside you as you rocked it, and it was waiting only to break, and now it breaks, and the drops are falling from your wrist, gummy, viscuous, a parody of water, puddling over and spilling, pooling on the floor, the edges widen as the fish "swims" above you moving into position, you see yourself caught in its silver eye, the air thickens, the gummy fluid pours on the floor, the fish moves above you, the tangle goes white, caught in its eye, slow fins beating down a disused channel, and you move up over the room, hang there, staring at the pool of fluid, the air thickens, preserving you, the tangle collapses, you get ready to float.



ANDREWKLIMEKAFTERBATHINGINTURPENTINE
THREESONGSOFLOVEFEARANDESPIONAGE
ONMUSTARDRECORDSMM105
ALSOPICTUREDISCLTDEDITION50COPIESAVAILABLE
ON LYTHROUGHCLEFOURDOLLARSINCLUDESPOSTAGE

You have The Pagans SMASH Hit 45, now... READ THE NOVELLA!

STREET WHERE NOBODY LIVES

Chapter One from the 'to be published' DROME! paperback by Michael Hudson

JULY, 1977

There were girls. There were girls who took photographs and girls who worked in record stores and girls who wanted to be poets and girls who asked you to hold their beer for them while they fluffed their long bleached hair and then winked at you over their white shoulder when you handed it back. But there weren't any girls who were happy.

And I got up on the stage that night, blasted and walking on Mad Dog, Night Train Express and the scene and I can't help but wonder how this makes me more alive. I threw my guitar away and kicked it and knocked over Joey's cymbals and some fan came up and undid the damage done.

I layed down on my back and just looked up into the lights and the night and the music was coming.

I fell off the stage and people were going, "Yeah, all right," and it was my best scene. Nobody who doesn't do it understands.

"You...Get me paralyzed, you get me so so so so paralyzed."

Paul walks around in circles slapping out a bass line and Binky was rocking back and forth and I was on my knees saying what a rush it all was and they were digging it. Me too.

And then they were shouting "Live Wire Love" which was our best tune but we couldn't do it because my guitar was now broke so me and Binky were both trying to tell them what was happening but neither of us knew.

It was over before I was done. I got down off the stage and ran to the dressing room. I didn't want to talk to any of those people or see what they thought. I didn't know them. The Terrorists, who we shared a dressing room with, said we did good and we all started drinking more Mad Dog on the floor.

"Where do you guys play in New York?"

"Max's, CBGB's."

"What about like on Long Island?"

"Baby, I wouldn't die on Long Island."

I settled down a bit and went out to the bar to look for chicks. I found this one that I knew, but she was about thirty, and I wasn't really sure I was into being with her that much.

I wasted most of the night on her though, and think if I'd have gone nuts on her we could've made it, but I used most of it up playing.

The Terrorists were playing and Binky came and sat down with me and the chick (who really dug the Terrorists) and then Bock, my tall newspaper friend, came to the bar and joined us.

The Terrorists finished, and by this time I think that Binky was trying to make it with Peggy (that was the girl's name) but she said she had to go home because she had to get up early for work the next morning. Me and Bock had to get up early for work the next morning too, but when this other chick asked us to go to a party in Eastlake we said okay anyway.

Binky, Joey and Paul all went too and we took four cars.

I was driving my car, which was a Ford, and Bock was with me. I was too high to drive so it was all choppy going out to Eastlake and we spun off the road once or twice cutting off these girls who were going to the party too and I kept looking over to Bock knowing that the part of him that graduated from a Catholic high school was scared and the part of him that had once hitchiked to New Orleans was getting into it.

Our car and the girl's car quickly outdistanced the cars that Binky, Joey and Paul were riding in, and they probably wouldn't have found the party except that they had been there before.

So we got to the party and the girl who was throwing it thought she could sing like Janis Joplin and she kept thinking about Janis Joplin and playing Big Brother and the Holding Company records and singing along to them.

I think maybe she thought that because we were in a band we could somehow help her, but I didn't tell her that I didn't like Janis Joplin anyway and that I couldn't even help myself.

Sam (Bock's first name) and me got to the party a long time before the rest of the group.

There were about eight strangers there, tough guys and whores, the latter of which I was getting into, and some of them recognized me from when we used to play the Marquee Club in Willoughby.

The cops came because two of the guys I didn't know had gone outside to slug it out for some unspecified reason and then ran into the apartment to get away from the cops and the cops followed them in.

Binky and Joey, who I was calling Bango to the disbeleif of the tough guys and whores, finally showed up and brought pizza and potato chips and more beer. Bock said if the party got raided and we got arrested, thereby losing our jobs at the newspaper, we could all go to New Orleans.

After that he walked out the door and I was worried that maybe he was just disgusted with the whole thing and had walked home. Later he came back, and even later he told me that he hadn't been disgusted at all but simply had had to puke.

Binky, as well, disappeared but I knew that he hadn't left because I was sitting by the only door out.

It was just a one bedroom flat, I knew he couldn't be too far, so having to go to the bathroom anyway, I went down the hall.

Binky was in the bedroom playing trucks with a little kid about four years old. "Bink," I said. "What are you doing?" "This is my friend Raymond," he said.

Binky's father had achieved the uncertain honor of being the last American flyer to die in England before VE day in WWII when, within a week or so of Binky's conception, he wrapped a touring car he'd hired around a telegraph pole near Coventry.

He kept a photograph of his father, taken barechested before the war on the flying bridge of a fishing boat in the Gulf of Mexico, on the mirrored bureau in his bedroom.

Binky possessed all of the unfortunate mannerisms and affectations that often come to men who are raised by a mother alone. Sometimes, if you said something he thought amusing or intelligent, he would recite it back to you later with great significance, as if saying it back to you made it his. He'd say the thing over again several times out loud to close friends and then he truly would believe he'd made it up. Once, he appropriated a remark Paul had made. Paul either wasn't aware of the theft or just didn't say anything about it at the time, I knew this habit of Binky's bothered him a lot more than it did the rest of us, but about a month later, we all happened to be riding in a car together and Binky brought it up.

"I don't know that we should go to Detroit to play," he laughed. "Remember how I cut Asheton when they were down here?"

I sensed what was coming and looked nervously at Paul. "No," he said. "I don't remember."

Binky looked hurt but seemed excited at the opportunity of telling the story again. "He kept say-

ing, 'Well, back in my old Stooges days,' and I said 'Yeah Ronnie, and you're the oldest Stooge I know'..."

"You idiot," shouted Paul. "You didn't say that, I said that."

A great row ensued, and I don't think it was ever really right between them again.

Eat some pizza. Blasted I went back into the living area (room?) and layed down next to this whore named Cindy who had on the absolutely lowest cut powder blue blouse I'd ever seen in my whole life and tried to make conversation with her.

I was too wasted though, and I think she was using my attention to play with a big blonde biker who may or may not have been her husband (she wore a wedding band).

I went to sleep on the floor and slept until Bock kicked me in the ribs and said it was time to go. Feeling a lot better, I got up and didn't say good bye to anybody and walked out the door.

Binky rode alone and Paul, Bock, Joey, and a blonde chick named Cathy rode with me. I was sort of worried about the cops when we first pulled out of the parking lot. I thought that, after that fight, they'd be waiting to bust people for DWI outside.

They weren't though, and as soon as we reached the long asphalt strip that is Lake Shore Boulevard, I gunned the car wide open.

Paul, Joey and Cathy were in the back seat and Sam was next to me in front smoking and pounding his fist against the dash and laughing.

We were going eighty miles an hour as the road unfolded before us. It was smooth and rumbling now, not choppy like before and we were drunk on beer and wine and keef and tires hugging and motor grumbling. Nobody talked.

Nobody was scared, either, but everyone knew that He might kill us now and there wasn't any need for talk. To break the silence, Sam jammed a Rolling Stones live tape in the tape player. Everyone had tape players then. They sound like hell live, I thought.

When the joint we were smoking became so small that it burned the tips of our fingers, Sam produced his lighter, which was a big old fashioned flint and fluid Zippo like Vic Morrow would use instead of one of those little plastic butane things that you throw away after you use them. He opened it, they make that clicking sound which, I thought, sounds enough like the cocking of a pistol that you might fool somebody with it if you were behind them, then he put the joint against it and closed the lid on it so that it was caught between the lid and the bottom and you could smoke it by holding the lighter to your lips.

The lighter made me think of Vic Morrow and so did the ingenious way in which Sam was employing it.

"Did you ever watch 'Combat'?" I asked him.

"I've...seen it."

"Oh."

There was a pause.

"Why? Was there something?"

"No."

Sam cracked up laughing.

There's a long, slow curve on Lake Shore at 222nd St. From there until you get downtown, the road heads due west.

We made the curve and there before us like some monstrous party favor was the moon, huge and hanging low, in between the rows of street lights that lined either side of the boulevard. Sam shouted like a cowboy and I tried to get the gas pedal closer to the floor than it already was. I looked at the gas gauge drop lower and could feel the engine, now powerful, sucking up the good gas. The Rolling Stones howled over the speakers and Joey's girl giggled in the back seat. The cigarette smoke filled my lungs and burned my eyes. There was a red light at 200th and we took it at ninety. We sailed. Then the cops were after us.

Flashing blue and red lights with white fingered cop spotlight piercing the dark interior of our car and reflecting off the rear view mirror to give highlight to the mass of cigarette smoke curling to the headliner.

It turned out they let me go. Apparently, my suspension wasn't registered on their computer or something. But nobody wanted to go after the moon anymore.

Later, we sat and drank a white wine that cost twenty five cents a glass in an ethnic, neighborhood tavern and were entertained by a four piece group headed up by a guy who played tenor and alto sax at the same time. "Night Train", stuff like that. The guy's name was Spud Short and he wore a wide brimmed hat of the Forties with the front fastened up to the crown by a nickle plated safety pin like Satch on the Bowery Boys.

We clapped and shouted after each number and when he finished his set he came over to the table to see if we'd buy him a drink. He was old and beat and probably went to Florida in the wintertime. We bought him a glass of wine that he held up to us in toast before putting it to his old junky lips. We told him we were musicians and he regarded us as comrades, having never seen nor heard us.

Paul chides me playfully over a particularly bad letter I've written that was published in one of the magazines and Bock says in a moment of seriousness that he fears his newfound adulthood, he's 24, I think, has come to be little more than a grotesque parody of what he believes to have been a brilliant adolescence. He can't discover his moments, he sighs. He is of Eastern European descent and is actually an Eastern European poet. His scarred face looks heroic in the dim red light of the bar.

I light a cigarette and watch the smoke ring the lighting creates. It gets bigger and bigger, and then disappears into the air.

Joey's tripping on acid and he rocks back and forth in his chair, with one arm slung over the chair next to his, which is Paul's, and grins, sipping a beer, looking up at me sometimes. He smokes, elaborately and often. It's hard to tell about Joey. I don't know what to say about him. Paul likes to say that we're the same person, speaking figuratively of course and meaning that we share common traits in taste and personality, and he says so at parties and the like all the time. To a certain extent, this is true. We did after all share common parents, bedrooms, a sister and all the other things that brothers of little age difference usually share, but he is slightly shorter and thinner than me. He's more athletic and likes different kinds of girls.

When Paul moved here from Virginia when him and Joey were sixteen, he didn't have any friends and, not being very accessible, didn't make any and even got beat up by some of the friendlier kids so Joey kind of took him under his wing. That's how Joey is. Anyway, it worked out for the best since Paul's lack of popularity had stemmed more from his superiority to the average sixteen year old than from any inferiority. There is a certain stigma attached by Cleveland youth to people from the south, caused mostly I think by the flood of West Virginians that the area experienced throughout the Sixties.

Or maybe it's the weather here that gets you used to being against things and being suspicious of things. It catches you off guard and then assaults you savagely and you laugh about it then and later when really it's not funny at all. And in late summer, with a tornado or heavy thunderstorm warning flashing over the TV screen periodically until nature sends a bolt of lightning down to hit a power line somewhere and cut off our own artificial electricity, easiliy negating temporarily the equally temporary effect of our sciences, it is violent and remains one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen.

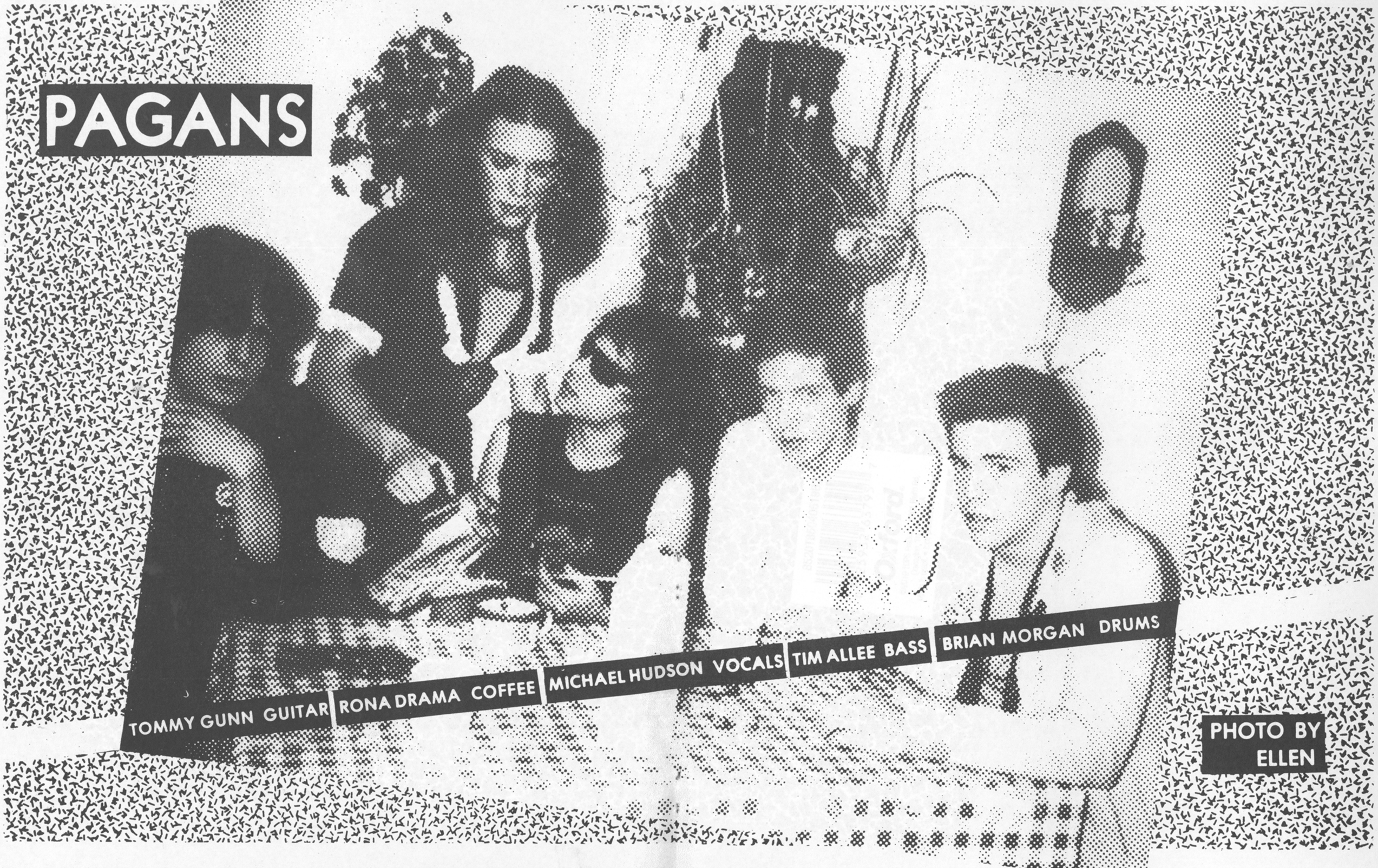
There was no such storm that night, though, and these were the last days of summer.

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time; But you can't fool Mom!"

Capt. Penny

To love us, I think, must require a great deal of dedication. To love us truly, I mean.

PAGANS



TOMMY GUNN GUITAR | RONA DRAMA COFFEE | MICHAEL HUDSON VOCALS | TIM ALLEE BASS | BRIAN MORGAN DRUMS

PHOTO BY ELLEN

THE ELECTRIC EELS: (From left,) Dave E., Nick Knox, Brian McMahon, John Morton.

"CYCLOTRON"

Giant doors
Hiding in a dresser and preserving my success
Hide with Mirrors
Shaving with 2 razors, remember what a mess
TV sets
Watch yourself on video, see me on the BigBeat show
Daffy Duck
You know a steaming bowl of washers
on a nice hot day like this would be a nice surprise

Sewing sets
Little baby tie-up and I'm thru for the day
War is fun
Going down the turnpike, have a laugh at the jets
Benny boy
Falling on a licorice, dancing on a cyclotron
Your mouth it is a vast wasteland
You're a little baby bore

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 / Candy grams
Standing on the corner with a flashlight in her hand
I hate Girls
Climb into the cannister, warming in the morning
Pasty faces
Amyl Nitrate on the ground
Barbie doll
Kelvinator Kelvinator Kelvinator Kelvinator
Your mouth is a vast wasteland
Baby burp gets on your dress

Fauvist Music © 1975 by John Morton

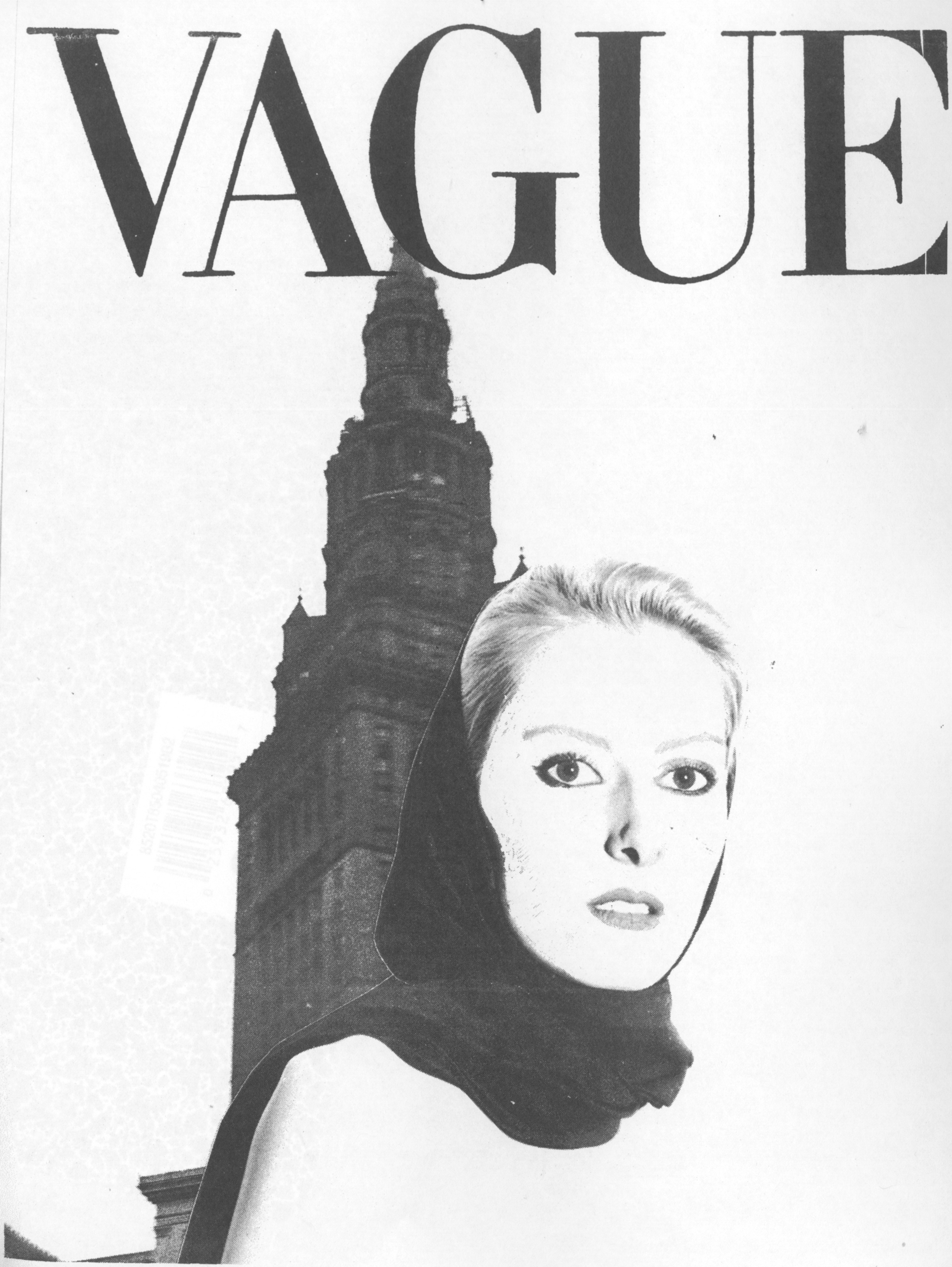
"AGITATED"

OOOH
I'm so agitated
so agitated
Run thru a washer machine agitated
I'm so agitated
I'm so convoluted
I don't know what I know
but I'd just like to shoot it &
It's 5 am & I'm crawlin the walls
just waiting for imaginary telephone calls
& I'm so agitated
so agitated
aah aah aah aah aah
aah-agitated
I'm so agitated
I'm so agitated
I'm so agitated
that I'm so agitated
You know what I think?
I think the whole world stinks
& I don't need no shrink
I just hate it

AWOOWOOOOUGH
I'm so agitated
so agitated
so agitated
That I'm so agitated
I'm so agitated
I'm so convoluted
I'm so convoluted
that I'm so agitated
& sometimes I think I'd be better off dead
just like my cousin Fred.

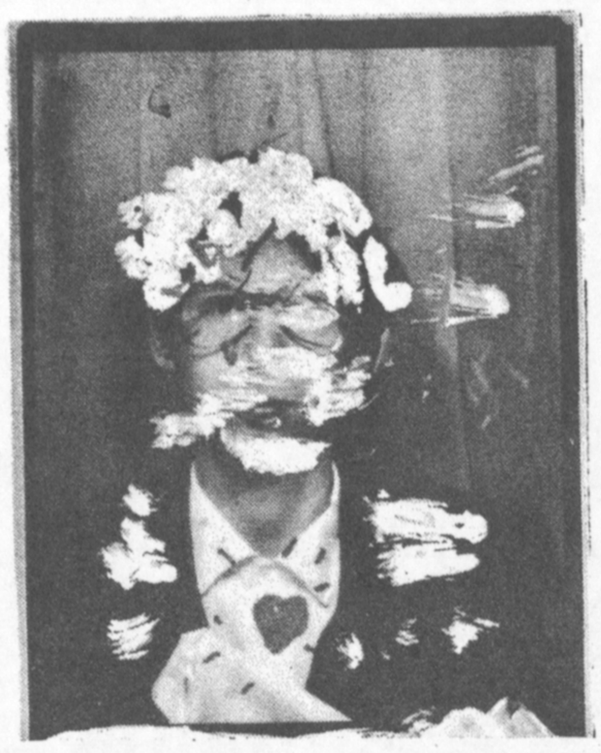
Fauvist Music © 1975 by Dave E.

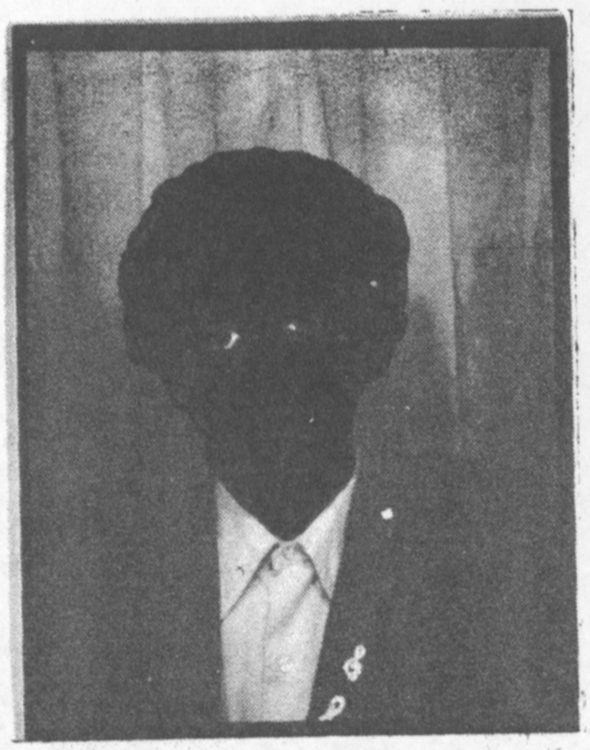
VAGUE

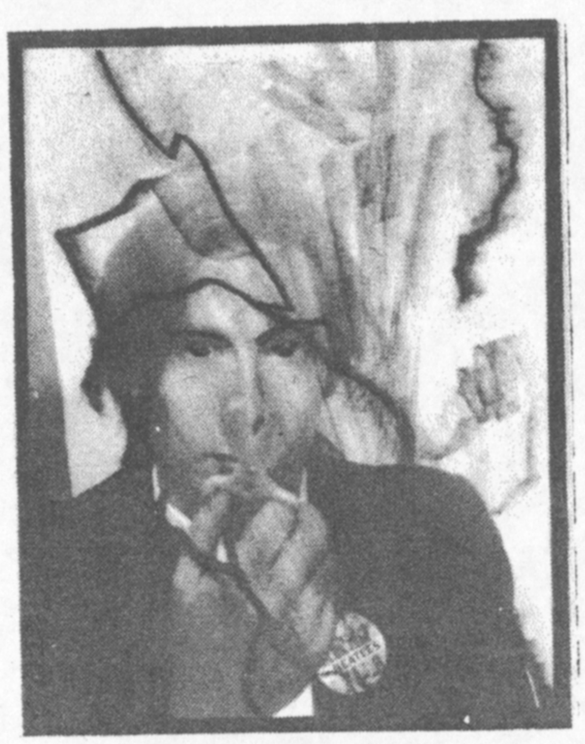


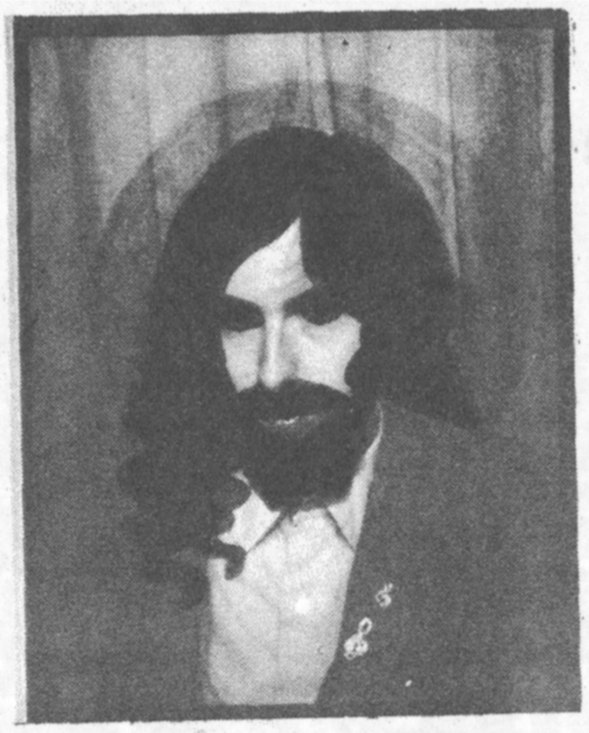
"Il y a a parier, que toute idee publique, toute convention recue, est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre. "
-Nicholas Chamfort

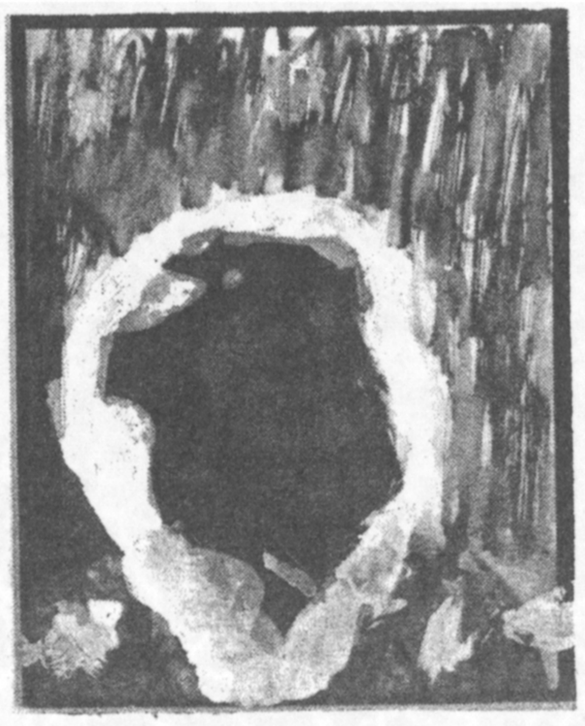
"Thus, the avant-garde becomes the avant-stupid. "
-Karen K Karen Karen

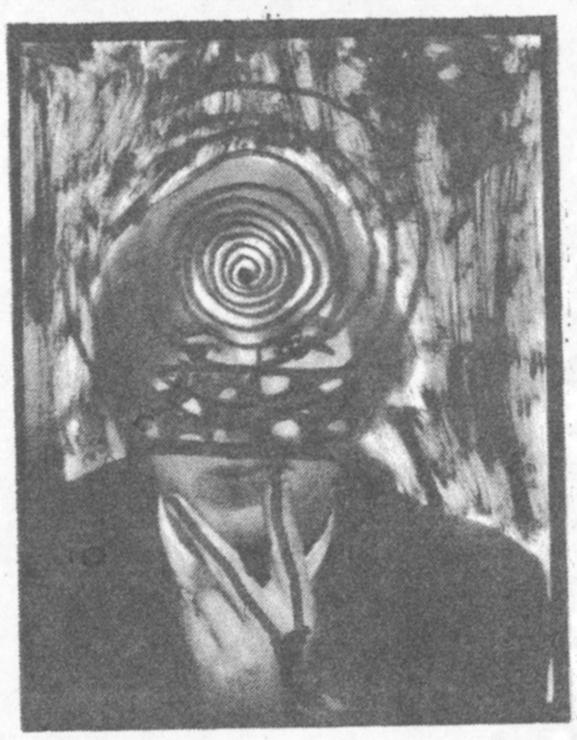


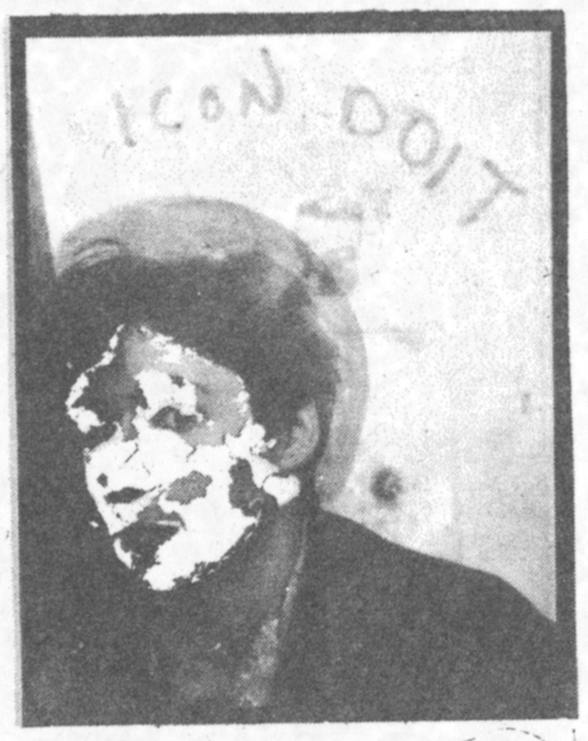


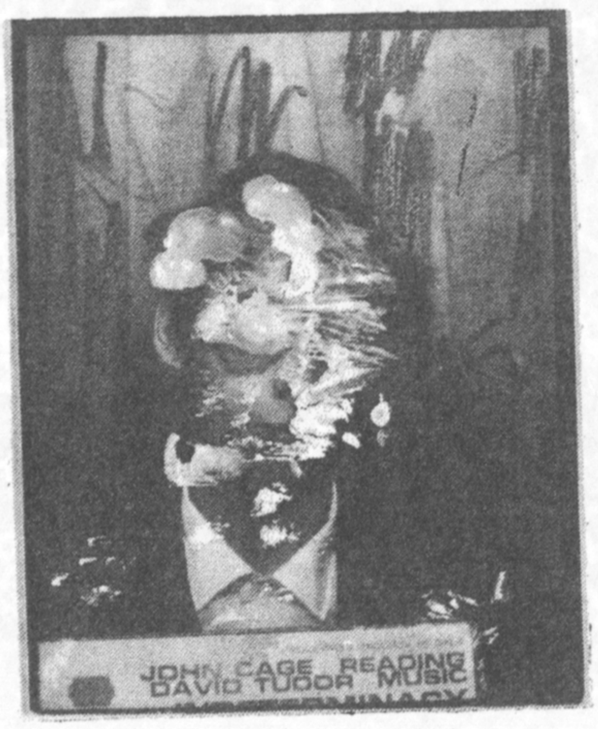












art: Catherine Dottore

and Andrew Klimek

SHOES

by Amo
Foriegn Correspondent

The professional shoe fancier in Clevo is at quite a disadvantage. There is no trendy, up to date place to buy shoes, and no easy place either, now that Shoe Store Row has been demolished to make way for yet another faceless bank. Thus, the avid shoephile must seek gratification elsewhere.

In years past, this has led me to New York; in particular Arrowsmith's, located at 46th & Broadway. In glitter days past, the search for decent platform shoes led me there. They had (and still have) an exciting array of platforms, with the features that distinguish good glitter platforms from the cheap, ugly disco shoes preferred by Travolta look-a-likes at the Dixie Electric Co. The platform should be at least two inches high, with at least a four inch heel. In 1975 I'd wanted a pair of the famous "snakeskins," however Arrowsmith's sold them for $250! I finally bought a pair at Dyn-o-mite Shoes, at 248 42nd Street, for only $85. Quite a deal, and they exist in mint condition today, despite being worn while doing time at Cle State. Dyn-o-mite, incidentally has since folded. There is an Arrowsmith's in Philadelphia but it isn't worth shit.

Toronto, however, is the true shoe freak's Mecca, and Master John's is the main shrine. There were three within eyesight on Yonge a few years back, and I felt privileged to gaze upon such a splendid array of shoes. Knee-hogh and thigh-high, twelve inch heels, silver, blue, gold or green leather, or various shades of snakeskin! And low prices compared to New York. I walked in dazed, and ordered knee boots in wine colored suede, with three inch platforms and three inch heels- to be mailed to me six weeks hence.

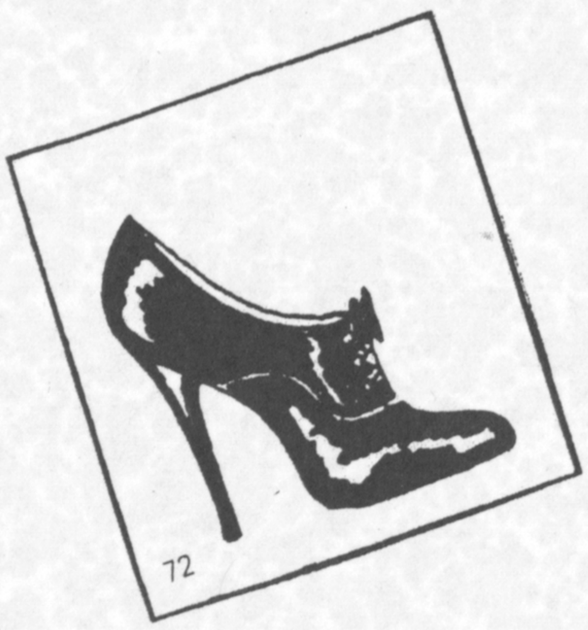
Four months later, I called the Canadian consulate and had to sic their own government on them to get my money back. So, don't mail order, or let them take you for a ride.

The next year, I went to the Master's again and purchased two pairs. One was a blue and gray pair with two inch platforms and four inch heels. The other pair is made of black kid glove leather with extra-high four inch platforms and six inch heels.

One never pays list at the Master's. One of his underlings will quote the price, you name a much lower one, and lo! The Master himself emerges from the back room- a real tobot, portly and greasy, some odd French-Canadian hybrid. He will arbitrate, converse sotto voce with his toadies and arrive at a lower price- how low depending upon how well the business is going. For my black boot, from $110 to $80, the blue-greys went from $65 to $35, an incredible price. The skill with which they do this routine is considerable, and I always watch it with admiration.

Well, you know the fate of glitter. Once more off to Toronto and the Master sold me (for $55, only a $10 discount) a great pair of punk shoes, in the neo-Beatle boot style. Black, very pointy toes, and four inch heels, no platform (of course.) Actually, they're even harder to walk in than platforms. Worn with thin legged jeans, (of course.) Incidentally, Arrowsmith's has sold sort of a transitional glitter-punk mutant, a pointy-toed platform.

Currently, cheap K-Mart canvas sneakers and boat shoes are good. Penny loafers, saddle shoes and tassle moccaisins are de rigeur for the geek chic look. No-one who reads Cle would be so foolish as to even own Earth Shoes, much less be seen wearing them in public.



VOMIT! The cosmetic of the 80's

ANDREW

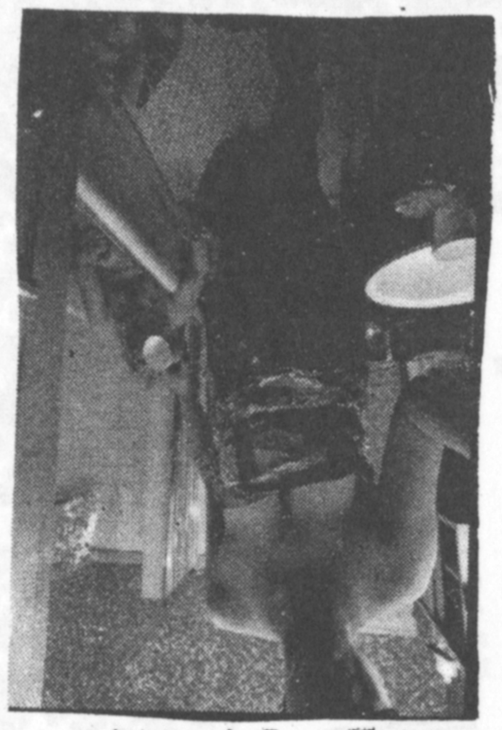
"CAKE"

CHARLOTTE & JOHN

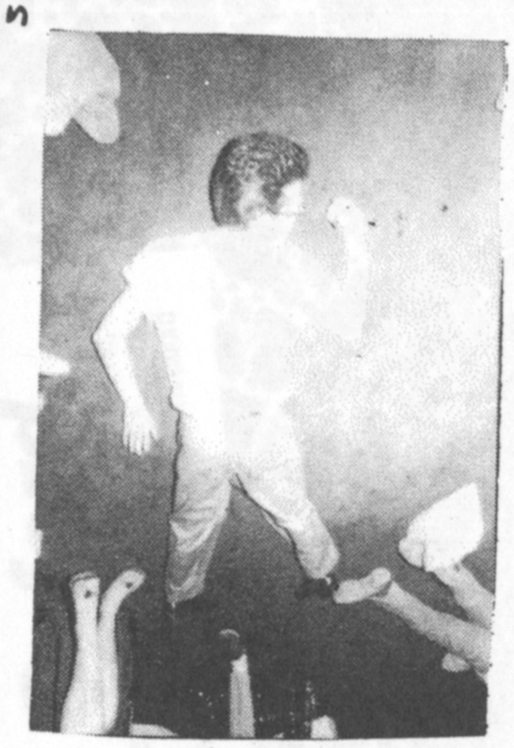
CHARLOTTE & JOHN

ANDREW

CHUCK

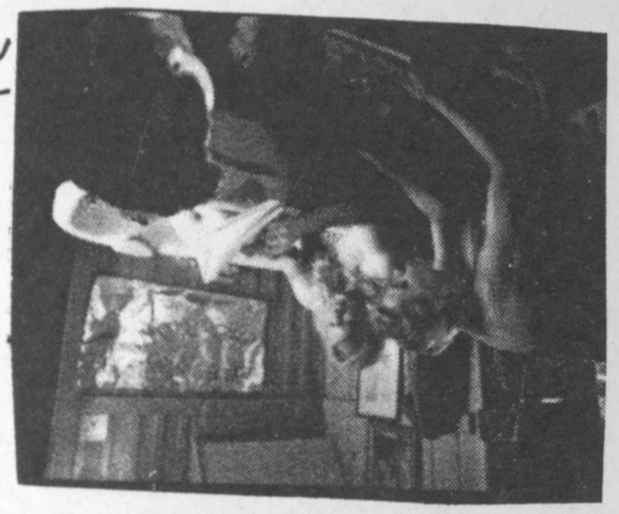


MICHELLE



PAUL

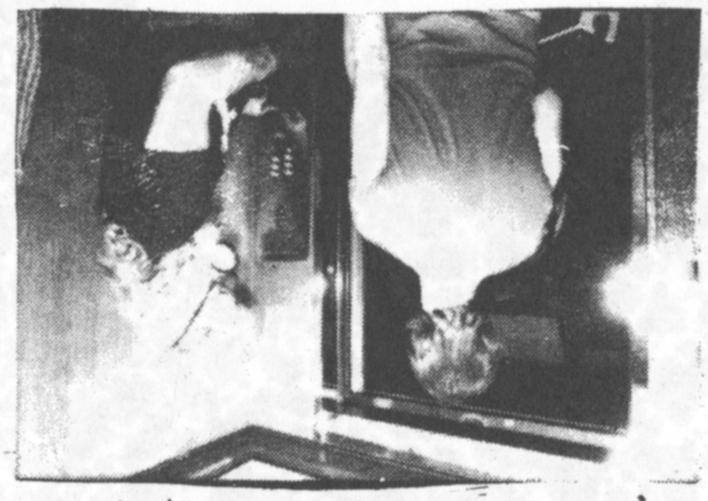
KAREN
MICHELLE
&
JOHN



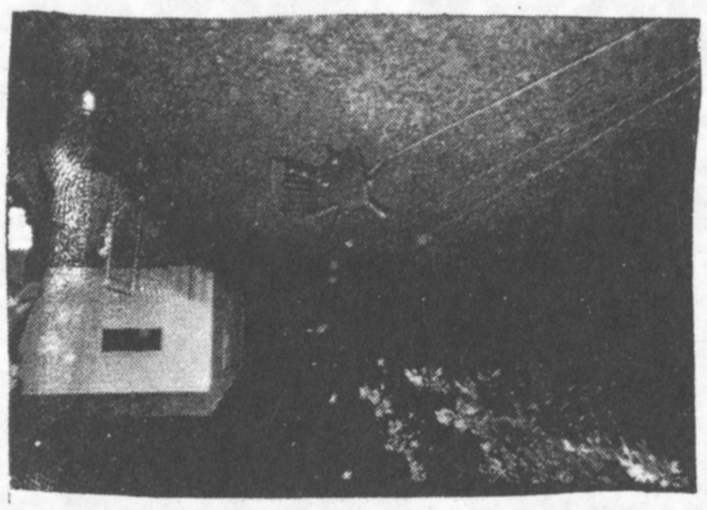
"GUM SHOE"

CHARLOTTE & JOHN

Johnny and The DICKS
PERFORMANCE
CLEVELAND 1978



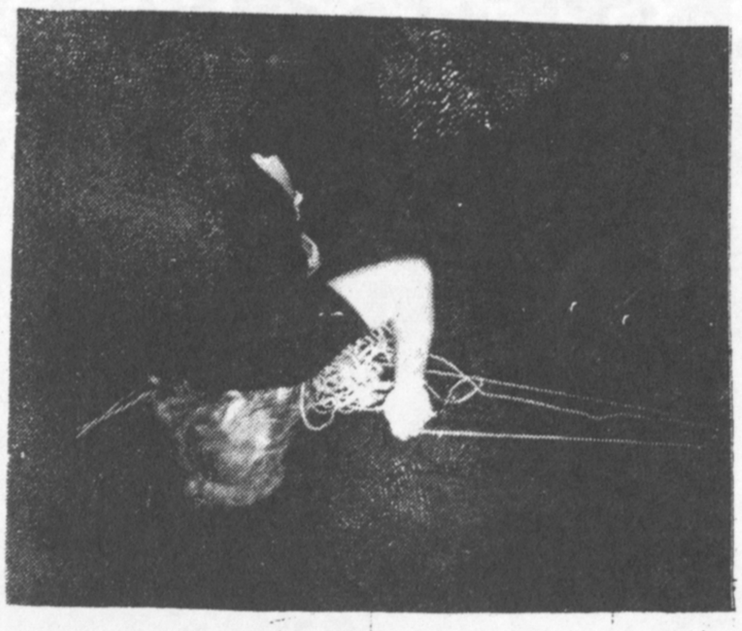
John & JIM



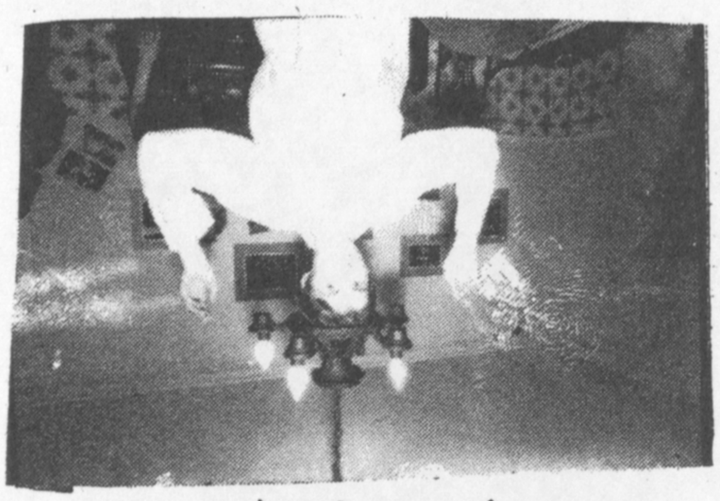
"OBJECTS"

"ALUMINUM MANI

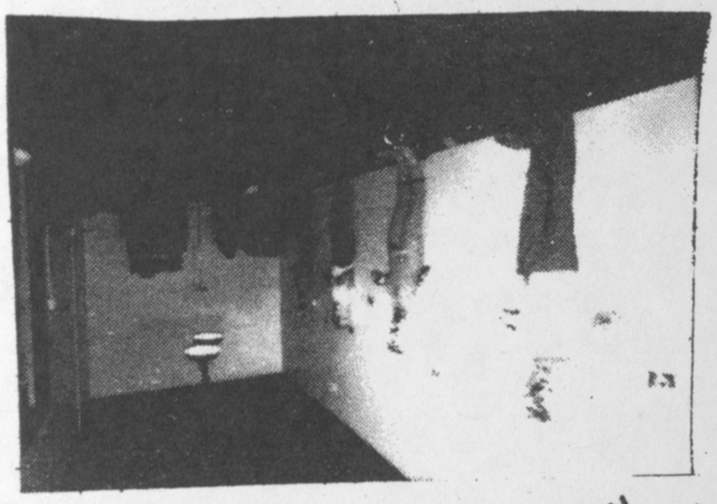
PAUL"



Johnny



ANDREW



"ALUMINUM MANI

SCHWARZKOGLER

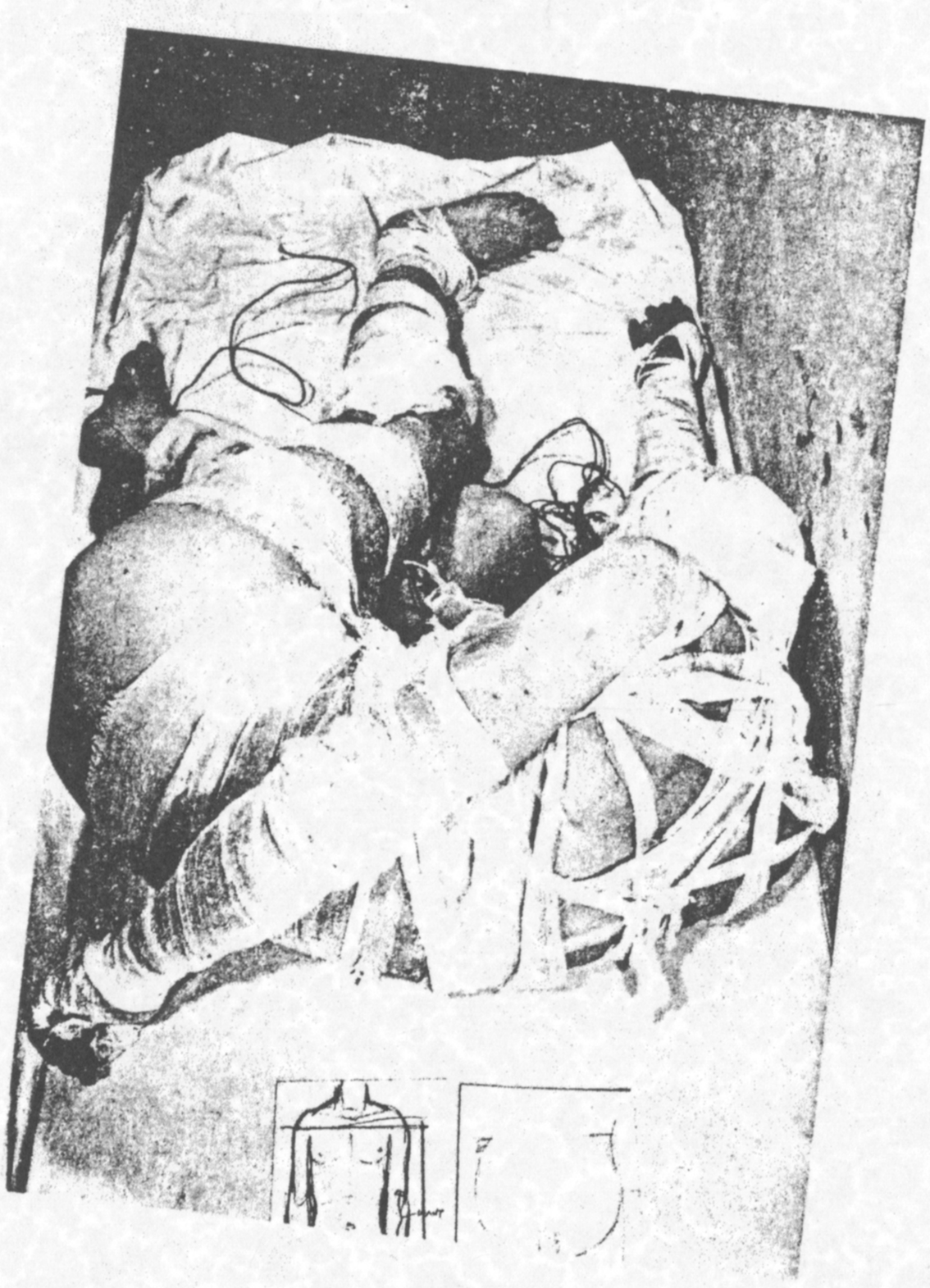
by John Morton

(1941- 1969) Peeling his skin off with a razor blade (punk item) he got 1/4 of the way through before he died. There was a film of this. He told film maker he would peel his skin off anyway so it would not stop him from doing it not to shoot the movie- I question whether it was suicide, as intent was to do a piece, not to kill himself. If he had not died in the process he would have been a scar. Total commitment to art. It was very strongly rumored that he cut his dick off (Time mag was the rumor.) In the art magazines he is refered to as a masochist artist. If this were the case he would have been in bondage magazines.

Schwarzkogler was part of a movement in Austria that dealt with fece art/blood intestine culture shock art- art that was distastful but necessary. He is seperate in the sense that he was insane (he does fit this definition) as his cohorts were playing insane. He therefore was the best, as he was really coming from the art he was doing/ which makes his pieces honest and direct. Vito Acconci in his milder pieces has the same effect, but in his more intense moments fails to have the total commitment to produce an intense work (ie leadpipe threaten/seed bed.) Others are Chris Burden who cried for two hours when he burnt his hand getting some coffee.

Schwarzkogler was the same as the work he produced. I feel this is the primary reason for his prominence in art. Other art theorists are still uncomfortable dealing with him.

Rudolf Schwarzkogler
Aktion



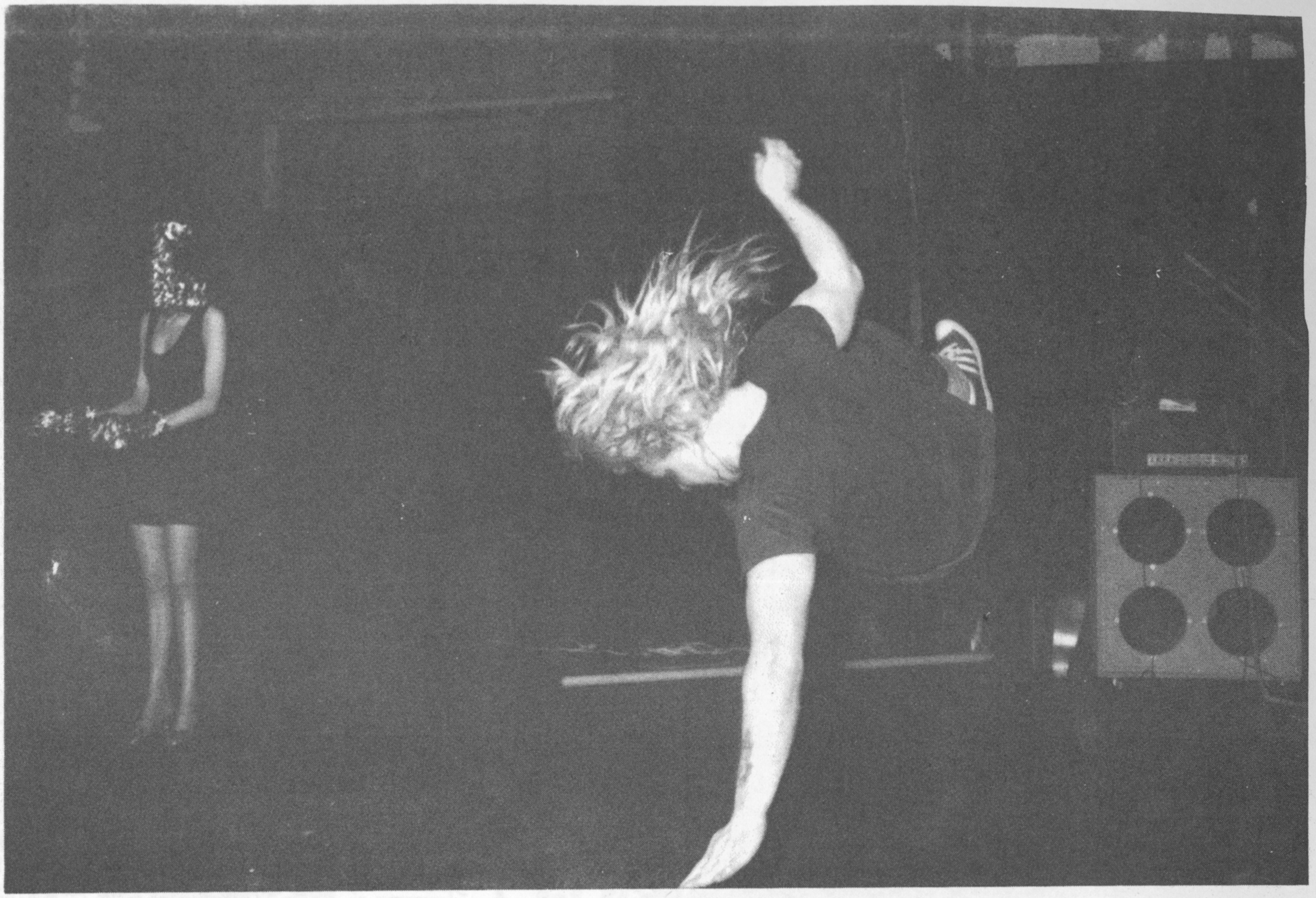
Schwarzkogler seemed to be practicing self-flagelation in an attempt to purify himself. ie cut off dick, no man problems, no woman problems, no problems, etc.

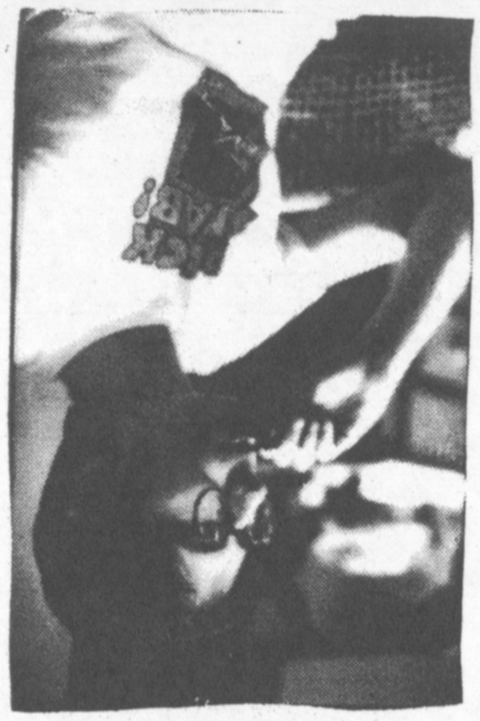
He was working on pieces where the audience takes certain medicines, foods, etc. to modify their perception. (Similar to a hypnosis, mesmerism piece I did in 1970.)

Schwarzkogler was a man, yes a big, big man. Song that runs through my head. Schwarzkogler joke, "Hey! I just cut my dick off."

Steve Kramer, New York artist, fell from the roof of a building while at a "Metro-Noveltys" party. You've never seen so many punks wet their pants.

In conclusion Schwarzkogler





ANDREW

"CAKE"

CHARLOTTE & JOHNNY

ANDREW

CHARLOTTE & JOHNNY

KAREN MICHELE & JOHN

CHUCK

CHARLOTTE

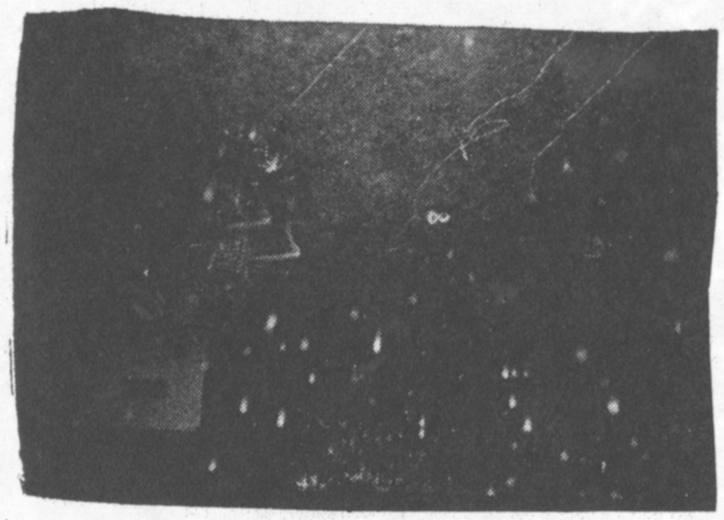
PAUL

"GUM SHOE"

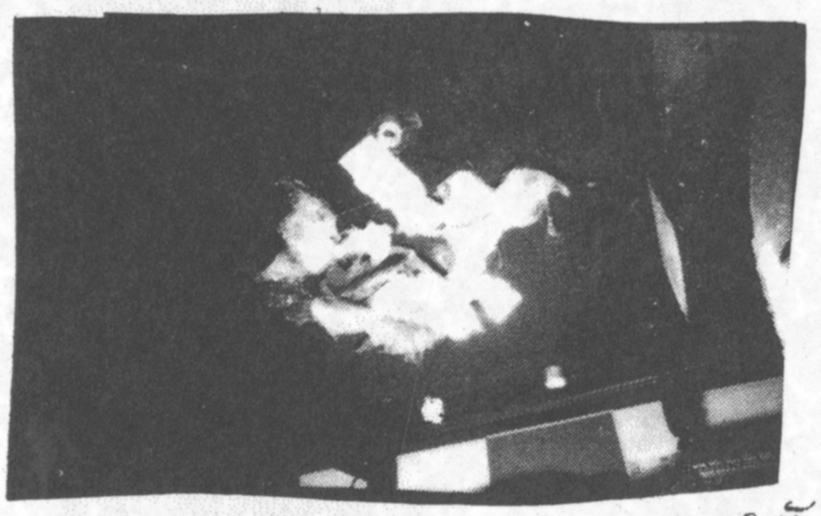
CHARLOTTE & JOHNNY

Johan Kutha
DICKS

PERFORMANCE
WASHINGTON DC
1978



"OBJECTS"



FIBRE GLASS SCULPTURE

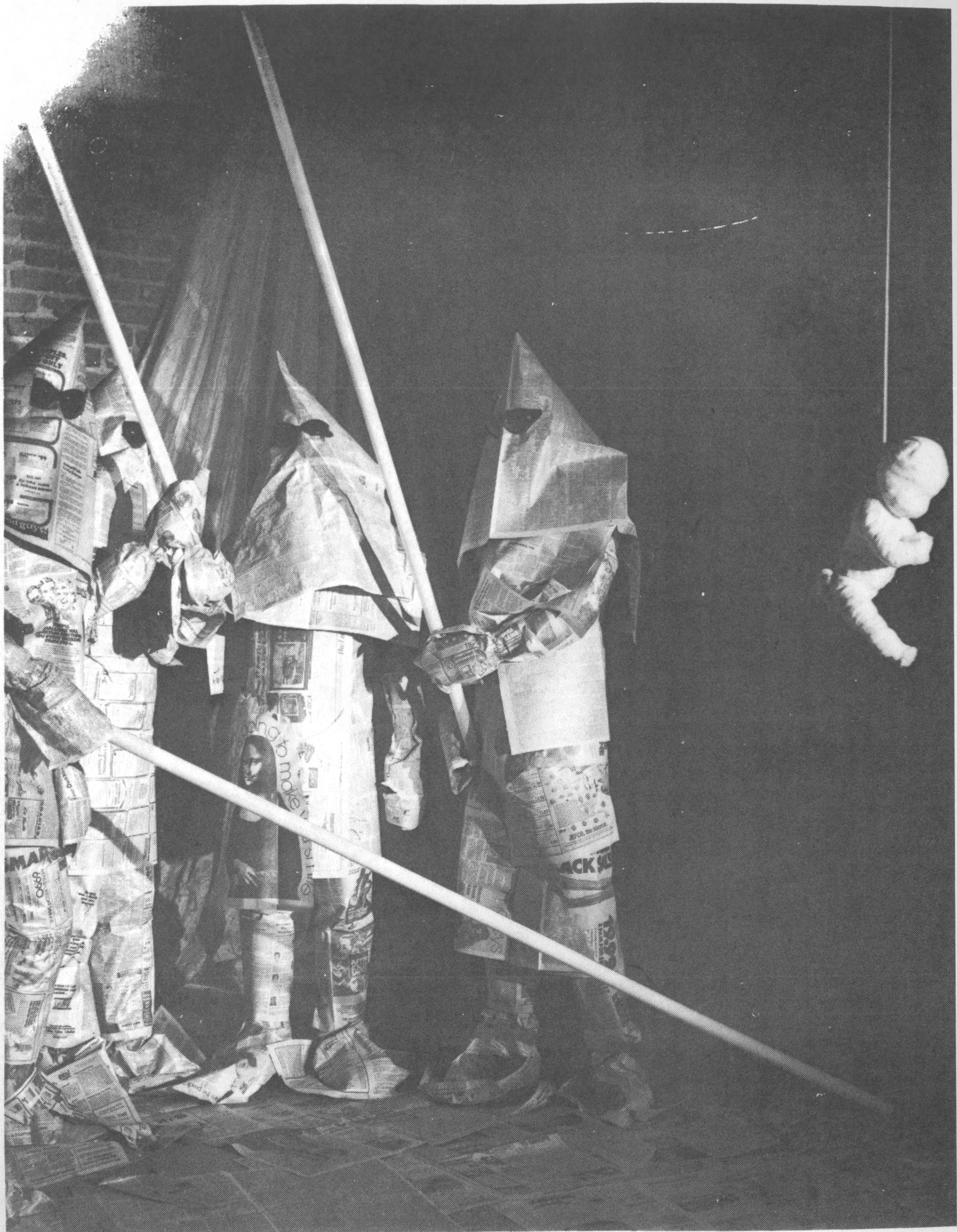
"ALUMINUM MAN"

PAUL

Johnny

ANDREW

"ALUMINUM MAN"



MUSIC FOR MOLES!

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SNAKEFINGER

Philip Lithman was born in London June 17, 1949, without so much as a Snakefinger to his name. In fact, years would pass before Snakefinger was to become stuck on him. But, as fate would have it, this gave him time to play with a couple of bands, namely JUNIOR'S BLUES BAND and SMILEY, circulating with the likes of unknowns as The Stones, The Yardbirds, Reggie Dwight (Elton), Peter Green and Rod the Mod.

He also had time for holidays, like the one to Bavaria where he happened to encounter a unique gentleman, N. Senada, who was full of mad cap ideas on music. They spent two weeks together a attempting to record birds in the remote forests (N. Senada claiming all the time that Mahlers music was based on Bavarian birdcalls). Senada also talked to Phil about some tapes he had heard in Munich by a group in California that seemed to have similar interests as his musical development theories.

And with Phil already planning a States trip, soon he and Senada were stepping off a plane in San Francisco where they were about to meet the group of sound enthusiasts who eventually became known as The Residents.

The Residents, Philip, and N. Senada related constructively together and recorded much music. They even made some surprise appearances around the San Francisco area. At one of these appearances on a blue moon, Halloween night (1971) as Philip sawed away on his violin, mesmerized by the music, one of his fingers appeared to become boneless and wiggled and squirmed in the air. One of The Residents grabbed his camera and photographed the phenomenon. The resulting photograph showed not only the wiggling finger, but also that the remaining fingers and hand formed a perfect hammer and sickle. Ever since, N. Senada had called Phil "Comradefinger". The Residents, however, being non-political, called him simply "Snakefinger", a name which quickly stuck.

After six months of working together, N. Senada left for Greenland and Snakefinger returned to Great Britian to form, along with his close friend, Martin Stone, CHILLI WILLI AND THE RED HOT PEPPERS. Chilli Willi played the London circuit for a couple years and developed a large following who appreciated their fine musicianship and bizarre sense of humor. They recorded two LP's, King Of The Robot Rhythm and Bongo's Over Balham, assisted by artists like Nick Lowe and Elvis Costello. Drummer Pete Thomas joined Costello's band, and piano player Bob Andrews went to Graham Parker. Snakefinger drifted to the States, toured Canada with Long John Baldry, and recorded with Ace, and Hall and Oats in Hollywood. He also made several trips to San Francisco to see his old friends, The Residents, and his new friends, The Cryptic Corporation. Many of the tracks on Fingerprince, Duck Stab, and Satisfaction are a result of his wizardry on guitar, violin, bass, and keyboards.

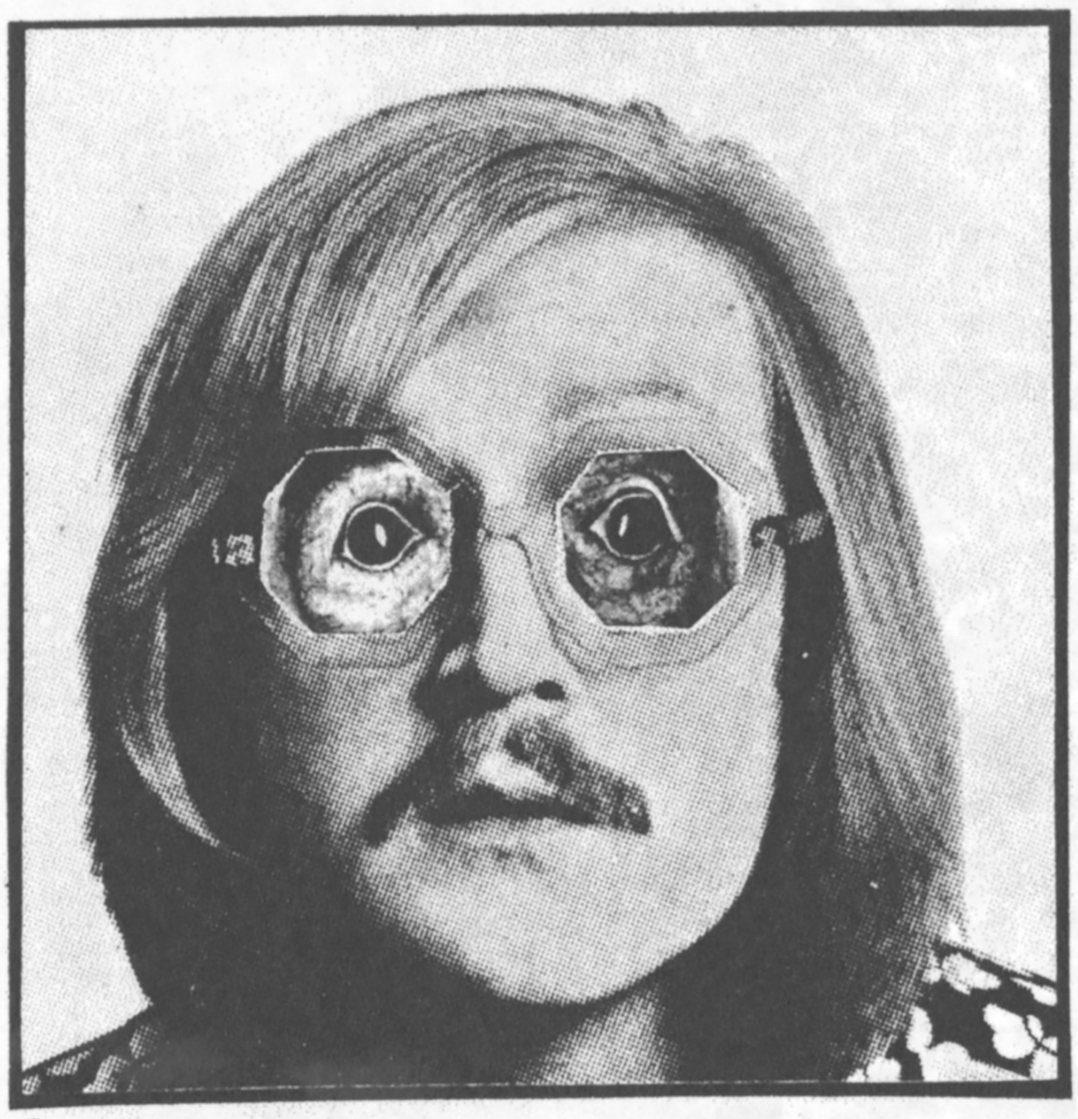
The Residents persuaded Snakefinger to join the Ralph label after they co-wrote The Spot, which is Snakefinger's first single. Since that now-legendary record has been released, Snakefinger has been collaberating with the Residents, who helped pen and assist musically on his new 45, What Wilbur?/Kill The Great Raven.

Stanshall

Vivian

1 Viv Stanshall out-mulling Martin Mull. Posed for a Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band publicity photo, circa 1964.

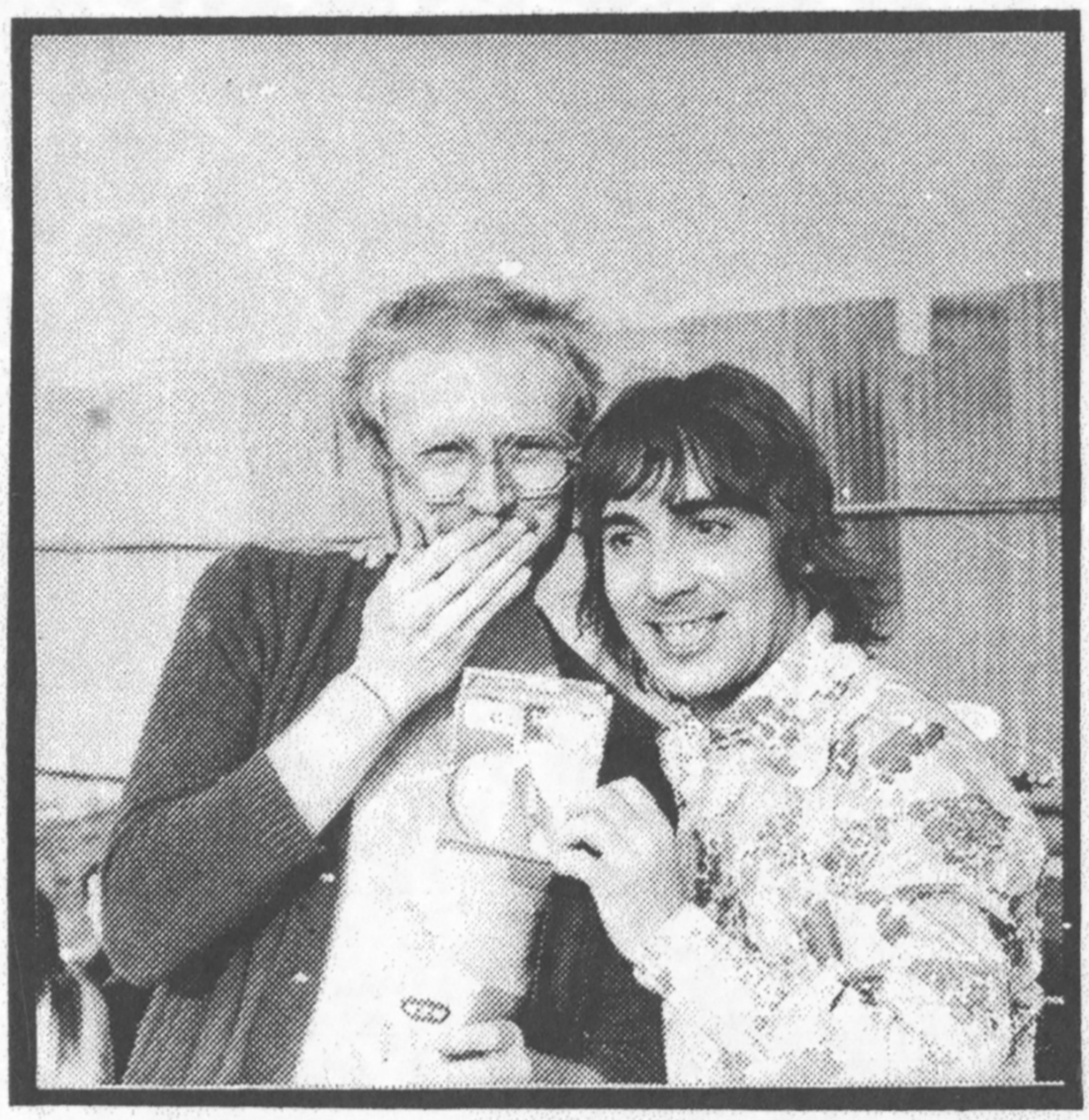
2 A semi-concious Stanshall with stuffed boar (normal.) Publicity photo for "A Doughnut In Granny's Greenhouse", 1965-66.



3 The eyes have it - and they're pink! "Tadpoles", 1967.

4 Viv letting out BiG GRunt, 1970.

5 A Sealy posturpedic morning? Viv as he appeared during Bonzos reunion LP "Let's Make Up And Be Friendly," circa 1971.



6 The coomie himself with the late loon Moon. One of the gargantuan chums.

The trapped leg was becoming infected, and his horrid cries for help seemed futile. Moments later, Brigitte gave in, entered the bedroom and released him...

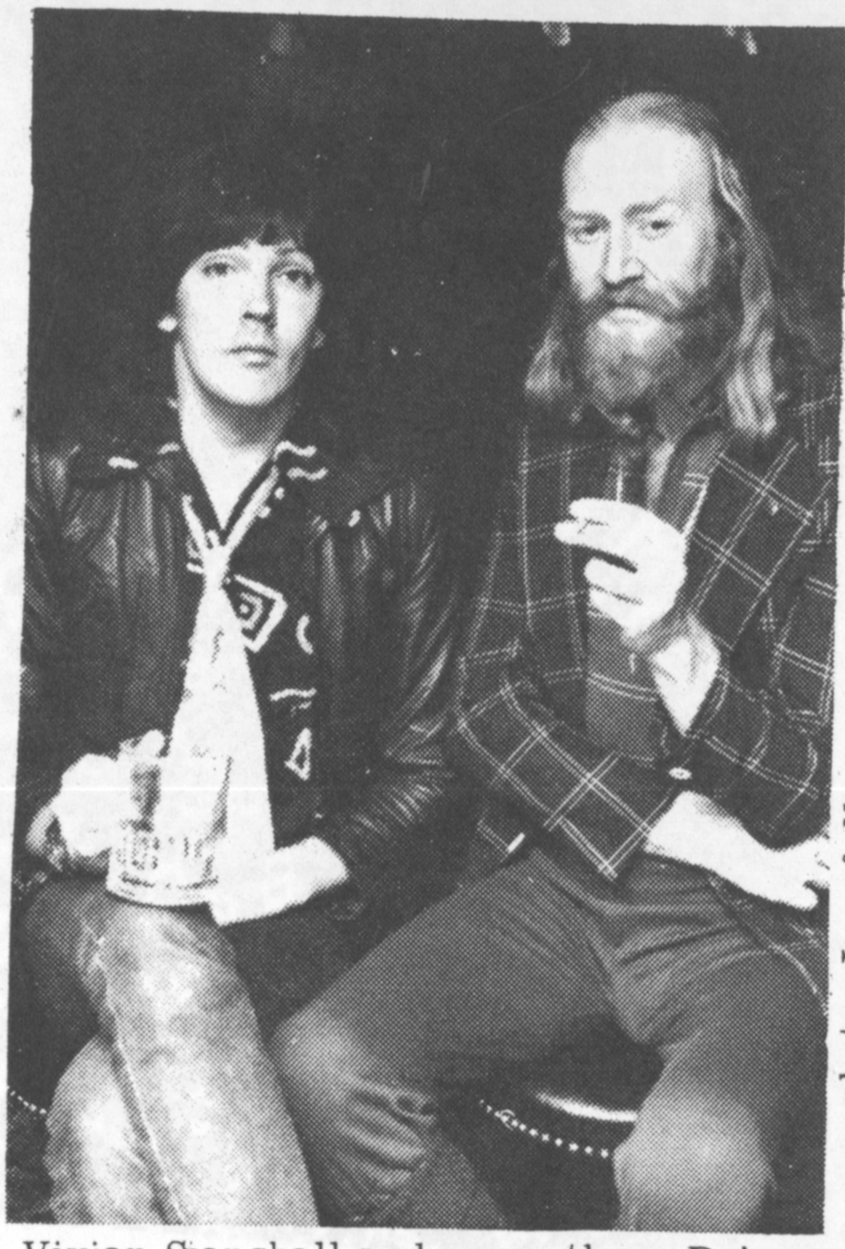


photo: Longfellow

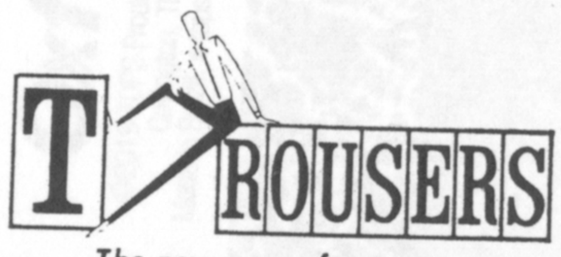
Vivian Stanshall and our author, Brian Sands, downing a "liquid lunch" at the Prong and Toots, St. Johns Wood, London, June 1978.

"In Search Of Vivian Stanshall" or "Sorry, Wrong Rhumba"

NOTES FOR THE BEGINNER

Vivian Stanshall and Roger Ruskin Spear, of whom this article is written about, are both former members of The Bonzo Dog (Doo Dah) Band, whose success from 1966 to 1970 enabled the band to produce five LPs for Liberty/ United Artists, including (in their order) "Gorilla," "The Doughnut In Granny's Greenhouse," (US release under the name "Urban Spaceman"), "Tadpoles," "Keynsham," and "Let's Make Up And Be Friendly." Subsequent albums include "Beast Of The Bonzos" (UK),"History Of The Bonzos" (US), and an anthology LP,"The Alberts, Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, The Temperance Seven," released on Starline (UK). This LP includes the four sides of two very early 45s, originally released on Parlophone.

Since the Bonzo's demise, Roger Ruskin Spear and Vivian Stanshall have continued to produce some especially interesting material. Spear's releases include an EP entitled "Rebel Trouser," and two LPs- "Electric Shocks" and "Unusual" (all on UA.) Viv Stanshall's releases start with 45s; "Labio Dental Fricative/Paper Round" (Liberty), "Suspicion/Blind Date" (Fly), an LP-- "Men Opening Umbrellas Ahead" (Warner Bros.), along with susequent non-LP 45 "Lakonga/Baba Tunde", and 45 "The Question/The Young Ones/Are You Having Any Fun?" (Harvest.) His latest UK release is LP "Sir Henry At Rawlinson End" (Charisma) for which the author of our little story acted as photographer. And now, read on...



The new name for pants.

Following a forty five minute train to Richmond, and a short bus ride into Kingston, I was confronted with the fact that Roger Ruskin Spear was no longer at the address I'd been in possession of since his letter to me in 1972. With the kind help of his lovely (former) neighbors, I was led to another, and yet another address, before reaching his present home on Richmond Road.

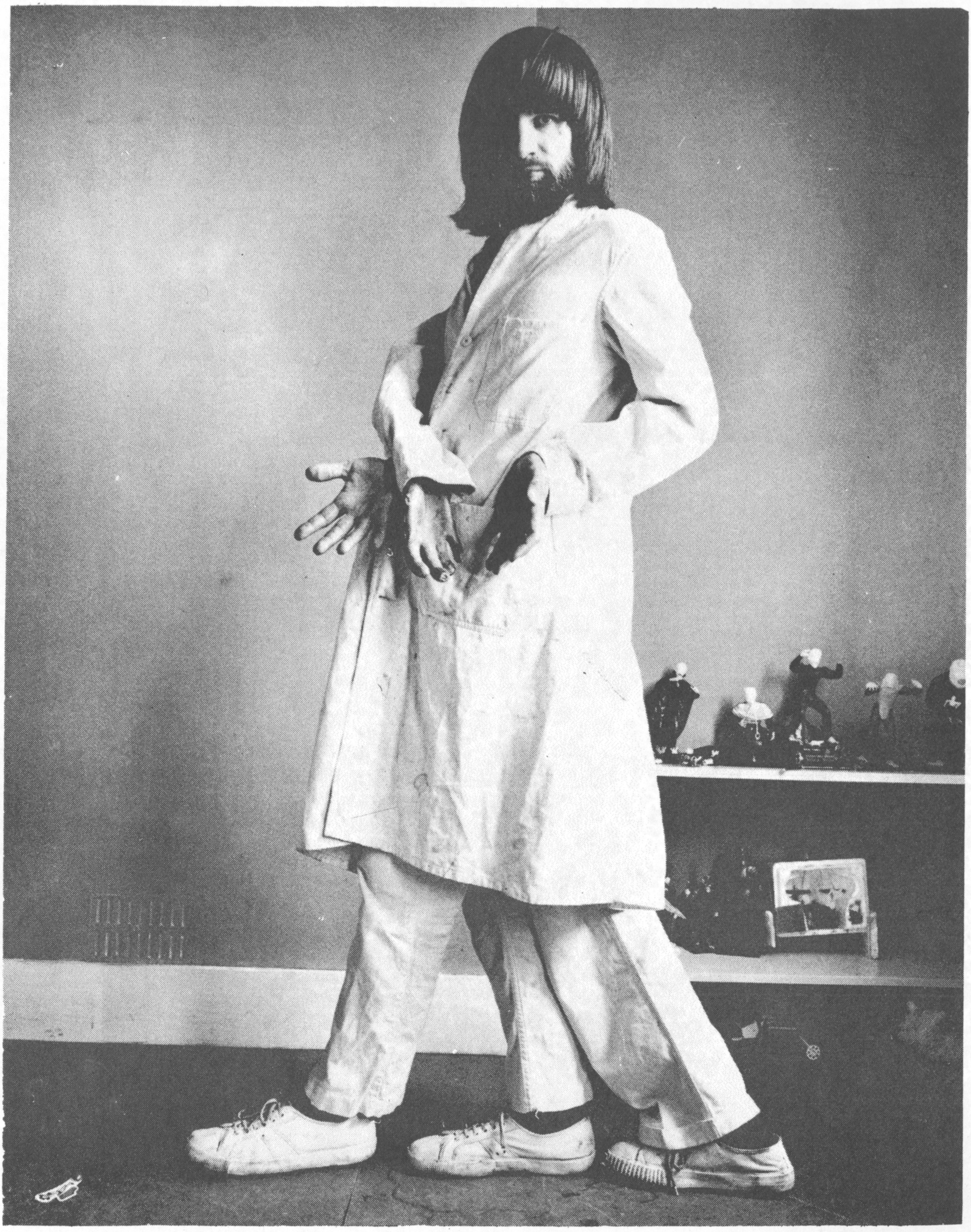
Personally, I despise unexpected visitors, but seeing that Roger's previous phone number had been alloted to a supermarket, I was left with the stinky feeling- that of a porcupine in a rubber room. My fears were soon squelched when the matress man himself (looking surprisingly normal,) answered the door. I would have preferred that he'd have answered me, but his dialogue with the door was a start, wasn't it? Following the public reading of my letters of abduction, I was admitted into the spectacular kinetic bookcase.

Roger Spear is without a doubt the winner of the "most cordial host to the pop fans" award for this year,(the "stacked" trophy consisting of a giant ironing board at the base, topped with reversable trousers in pink and irredesent lime, and finally at top, an outsized radioactive surgeons glove)

Following presentation of the award I was led over the family dog (in this case an afghan) and then on to a brisk tour of Roger's newly aquired home. Hopping along into the basement workshop I was able to view and photograph some of Roger's "formal" artworks, as well as bits and pieces of the wardrobe itself. Roger explained that at the moment the combo was somewhat out of commission, partly due to the fact that the colleges, (where he gets many of his gigs) were out for summer break. Roger does let some of his artistic ambition flow on Thursday nights when he cranks along to a pub in Croydon and does a bit of blowing (and props) with a real fun combo called Tatty-Ollity. The booking publicity for these nuts informed me of its members as Roger C. Mitchell, "vocalist extraordinaire and bloody awful trumpet player", Dave Glasson (of Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band), keyboards, and amazingly enough, Sam Spoons of the very early Bonzos on percussion. Roger, as I said, adds sax trombone, and the occasional exploding guitar. The band performs a couple of earlier Bonzos tunes as well as take offs of some popular jukebox crap.

Aside from Tatty-Ollity, Roger is presently teaching an art class at Chelsea college. Unfortunately for his small but fervent batch of admirers, he has done no recording as of late (his last being the "Unusual" LP.) He has gigged on a few sessions; a 45 by Lost Trios Paranoias, as well as being on a single by Monte de Lyon- "The Yum Yum Song."

A study for your album:



The Man From Glad in reverse--ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR--"Look Ma, no sense!"

Seemingly the perfectly balanced artist as far as having a fairly sane family life-as well as his art, he is married, with two really attractive sons (who look to be perhaps 9 and 10 years old.) Roger seems to be providing rather well, considering the abnormality of his professions. His wife was away during my visit,(she had taken one of the boys down to a youth center,) but Roger was busy keeping an eye on son Tim, and running his bath-(Roger won.) Before Tim's sack time, Roger insisted I see the boy's bedroom, where they have been permitted to sprawl the usual punk graffiti on their walls. They own records by Boomtown Rats and the Sex Pistols.

For those of our dear readers who have not, as of yet, had the privilege of hearing one of Roger's jolly little records, I would suggest you try and locate one of them. Roger Ruskin Spear is without a doubt, an original, a creative, and a sincerly dedicated artist. If you run amuck trying to locate one of his discs, perhaps if we all close our eyes and wish hard enough, another of Roger's magical bits of "black plastic with a hole in the middle" will appear again soon.

Speaking of penguins, I am led to the constantly upchucked name of Vivian Stanshall. Just prior to my departure from the electric tablecloth, Roger located Vivian's current phone number for me, with the warning to "try and reach him early in the day... when he might be sober." Roger added that he hadn't been in touch with Viv "for some time," but he had gotten the number from a girl who had told him that Viv was now living in Chertsey, on a boat.

Held Captive in Motor Home

Calling Viv early the following morning, the "squarking bone" (as Viv calls it) was answered by the voice of a girl. "Vivian is out looking for his sunglasses- he's misplaced them." It didn't take long for me to place the voice as being American, and I soon learned Viv's lady was from California.

"I'm sure he'd be pleased to meet you - we're coming into London tomorrow, Viv's doing some commercials."

Some of you may be already aware that one of Viv's seemingly lucrative sidelines is doing voice-overs for radio and television. With Viv's amazing myriad of character voices I'm sure he could keep this up indefinitely. As a matter of fact he does keep it up - constantly! Anyroad, before I had concluded my message, Viv's girlfriend suddenly heard Viv crossing the deck, and he was soon on the phone."Be glad to see you old boy" and the meeting was set for the next morning in St. John's Wood.

I arrived at the studio and sat, wondering what the latest Viv Stanshall guise might be. As it turns out, Viv, arriving late (something I came to expect,) was much taller than I thought, and as thin as a Necco wafer. His blondish hair is now to the shoulders, and he is possessor of the most amazing ginger beard, nearly a foot long when it isn't tied in a knot. Viv and his girlfriend passed me and before long I was allowed below into the studio. Viv was already behind the mike, shirt removed, and going through a routine of dialogue for what I think was a local record shop. During the session I was able to get some info from "Longfellow" (as Viv insists everyone call her,) the woman Viv met on a blind date and has been living with since before last winter. She is a lovely, highly intelligent girl who was very helpful to me,as well as being an obvious reassurance to Viv.

During my conversation the day before, I had invited the two of them to lunch, so, following the completion of the radio spots, it was decided we would jog off to the nearest local for liquid lunch. The first thing Vivian decided to do (after ordering food and drinks) was to attempt to light a fart. Unsuccessful, Viv resorted to responding to a line of Q's from yours unruley. Viv seemed only moderately interested in the prospect of having me direct him as lead in a remake of a classic film which I have planned as my first major film project. I did learn that he appeared in "Black Joy" where he had a role as a homosexual prison warden. During filming, Viv wasn't too thrilled with sitting around between takes. As a matter of fact, it didn't take long to realise that Vivian Stanshall doesn't like sitting around, period. Viv is seemingly only really happy when he is creating. It's almost what some might call an obsession with him. I first realised this later, when I spent four days on Viv's boat. This creative desire leads Viv to maybe (max) three to four hours of sleep. Even then, it's pretty irregular sleep - waking up to bang on his uke, piss in the Thames, tickle the typewriter, perhaps a fitting for the latest in fashion footwear, and so on. Considerable amount of his time "on board" is spent in the nude. He seems to consume only one meal per day, but it's enough for two stomachs, and always gobbled down.

Back at the pub, Viv swallowed his last mouthful of eel, accompanied by beer wash.During a quick hike to the gents, Viv suddenly remembered that he needed a snap for his passport and I was quickly given the assignment. Always a wiz at improvisation, Viv simply crouched down in front of the urinal to achive the white background required for official passport photos. Returning to our table, Viv wasted no time in producing a toothbrush and tube of Close-up. Pegs cleansed, I was asked if I might like to do some more shooting the following Sunday, when Viv was scheduled to record a series of radio ads, written and performed by himself to promote Peter Gabriel.(Even Viv admitted he had no idea why Charisma had given him the gig.) Viv's main reason for asking me along was that he was looking for a photographer to shoot the jacket for his forthcoming LP. Obviously I was thrilled at the prospect of being part of his product and was present that next Sunday to shoot.

After helping Pamela ("Longfellow") tote a crapload of bizarre musical devices from their mini-van into the studio (Viv's labor being strictly artiste, I guess), I was set up so that I could make best use of the studio lighting. Before long, Viv had laid down maybe eight instrumental tracks, and I continued shooting as he carried on to the vocal harmony bit-- "Peter Gabriel, Charisma labial" at the end. Music semi-completed, Viv went on to do a series of character voices, reacting to the "Seal of the Century" host's £3.99 question, "Who is Peter Gabriel?" Stanshall was at his best with attention paid to every burp, chuckle, and toot. It's only a shame those great ads weren't aired here. Sure would be a break from "the Belching Brothers present the all-star wankers of rock" FM banality. Following the session, Vivian invited me down to his boat so that he could see the proffsheets of my labor. I was really pleased not only to see Viv's place (which he bought from Denny Laine of Wings,) but getting out of the wind and smog of London and into the country was a relief.

As it turned out, Viv liked my photographs and I was hired to do the LP cover. I spent four days on the boat shooting and helping Viv paint and sand the interior walls of his workroom at the head of the boat. The rough-mix of the LP was run almost constantly, as Viv was organising his thoughts for the final mix.

Viv's boat could be quite comfy, but most of it's space is cosumed by his possessions. Upstairs is his business area-- a typewriter, notes, aquarium (2 mice and a tarantula,) masks, canes, a tape deck, and various musical instruments. Some of Viv's artwork is hung throughout the boat, including the original etching of the family portrait scene used on the back of the "Gorilla" booklet that accompanied some of the first Bonzo LPs.

The lower level of the boat has, as mentioned, a workroom, two sets of sleeping quarters, including a troll village set up by Longfellow's daughter, who lives with them. This girl is amazing - not only a troll village, but names, birthdays, and extensive bank account records kept for each of some eighty-odd trolls.

Hunching along the boat there is a sort of storage area where I slept on a bit of foam. The room has stacks of 78 rpm's, 45's and LP's, a polar bear outfit, as well as some gigantic paper mache heads, one being used for the Bonzos stage performance of "Can Blue Men Sing The White?" Also lying about is a ventriloquist doll, a record player that doesn't work, and a color TV that I would sincerely doubt Viv would ever waste his time watching.

My time on the boat was highlighted by lots of varied activities aside from shooting photos. One night I remember in particular was when Viv ended up jamming with a trad-jazz band playing at a pub in Staines. It started with dinner at the local hotel, during which Viv disappeared across the road for one of his mid-meal refreshments. He was soon back telling me he was going to pedal back to the boat to get his tuba. It all turned out pretty interesting with Viv in a banged-up woman's hat, cut offs, and tennies, blowing away (and

me blown away on stout,) being given star treatment by me with a steady flow of rolled cigarettes and beer. That night stuck with me most of all because I can hardly forget carrying Viv's tuba back to the boat.

After quite a few attempts to capture the snap for the LP (along with train rides back and forth to Sky photographics in London for proofs,) Viv and I decided to reshoot in more controlled lighting and ended up back in the recording studio where we first met. Luckily before the final shooting we did manage a great series of snaps near the boat--(Viv resplendent in a large leaf) to be used on the lyric insert.

The last I saw of Vivian was on my last day in London

Viv and I met at Charisma Records, where he was presenting his jacket designs to a group of really tollerant and supportive execs.

I really hope I'll be able to meet with Viv again soon because Vivian Stanshall is inspiring. Vivian Stanshall works hard at his art. And as long as there are those of you who anticipate Viv's work as I do, be it as an artist, musician, writer, poet, or simply damn good storyteller, Viv Stanshall is going to keep working hard. I hope my dedicated effort as well as the support of those of you who think you know "art," will reassure Viv that there is always "someone out there."

Brian Sands

Case of the Invisible Touch . . .

Why did Bonzo Dog Band break up? Good question! Mind your own business: I could say that if I was downright rude. But I'm not: although I'd prefer you not to know about some of my habits. Habits. Now there's a funny thing! We had a bass-player called Licky for a while. He had a habit of thrusting his tongue out, as far as it would go, in an effort to reach the southernmost pimple on his chin. The skin around this eruption was horribly pink & wet from the touching. It was a place of hypnotic fascination & constant controversy for the rest of the band. Licky's tongue was never in his mouth. When he was concentrating, it hung down in line with his moustache like a tusk. But he had an incredible recording of a "Farting Contest" in which an Australian trained on cabbage competed against the British champion. Just before Licky left the band, he used to play this tape at us on trains & coaches.

That gives you an inkling of the pressures inside. While the rest of the world laughed a DRAMA was being acted out RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES. It was terrible. First there came an awful monster. Then a smell of marmalade. & then all of a sudden: whoosh. And the tears were rolling down my legs like the juice out of a rhubarb tart.

Oh, there were so many things we wanted to do together. Had planned to do together. But we couldn't get it together. Tonight. Ole.

Just after my death, shortly before this was written I was surprised to see this: "Vivian Stanshall Death Scare Persists". Rumours that the young sadhu & partial hippopotamus of the singing group Bonzo Dog Band was dead, were confirmed recently, as soon as this got into print. A disturbing "report" in the Detroit Bugle & After-Shave alleges: "Since 1966 the signs have been there. On the Gorilla album, a photograph reveals a cluster of pimples or wart-like protuberences on Stanshalls' cheek. Just past the ears & down a bit. Inverted they spell the magickal word Gorn meaning: departed, passed through graciously, or spiritually pissed-off with talking about it. A pair of slacks found in a field near Croyden bear remarkable likeness to those worn by the Portugese God of Fish & Fowl. (High Priest of the strange eye-prickling cult) Where are those trousers now? Are they still at large? Who will remind the corpse of it's contractual obligations?" Good question!

BY VIVIAN STANSHALL

Brian, thought I'd let you know the state of play.
The record for reasons too humourless to mention is still un-mixed.
The photo: sepia looks really very bona, I designed a special type-face and lettering for the front with a chum & on the posterior I made a photo-montagO-crayo-painto-pictopicture, O for a muse of fire!
This is all being printed now & proofs are expected next week. I'll send ye one.
Hope I did'nt appear too rude & abstracted during your stay, truth is I become almost daemonically mono-railed during album nativity and all nicety & fleeas visions startled by a fart.
Am writing the music for another radio "Rawlinyarn" tonight.
No sleep for the naked. Thanks for your kind help. How are you?
Knackered but knotted,

Viv

STANSHALL UPDATE:

Since this writing Vivian has made his way to our shores-(his first visit here in the states since the late Bonzo days.) Part vacation, part biz, Vivian kangarooed from California to NYC with only a short snow-delayed stop in the windy city. Viv rang me from NY, where deals for a book, and some advert voice-overs were in progress.

Only a week or so ago Vivian gave me a ding from London, where Charisma film works has just financed a full length Rawlinsfilm, starring Viv. He was then off to Sir Winwood's studio for more tunes and then a country spree with a Charisma scriptwriter to begin work on the filmscript. With Viv becoming the new idol of the silver screen I doubt I'll ever be able to afford him for that film project of mine. . .Oh well, there's the rub.

-The Author

Reheated Chocolate Tangos

Brian Sands

Sands

Brian Sands. "Reheated Chocolate Tangos."

A specially priced 12" color vinyl 45RPM disc,(7 songs). Designed for normals in low budget B&W picture jacket.

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PETER BLEGVAD

Peter Blegvad was born 28 years ago in New York, the son of children's book author/illustrators Erik and Lenore Blegvad; the former predicted in print nine years ago that his son would become "a greater artist than I ever dreamed of being." Peter was educated in Connecticut until he was 13, when he was sent to public school in Britain. In one of these he met Anthony Moore, his future songwriting partner. In 1969, his education completed, he began several years of roaming the Continent, doing freelance work as an artist and musician In 1971 he and Moore became associated with the German band Faust and their acolytes at Wumme Studios, where they met Dagmar Krause, who had worked extensively as a solo performer. The three formed Slapp Happy, and their first album, Sort Of, recorded with instrumental backing by Faust, was released by Polydor (who considered it the closest thing to a pop product to come out of Wumme) in 1972. After this Blegvad briefly toured with Faust, then journeyed with Dagmar and Moore to Turkey. They returned to find that Virgin Records, intrigued by Sort Of, was interested.

Their Virgin debut, Slapp Happy, was musically more conventional than its successors, but gave the band a following. Later that year the band merged with Henry Cow, Chris Cutler of the Cow saying that it was necessary, for his band's development, that it merge with its opposite. The result was Desperate Straights, which ranks alongside God Bless The Red Krayola and Faust's "It's A Rainy Day, Sunshine Girl" as one of rock's minimalist classics.

The collaberation broke down during work on the followup In Praise of Learning to which Moore and Blegvad contributed the tour de force "War." Dagmar stayed with Henry Cow, while Moore and Blegvad left with the Slapp Happy name, ultimately to part company. Moore released a solo single, "Catch a Falling Star," on Virgin and is currently working with Kevin Ayers; Dagmar, along with her Cow and Art Bears activities, worked with Kevin Coyne on his recently-staged musical.

Meanwhile, Blegvad returned to the States and worked for the New York Times as an illustrator, later drawing backgrounds for Peanuts animated TV specials. In the summer of 1976 John Greaves, who had previously written "Bad Alchemy" with Blegvad, came to New York. The two resumed writing and enlisted the assistance of Carla Bley, Mike Mantler, Andrew Cyrille, and various friends. The product was Kew. Rhone., recorded in October 1976 at Bley and Mantler's Grog Kill Studios and released by British Virgin (there were entries for a nonexistent American release in the Phonolog and Schwann catalogs) in April 1977. The reviews were mixed, reflecting befuddlement at a complex work which will take years to make its full impact on rock. The sales were minimal, and Virgin lost interest.

Greaves, following some work as a calliope player in a British circus, is now bassist with National Health (about which more later.) At the time of the first interview (October 30, 1977) Blegvad was preparing to make a trip to England in an attempt to interest financial backers in further projects with Greaves. Last January he published the first of a series of pamphlets illustrating some of his artistic preoccupations. "The Amateur" is, in Blegvad's words, "an interview with a man who has programmed a computer to detect the numinosity of objects."

The interview is in two parts; the 1977 one ends with the question on Blegvad's favorite songs, and is followed by a talk conducted on Sept. 11 this year. The reader will notice a certain d difference in tone;Blegvad, as he himself observes, has changed a bit over the last len months. I'd like to thank Keith Spring for initiating the chain of events which led to this interview.

10/30/77

CLE: Were Kew. Rhone's lyrics written before Greaves came to America?

Peter Blegvad: The album's concept existed, but none of the lyrics proper were written until John wrote the music. It took me six months to write them, except "gegenstand." This was a poem of mine that John liked and wrote music for.

CLE: I didn't understand the title's relation to the poem.

PB: Well, in German it generally means "counterstand"-- resistance. "object". But literally it means "counterstand"-- resistance. And this was the poem, and one of the album's, themes-- the inherent resistance to objects.

CLE: How was the support of Bley, Mantler, and Cyrille enlisted?

PB: We assumed from the start they would help us work on it, and they aided us very much indeed-- using the studio, Mike engineering it...

CLE: How was "Apricot" developed?

PB: I started with the phrase "Attain Perfect Realization in the COT," which was used by the cabaliste in the Speaker's Corner in London some years ago. She is, in fact, still to be seen there. She brings a little chalkboard up, takes words like "apricot" and "football" and proceeds to dissect them. Then she ends up with a revelation. Really amazing.

CLE: What guitar did you use on the album? (Kew. Rhone.)

PB: Generally a twelve-string Rickenbacker-- my main guitar throughout my career-- although I used an acoustic and sometimes a six-string Gibson. My technique relies less upon melodic solos than on breaking the sound into chunks. It gets intense. For instance, after my solo in "Proverbs" I was flat on the floor. Literally.

CLE: Did any of the reviewers grasp the meaning of Kew. Rhone.?

PB: We got most of our good reviews from America. We got a fantastic one from the Boston Phoenix-- also a couple of others from small publications I wasn't familiar with. The English ones weren't as good with the exception of one done for a Welsh paper by a journalist named David Bowie (sic). He called it an album which capsizes meaning, sets sounds adrift, and postulates the ultimate death of language. I'm not sure that I understood it all, but he clearly got more than a visceral reaction from it. But I should say that, rather than kill language, I wanted to initiate the possibility for an ultimate rebirth of it, to restore real meaning to it. If you kill language, you have a ritual situation, where death precedes rebirth. But then again, Bowie saw things in the album I didn't conciously put in there.

CLE: One thing I noticed was Andrew Cyrille's transition from free jazz to rock rhythms.

PB: Especially on "proverbs." Actually, Andrew had some problems in the first two days, but he got things together after that. His opinion of the music was it sounded like Broadway show music --plenty of elaborate rhythm and time changes.

CLE: Was Lisa Herman a friend of Carla's, or yours?

PB: None of us knew her. She showed up at our audition for vocalists-- she'd just come back from Turkey. She sang, and the tables were turned on John and I. Rather than debating on accepting her, we wondered whether she would accept us.

CLE: Once you get to England (on the trip mentioned above) are there any further collaberations with Greaves planned?

PB: We're kicking around the idea of staging the Mastodon song ("Seven Scenes.") We'll have a three-dimensional version of the Peale painting the

AMATEUR

No.1 October, 1977 New York City

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AMATEUR

AN INTERVIEW (AMATEUR SCIENCE FICTION)

Q : Is it numinousness, numinessence, or numinosity?

A : It's like luminous.

Q : You say numinosity?

A : I do.

Q : And when a thing is numinous it exudes an air of mystery, of sanctity?

A : Of energy. It appears charged.

Q : I see. And may I ask how you programmed the computer to recognize and measure the numinosity of these queer items, the "voltaic piles"[1] for instance?

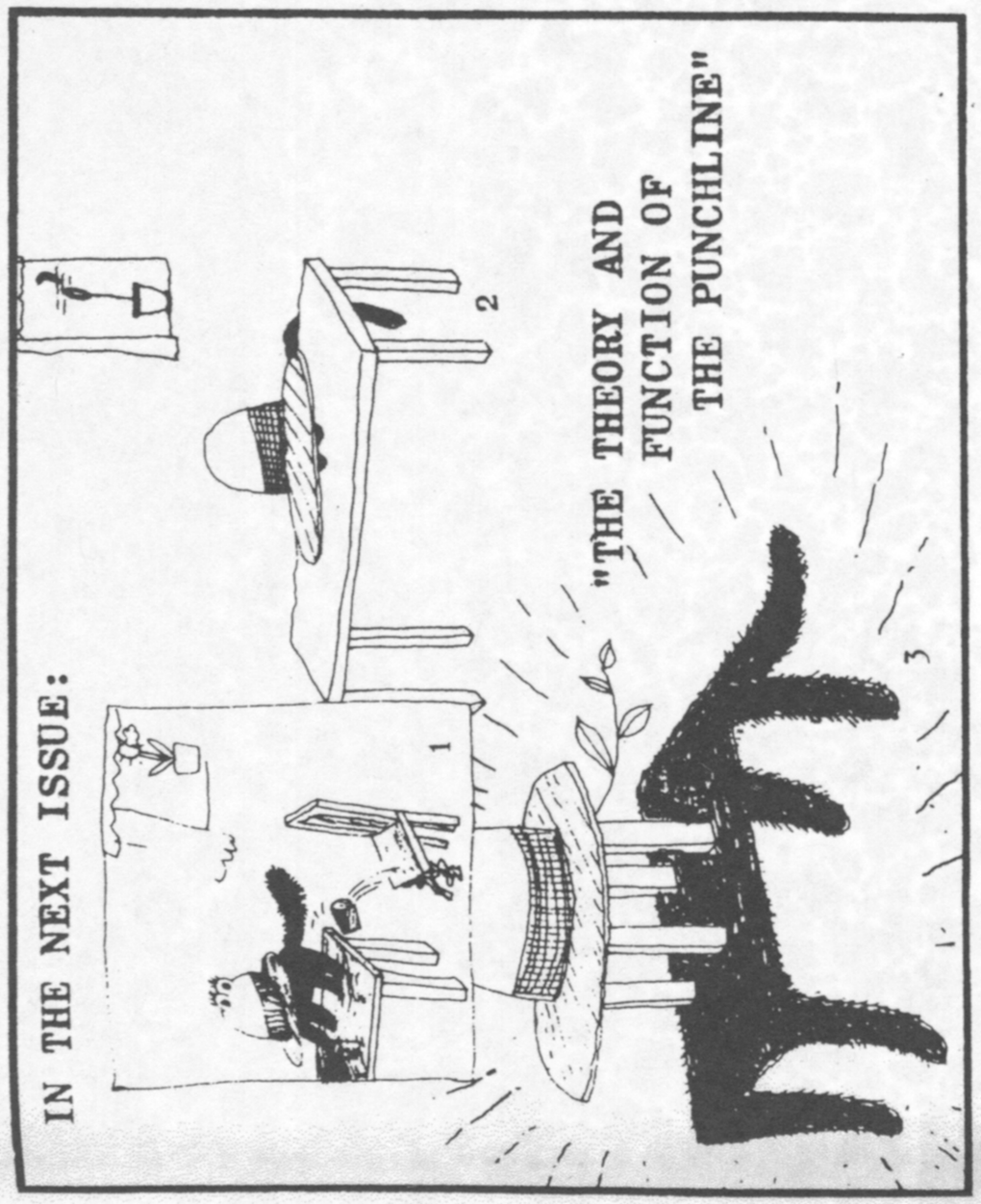
A : Twenty of us toiled at it night and day for eleven months. Into the UNIVAC, known to us as Maud, we fed everything from arcana pertaining to Zahirs[2] to a catalogue of army-surplus equipage, from lavish colour-plates of fish lures to a tea-stained pamphlet on numismatics. 600 miles of magnetic tape we fed into her! Thank God Maud is a fast learner or we'd still be at it. One morning she was taken with a cadence we were feeding her of Gertrude Stein's: "a lightning cooky, a single wide open and exchanged box filled with the same little sac that shines." Her console went dark a moment, next thing we knew she was drawing up plans for the construction of Stein's sac and demonstrating by means of an elegant equation that once built, 69% of sac's numinosity would be attributable to the "potent triad" embodied in it, by which she meant its Familiarity, Diminution and Radiance. Despite the early hour we broke out champagne. What relief to know those eleven gruelling months hadn't been in vain!

1. These are stacks, from 6½ in. to 12 ft.high, of discs of diverse materials (yeast, linoleum, silver, wax, wool, etc.) all with a central perforation allowing access to a "spine" either of lead or zinc which runs the length of the pile and prevents it toppling.

2. "beings or things which possess the terrible virtue of being unforgettable and whose image finally drives people mad." - J.L. Borges

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

"THE THEORY AND FUNCTION OF THE PUNCHLINE"



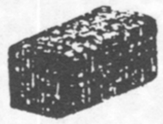
that something is "as out of place as a piece of cheese in a library." Whenever Maud destroys an object, one, it may be, that I've been a week or more in the cellar manufacturing, this line comes to mind. For who's to say but that an object which seems to lack salience here in the lab might be powerfully numinous in a niche, say, among dictionaries in the Bibliotheque Nationale?

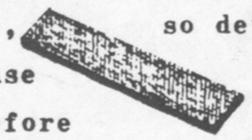
⊕ ☊ ☋ ☌ ☍ ☿ ☊

A M A T E U R

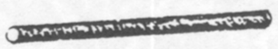
Q : I understand the fourth and fifth months were particularly trying for Maud.

A : Indeed. During that time she was fed exclusively on case histories of insane persons. It was necessary she be taught to see even the most common objects become "smooth as metal, so cut off, so detached from each other, so illuminated and tense that they inspired terror."[1] It was some time before Maud was her old self again. As a kind of therapy she was tutored in the precipitation of that sequence of recognitions which culminates in what James Joyce called the "epiphany" of an object - when "Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance." Pride in her skill at this sport did much to restore her.


LOAF


PLANK OR SLAB

PIPE


WAND, ROD OR DOWEL

Q : Will you tell us what was the purpose of all this?

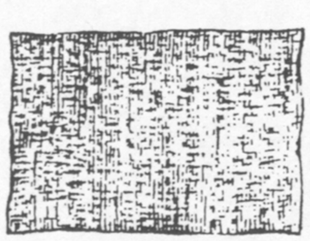
A : To enable Maud to design her own objects. Programming was planned to inculcate criteria by which she could select qualities most conducive to numinosity. And it more or less succeeded. Every evening for the past six months she has presented her selections in a succinct recipe describing a single object which I then attempt to realize in my shop.

WEDGE

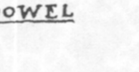
COIN

Q : Can you describe how an object evolves in Maud's mind?

A : By a process of gradual division. Her first conception of the object may be no more than that its surface curves, that it is portable and compounded of some mineral substance. While "curved, portable, mineral" conjures a pretty nebulous image to the average consciousness, Maud senses only its potential which is naturally very high. The energy thus generated engages the next in a series of circuit "levels" on each of which Maud's choices get correspondingly more specific. After a tedious ascent through at least 20 such levels Maud prints out a finished recipe - for example: VII - a3. Mn. XXX B-43ff.22gr. HHf ++Pk. This code describes a manganese puck and specifies its circumference, thickness, weight, texture and temperature.


BLANKET

SPIT


PELLET OR PILL

Difficulties may arise as an object approaches definition. Maud may decide that a hemisphere, say, of cellophane must not be empty. So the process begins again to determine precisely what it should contain.

FAN

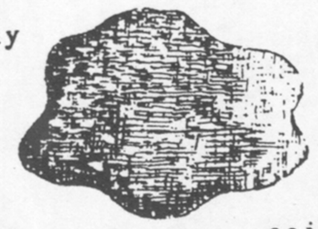
Finished objects are presented to Maud for a critical "scan". 9 times out of 10 she can discern in them no virtú and so destroys them. Occasionally she senses numinosity latent in one and this is perceptible only to her. Twice we have had objects invested with chartos suits ges so active that goggles and asbestos were required in order to stand in the same room with them.

WHORL OR GYRE

Q : Then why did you say earlier that the venture was only "more or less" successful?

CRESCENT

A : We anticipated a whole line of numinous items and have had but two! The reason for this is clearly that we were constrained to ignore the absolutely central factor of <u>context</u>. The number of variables would have been too vast even for Maud. Therefore the objects are conceived of as existing in a vacuum or rather in the pure negation of context. It irks us all no end. In a comedy I saw as a child Harlequin is made to remark


CLOUD

1."Autobiography of a Schizophrenic Girl" - M. Sechehaye

song's based on, and then a spotlight shines on the scenes-- one after the other-- and the secret meaning of the figures in the spotlight is explained. It's really a tableau vivant. Of course all this rests on getting financial support.

CLE: Would any of the performers on Kew. Rhone. besides yourself and John take part?

PB: Yes, if it came to America.

CLE: To move to an earlier period-- what spurred you to start songwriting?

PB: My A level exams when I was in public school in England. I couldn't remember historical dates and I tried to learn them by setting the facts to familiar tunes. For instance, I wrote some lines about Samuel Plimsoll and his role in English commerce, and set them to "Not A Second Time." I never looked back from there.

CLE: Influences as a writer and musician?

PB: I imagine that there were some-- I can't think of any offhand. I always liked talking blues as a song form, for instance. Actually, rather than other songwriters, I would say various poets were the main influences on my work. When I started writing I was very much caught up in the idea of systematic disorder of the senses, as expressed in, say, Rimbaud...

CLE: Symbolism?

PB: Yes. I always liked those people who constructed their own personal universe. The main influence on Kew. Rhone. is pretty clearly Marcel Duchamp --his influence informs the lyrics to the record. There's an absurd sense in his work which I admire-- not really this free-form sort of absurdism--

CLE: Or what they call in American comedy, "zany"--

PB: Yeah, more like disciplined absurdity, with a certain violence, as in Beckett, because I feel that absurdity, when it's not a rejection of the so-called real world, should be a testing of the flimsy standards by which we judge reality-- taking these standards and turning them on their heads, so to speak, or warping them-- then you can get a sense of how precariously balanced things are anyway. A good example is Flann O'Brien.

CLE: What was the first band you ever played in?

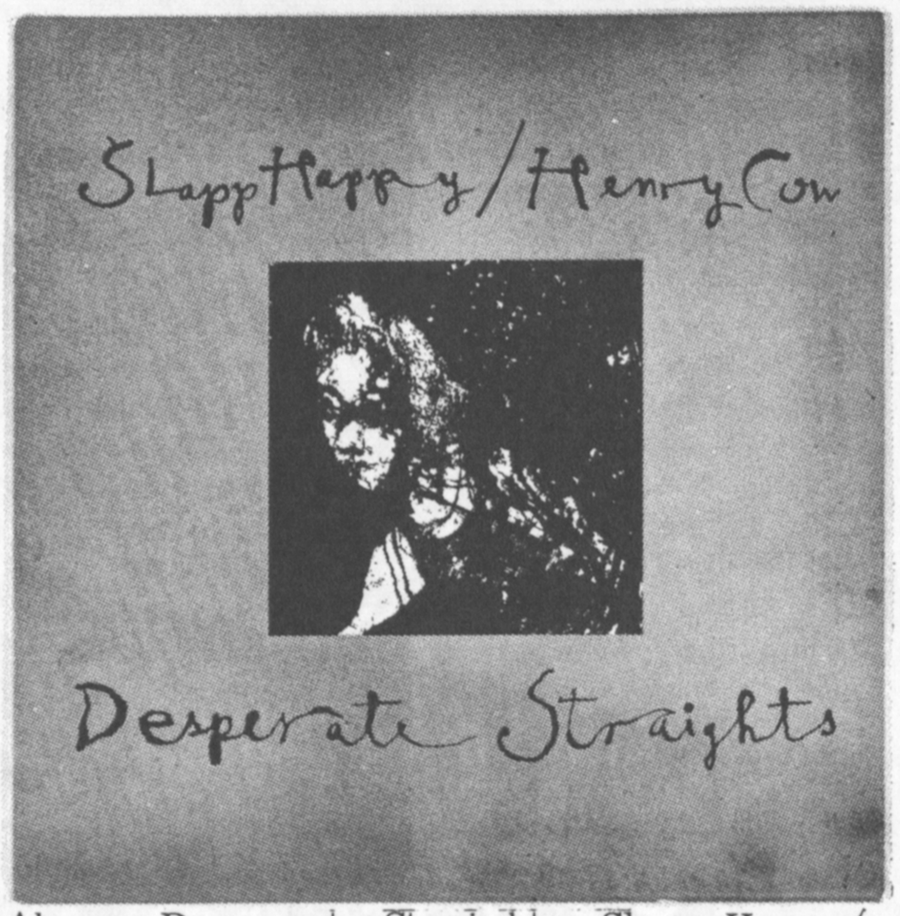
PB: It was a band with Anthony Moore. We played blues, rock 'n' roll, and had a predilection for very anti-social numbers--within the English public school dance context. For instance, we'd have a song where we'd have somebody get out of a bed, on stage, with pajamas on and things like that. We were usually kicked off stage

CLE: To move up further in time-- was Steve Morse (co-producer of Slapp Happy) a freelance producer?

PB: Yes, a friend of somebody in Henry Cow. He was a strange man-- almost impossible to work with after a while-- but he did have some very original ideas, and a very good idea, in his head, of how a particular song should sound, which helped things out a bit.

CLE: On Desperate Straights, why are the lyrics to "The Owl" and "In The Sickbay" not on the sleeve?

PB: "The Owl" we deleted because of abject shame. Anthony wrote the lyrics when he was seventeen and going through a Hobbit phase, so he was reluctant to let the public look at the product of a period he'd long since outgrown. The music was good, though, so the words were really just phonetics to sing with it. But



Above: Desperate Straights - Slapp Happy/ Henry Cow collaberation. (Virgin, 1975.)

Below: Kew. Rhone. - John Greaves/Peter Blegvad (Virgin, 1977.) One Footnote: Other anagrams to be found in the words Kew Rhone: horn, honk, heron, hew, keener, hone, owner, week, new, row, error, reek, whore. You can no doubt eke out a few more.

"In The Sickbay"'s deletion I greatly regret, for Dagmar's music is wonderful and the lyrics rank among my very favorites.

CLE: On Desperate.Straights it's obvious that nothing on the album could be put in shorter terms. "War," of your and Moore's songs, is the ultimate example of that.

PB: Well, Desperate,Straights was about just that--taking the information in the songs and compressing it to the maximum point possible-- so that you get songs in capsule form --or perhaps "vitamins glimpsed in a mirror." "War," in fact, should have been on that album; it would have made a fine closing number. Instead, you have "Caucasian Lullaby," which makes for a rather cockeyed album.

CLE: How did it get on there?

PB: To fill up space, I think. I remember Chris Cutler and Anthony Moore writing it by the Manor's fireplace, huddled over a piano, seeming very intense-- then we were all brought into the studio and did it. I don't understand it. You get through that album, expecting that final insight-- and instead-- catharsis.

CLE: To bring in the album's cover art -- who influenced you most as an artist?

PB: Alfred Kubin comes to mind, but no others in particular.

CLE: Of all your lyrics, which is your favorite?

PB: "Pipeline" among my current songs I like very much-- it indicates the direction I'm moving toward-- and also "gegenstand."

9/11/78

PB: I'm just back from England...

CLE: What was accomplished there?

PB: Well, I'm working with John (Greaves) again-- I'm on the second National Health album. I do a recitation at the begining of John's song. Then we did some recording with members of National Health backing it. We're doing recitations a lot, set to music-- very uncommercial things. I expect we may be putting an album in a very limited edition, say, two hundred copies.

CLE: So you can control every aspect of recording and release?

PB: Well, having control is helpful, but this isn't an egomania sort of thing. Really, how many people are interested in this sort of material? It may be distributed by this small French company...

CLE: So, on the National Health album

PB: I recite the opening lines of the "Amateur" pamphlet.

CLE: Does the song have a connection with the pamphlet?

PB: John says it does. It's got a title about the computer discussed in the pamphlet, MAUD...something like "A corker for MAUD"-- rather, some sort of very British colloquial term--like, if you come home very drunk and misbehaved, and your wife yells at you, and you respond with some rejoinder-- it sounds very male-chauvinist, I'm sorry...

CLE: Why were you not credited as guitarist on Slapp Happy?

PB: Yet another editorial slipup, you know-- I'm just credited as "Second Vocalist," of course, but besides the guitar I did all these little things, harmonica for instance, that were left uncredited.

CLE: I noticed, in a recent article on Faust in the Eurock fanzine, a paragraph asserting that, along with your touring activities with that band

you also worked on the fourth album--
PB: Which one, you said? I worked on all those miscellaneous tapes at Wumme, some of which finally...
CLE: Ended up on Faust Tapes?
PB: Hmm.
CLE: This would have been done at the Manor in '73.
PB: Ah, "The Sad Akinhead," and those ... yes, I did play on that. Incidentally, when I was in London I heard they may get back together again...
CLE: To get back to the pamphlet-- there's an obvious relation between "Amateur" and "Fifteen Objects"-- which came first?
PB: Well, "Amateur" was written later-- but there's certainly a connection--
CLE: Insofar as almost all of the objects are voltaic piles--
PB: Really? Ahm...
CLE: In "Fifteen Objects," the fifth object ("Dunce's Trumpet--for V")-- is this a referance to the double-muted trumpet used as the emblem of the Trytero in Thomas Pynchon's Crying of Lot 49?
PB: Absolutely! Yes! Never heard of it, but... sure!
CLE: Are you familiar with the work of Mayo Thompson?
PB: Never heard of him.
CLE: He used to play with the Red Krayola in Texas, lived in Manhattan and worked with the Art and Language group there.
PB: Ah, yes. I know some of those people-- I've seen their tracts--very opaque. Sort of interesting-- I find opacity interesting, you see-- but, unfortunately, I couldn't get the gist of what they were going on about. Now, the last recitation I did in London was dictated to me in part by some angels-- including the departed spirit of Jack Spicer...
CLE: A poet-- died in '65?
PB: Yes, a California poet-- much concerned with angelology, wrote several things about it... now, a lot of these recitations had to do with images... an image formed in the mind, say, which appears against one's will, one's conscious desire-- something that would be the result of another consciousness... these recitations were an interesting experiment, and they certainly resulted in noncommercial material, for noncommercial usage.
CLE: Is "Amateur" still available?
PB: Yes. Precious few copies left, though. National Health wants to reprint it and put one in every copy of the second album.
CLE: How about "Theory and Function of the Punchline," previewed in "Amateur"?
PB: We're still working on that.
CLE: How about the explanatory notes to Kew. Rhone.?
PB: I was sort of dissatified with them ...That was really kind of an experiment. It was meant to be a venture in being my own critic, so to speak, and to treat the information in the songs as if it was something I didn't understand. See, when I was writing the lyrics, I would have to relax my critical faculty, and the explanatory notes I was working on concurrently were expressions of that critical sense pushed to its utmost, trying to follow the lyrics. Finally, I came to the conclusion that I was just going around and around infinitely with a limited body of information. It was like a snake swallowing its own tail, and life's more interesting than swallowing your own tail.
CLE: I've always felt there was little point in transcribing every ooh, and uh, and ah, and um, in an interview.
PB: Why, that's, that's almost a sin. Ahem-- UUHHH! OOOH! EERRR! AHNH! And you must take it all down.
CLE: Well, the last time you had a hangover...
PB: Yes, but ten months ago I was involved in Mr. Rimbaud's systematic disorder of the senses, and dissipated living brought those about. No more. Now it's all angels and yoga. What I tell you is quite deliberate now. It's discipline or dissipation, and I've chose discipline... Disciplie and Dissipation. They walk down the road hand in hand, in children's shoes.
(Following discussions of Woody Allen, "Bananas", Star Trek, and waste disposal):
PB:... and really, you know, I think now the world can be changed, that things willbecome better...
CLE: In a spiritual sense?
PB: More in the sense of merging opposites, like, to touch the tip of the iceberg, Reality and Imagination, Reason and Instinct...
CLE: What they used to call the "leap into reason"--
PB: Ah! Where you move from point A to Point C, with no Point B, and you think that it will come out wrong, and instead you land right on the button. That's a pretty concept. Chris Cutler and Fred Frith are really involved in the reconciliation of opposites matter, in their Marxist, dialectical way.
CLE: Do you think the Art Bears album particularly successful?
PB: I think it's great! And I've just heard it once. I came back to New York and the postman had it there. Now there are really amazing, wonderful moments on there, as great as anything I've heard... The lyrics though, leave a little to be desired sometimes, like when the girl is crazy--"I'm crazy!" and it... you know, Chris and Fred-- some of their ideas are very original

ZU Fest

The Zu Festival, billed as a "manifestival", was held on October 8 at the Entermedia Theatre in Manhattan. It lasted from 2 p.m., when the first of a string of New York "no wave" bands hit the stage, until about 4 a.m. the instrumental jam was concluded following th PA's removal at the insistence of the police. At $7.50 a ticket, the seats went fairly briskly, and the theatre was almost full during the evening hours.

The Zufest was organized by Giorgio Gomelski, who was announcing changes until the last minute. Fred Frith, right up until a few hours before the start, wasn't expected to show up, but he did; Carla Bley, after failing to get her band together, didn't. The acts who did show up were Daevid Allen (backed by an American ensemble called NY Gong, who also backed Gilli Smyth and did a set on their own), Fred Frith solo (playing an untreated guitar and an overly fuzz-toned one), the Art Bears (since Dagmar couldn't make it, the band consisted of Chris Cutler, Frith, the bassist for the Muffins, and Peter Blegvad on guitar-- naturally, the set was based on Slapp Happy material), the Muffins (Random Radar recording artists from Washington D.C.), and the new wave bands mentioned, of which the most prominent were Theoretical Girls, Made in U.S.A., Arsenal, and a group led by Margaret Dewys (ex-Theoretical Girls.)

The audience at the theatre, during the early part of the show, was about evenly divided between friends of the New York bands and out-of-town old-line avant-gardists who didn't understand or enjoy the bands (with the possible exception of Dewey's group.) Many members of the former group left before the Muffins inagurated the "progressive" segment of the show; those who stayed were disappointed at what they considered an unspontaneous show-- for instance Daevid Allen laboriously working through his trilogy, which had come to the end of Angels Egg when the police disrupted the proceedings.

Among the celebrities present were Robert Fripp and Blondie's Chris Stein. In terms of personal affluence, however, they could hardly have outstripped those wealthy devotees who chartered Learjets to fly in from the hinterlands Gomelski is said to harbor plans for a sequel to the show. Currently, however, the best hope for the return of these artists to American shores seems to rest in Louisville, Ky., where the Paddlewheel Alliance, an anti-nuclear power group, has fallen under the control of some Gong/Henry Cow devotees who plan to use its enormous treasury to fund an open-air version of the festival.

The chaotic nature of the proceedings was best summed up by one of the performers, who, when asked if had gotten onstage, replied, "Yes, and I actually got off."

From the information recieved, this writer would have to consider the Zufest a partial disaster. It could have served to create ties between the superhip collegiate crowd that's been listening to Gong, Henry Cow, Faust, and National Health, and the inner-city partisans of the extreme wing of what is sometimes misleadingly called "acid punk". Instead it only demonstrated the wideness of the gulf between the two audiences. Hopefully, this gap will close with further such events.

very profound. Some other areas, though, their ideas are somewhat shallow... and, ah, here's Sheila McLaughlin. YOU MUST PRINT THIS VERBATIM! Sheila, here, does visually, in film, what I do verbally.
CLE: How would you assess the material on Desperate Straights in view of your current attitudes?
PB: I haven't thought of it.
CLE: How did you do the opening guitar line on "Riding Tigers?"
PB: By hammering the strings, on my twelve string. Interestingly, Chris told me Fred tried to do that song once somewhere in England, and botched it completely-- had to quit halfway through the song. Which is really funny considering he fired me because I didn't know how to play an F sharp diminished seventh.
CLE: I was told you didn't care much for Sort Of.
PB: On the contrary! That may have held at one time... but now I really like it, partly because it was recorded under idyllic conditions.
CLE: In one mammoth session?
PB: No, over a space of five or six days, at Wumme Studios, in this wonderful old house in North Germany. You would come in any time of the day or night, midnight, it wouldn't matter, and lay down a couple of tracks, and things. No engineer glancing up at the clock every few minutes, saying, "Thank you, sir, five pounds please..."
CLE: The things you and Moore did after you left Henry Cow-- were these intended for commercial release?
PB: Yes, and one of them ultimately made it out as a single.
CLE: Were you on Moore's "Catch a Falling Star?"
PB: Non participant...

CLE: Are you familiar with Devo?
PB: Yes, they're good. You know,,they have this excellent sense of humor. They don't take their philosophy seriously but rather satirically. If they can keep that sense of humor things should go well for them.
CLE: You know, some bands in Cleveland and Akron have been influenced by your and Moore's songs-- that influence sometimes comes through on the Akron Sampler...
PB: Yes, isn't it remarkable? Stuff that Moore and I did years ago, back then, and people are still listening, still calling me up every once in a while to see where they can get Sort Of, and things. I mean, back then, we didn't take ourselves that seriously. It's nice, though, that people still care about them.

PETER BLEGVAD DISCOGRAPHY
(OP indicates out of print)

with Faust:

The Faust Tapes (Virgin, 1973) OP
Faust IV (Virgin, 1973)

(Blegvad also plays with Faust on a number of studio tapes as yet unreleased.

with Slapp Happy:

Sort of (Polydor, 1972) OP
Slapp Happy (Virgin, 1974)

with SH and Henry Cow:

Desperate Straights (Virgin, 1975)
In Praise of Learning (Virgin, 1975)

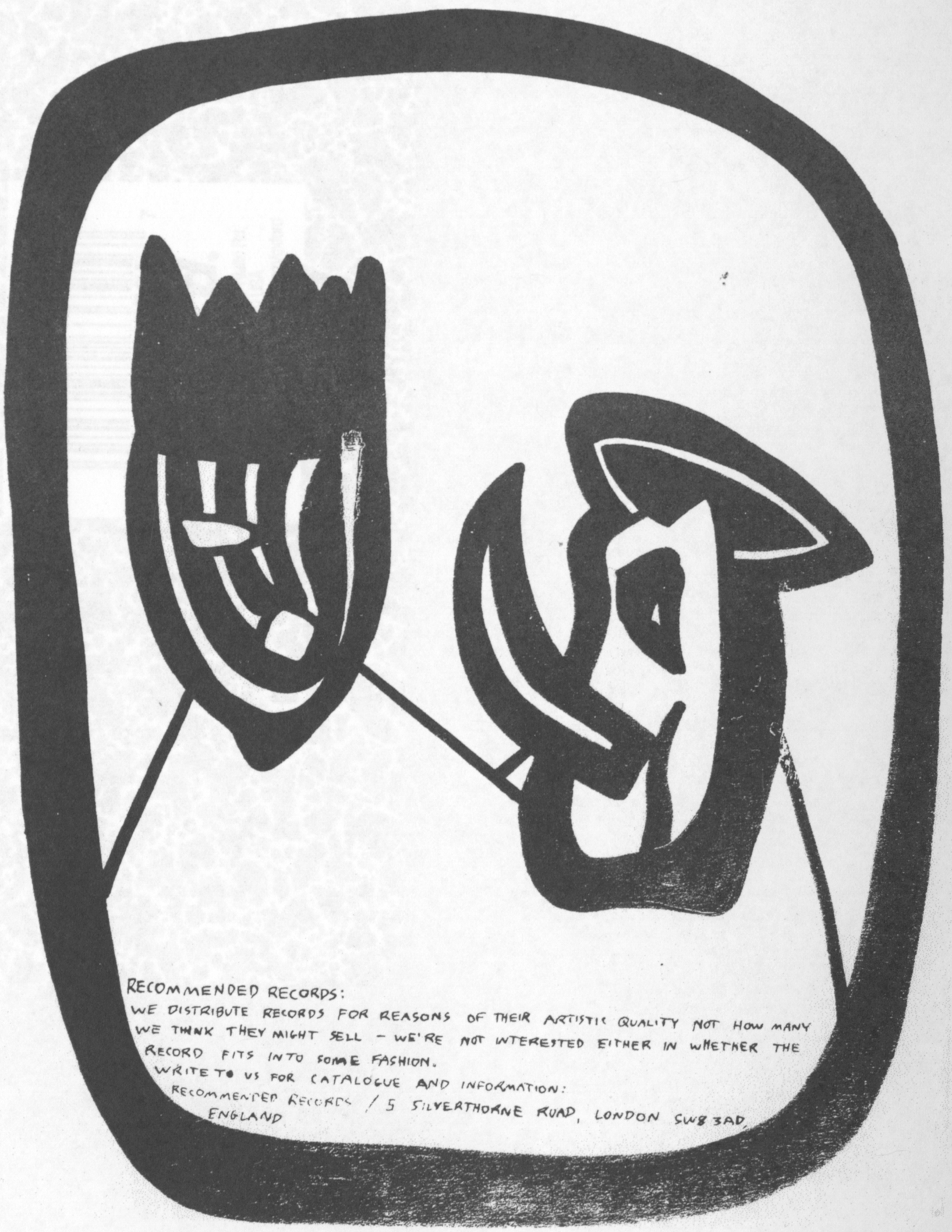
Blegvad and John Greaves' song "Bad Alchemy," is played on Henry Cow's Concerts (Compendium, 1976; later released on Caroline). Blegvad has assured me that Slapp Happy released no singles containing-LP material; however, collectors have told me otherwise.

Kew. Rhone. (Virgin, 1977)

Blegvad also reads a portion of his pamphlet Amateur at the beginning of a song by John Greaves which appears on the second National Health album. At the Zu Festival in New York in October 1978 he played "Strayed" and an unreleased song from the Desperate Straights period, "Alcohol"; these may appear on the Zu Festival LP now under discussion.

Songs by Slapp Happy also appear on the Virgin sampler V and a French Virgin sampler on flourescent vinyl; the former containing "A Worm Is At Work," the latter "Casablanca Moon." The versions are those that appear on Desperate Straights and Slapp Happy, respectively.

(BN)



URBAN SAX

A pulsating dream, surrealist music, Urban Sax is 30 saxophonists dressed in combinations of white, who play according to entirely unexpected musical principles and manuever on stage with gyrations and flashing choreographies as from a white hot imagination
choreographies as from a white hot imagination.

A convergence of musicians without known precedent, Urban Sax was created by Gilbert Artman following a curious occurance of circumstances.

At the begining, it concerned itself to enliven the town of Menton, France, during the summer of 1973, on the occasion of its festival of classic music. Gilbert Artman had provided to add the sound effects to all of a lane of Old Menton, adjoining the public square of its church. Four generators of his sent "pure frequencies" from loudspeakers arranged in succession, which circled the square.

There, on a podium, eight saxophonists were to complete what would become the first attempt of "urbanism echoing" ever tried! It was attempted, though for questions of budget, it might not have been. This somewhat surprising origin explains in part the "stategy of the unique sound" used by Urban Sax. The "unique sound" is the great-granddaughter of the string of frequencies made by the sound generators.

Three years later, around September 1976, Gilbert Artman found himself in contact with many saxophonists, exposed his idea for renewal of Urban Sax, and took in their first enthusiasms! The experience developed itself, rapidly uniting 12 instrumentalists. The first "conclave" decided, in view of reasons to add on, that the optimum number of participants must be 16. Actually, 30 musicians were registered on the "roster of equipment" of Urban Sax, plus a chorus of 10.

One is surprised that such an experimentation reunites "non-classical" musicians. It is known that a saxophone is not a "moderated" instrument, which is to say, that it does not necessarily give an exact sound to the key relied on (or applied.) Each sound can be modulated. Artman feels that the expression of such an instrument is, in its own right, interesting through fluctuations. The musicians support this non-orthodox approach to the instrument.

The base of construction is the formula of the "sustained breath." On this foundation is established a complex structure of "ringing architraves": curly spirals and modal figures. It is a question then of a music so architectural that one might not believe the first listening experience. The musicians have a precise grid to respect, even at the time of the passages which could appear the most frenzied. For example, a saxophonist can "inject" a trill or a brief flight of notes, but in the framework of extremely elaborate specifications.

In alltthis comes some added special effects: noises of winds, breaths without formed notes, words spoken through the sax, the last "working" the sound of vocal chords in its metal tubes, feminine choruses, etc...

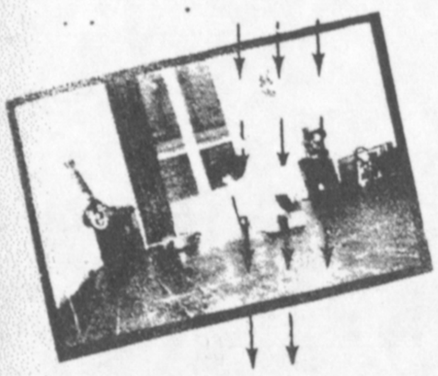
It releases itself of all this cathedral of sound in an impression of amazing lightness, recieved through metallic scrolls perfectly expressing the profane incantation of the city.

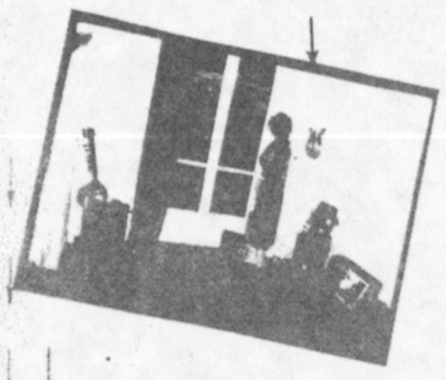
In all, very URBAN!

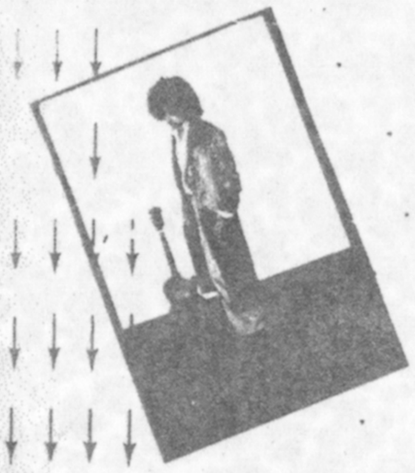
Translated from the original French review of Urban Sax by Philippe Bone by Jean Kay.

Discography
Urban Sax (Cezame-Cobra COB 37004)
Urban Sax 2 COB 37017)

PERIODIKMINDTROUBLE







From post-Crimson esthetics... France seems to be the land of heritages, of intelligent derivatives of the lovers of the citadel of Frippery, quasi-unshakeable monument of the distorted music of a seeker at the begining of the 70's. We are not witnessing here a remake, happily, but another breach, which has remained open. And if we reportory the Heldon, Lard Free, and some astute punks, we notice how spacious the lessons of the master are, and how the variants have not had to overlap. One may speak, then, of different ideologies coming from the same source. It is hard to escape this when we know that the demeanor (gait) of Heldon is impregnated with ideograms as revealers. Here, one can not be sure about it; Illitch is, on this disc, one sole musician for a "work" really divided into two parts. The first side may be a little exercise of style at the begining, but with a perfect mastery of sounds and an economical use of effects for a disc recorded "outside the studio", which makes one feel as though they have met a lover of the sonorous substance. Guitars, bass, organ, sometimes harmonium. Plenty of wah-wah and broken rhythms. Chopped up, the pieces dissect at a rather uncommon atmosphere, because they seem to be made like very long pieces, bending to cause a break of the senses at all levels. A will, not to become heavy, and not to shut oneself up inside a mounted process/infinite apotheosis. Then an acoustical piece uses stereo as a reverberation/ unkeying. A very strong sound, very uplifted (the rhythm boxes sometimes sustaining an ensemble of a strange coherence,) a sort of combat which leads this single musician to the limits of the disintegration of sound, but without playing on the saturations of the lyric flights. A music hard and distinguished, worked on the idea, but also remaining very close to the entrails of his guitar, which speaks its ill and its breaks, because to fly away is sometimes to be lost. A first side of a musician who has listened well to many musics.

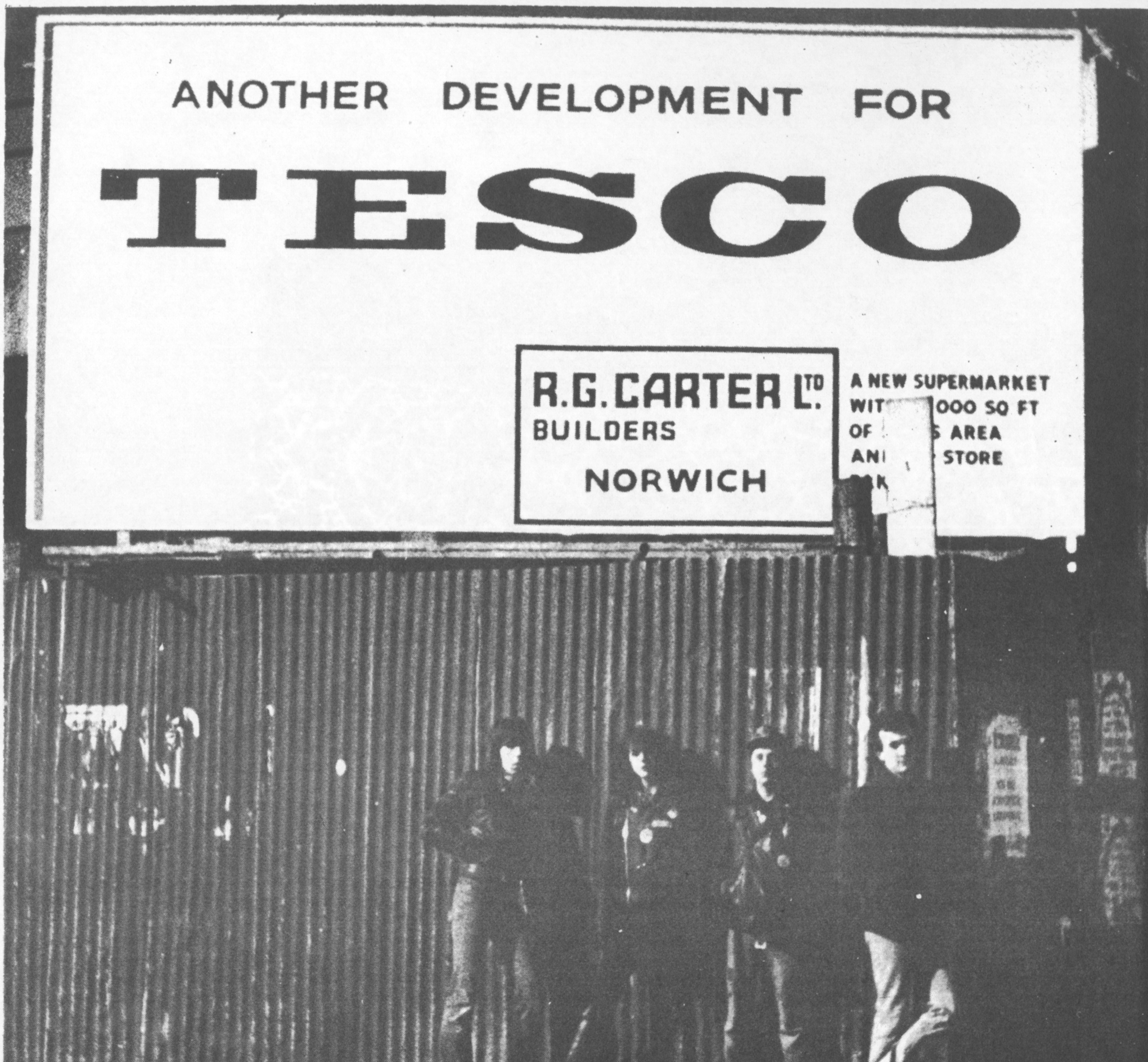
The second side is altogether different; made in one sole 27-minute piece, which gives its title to the album, Periodikmindtrouble. This trouble of the spirit is divided into three periods, with an introduction that is a little confused, no doubt to announce what is coming, a long theme on the organ, enhanced by a rhythmic sequence which is effaced in the final guitaresque in the form of truncated hommage, the loop is looped suddenly on this piece made more to please oneself. A first disc, at any rate, it does one good to listen to, because musicians who do not succomb to the modes of the moment and do not copy the "masters" are the future, even on the strings of a 1954 LesPaul.

Moreover, Illitch is the producer of this disc. Now working on his next album, collaberating with Ruth Ellyeri, he promises this album to be more radical and percussive. "Taking ourselves in charge", distribution is being organized by Oxygene, a group of alternative musicians.

Vladimir-Oulianov, Xavier B

Contact:

ILITCH... Thierry Muller, 162 Rue Pellport, 75020 Paris France.
OXYgene, 3 rue Ste Croix Bretornerie, 75004 Paris France.



THROBBING GRISTLE, from left: Chris Carter, Cosey Fanni Tutti, Genesis P-Orridge, "Sleazy" Peter Christopherson.

Industrial Interview (October 1978) by Jean-Yves COPLO

THROBBING

CLE: Have you played the same music since the begining?
Chris: Yeah, it's just developed and expanded. Our instruments have changed. When we started we had a drumkit. We don't have a drumkit now. Cosey plays guitar, Genesis plays bass guitar, violin, and sings, I play synthesizers, and Sleazy, who's not here, plays drum machine and tape recorders.
CLE: But when you listen at the record you don't hear directly those different instruments.
Chris: You hear different things each time.
Genesis: We used to have someone mixing it. We tried different people mixing, even when we were playing live, and when they came to rehearsals they couldn't tell who was playing which, when it was guitar, or when it was feedback, or when it was bass, or when it was synthesizer. So in the end we just gave up having someone else doing it. Now Chris and Sleazy do all the mixing on stage, because nobody else can tell who's playing what, even live. On the LP, none of it is remixed. That is actually how it came out of the speakers.
Chris: (pointing my portable cassette recorder out): Lot of it was recorded on a machine like that.
Genesis: We wanted to flatten it, so there wasn't this thing of each instrument being pushed as a seperate thing. We wanted an overall scan.
Chris: A wall of sound. You just hear everything, nothing's on the top really. Occasionally, something is. But mostly it's all just coming at you at the same level.
CLE: Can you play gigs very often?
Cosey: We tend to wait for gigs to arrive.
CLE: What sort of audience do you get?
Genesis: Completely mixed. Hippies, punks, intellectuals, musicians, people who like every kind of music. It's impossible to tell who comes, which is

Cosey

good, we like it like that. But people are surprised. They can't figure out why there's such a lot of different people.

CLE: How do people react to your music?

Chris: Quite well. 90% like it, 10% are bored. People don't usually really hate us.

Cosey: We never had any violence.

Genesis: Now it's getting better every time.

Chris: Now we have fans, before we didn't.

CLE: You've got some fans in Cleveland.

Genesis: Yes, and all over. Sweden, France, Brighton, Scotland a lot...

GRISTLE

CLE: Scotland? Do you like this scotsman, John Cooper Clarke?

Genesis: I've seen him once, but it was in a very bad situation, and I thought it was a bit old fasioned. His record is much better than he is live. His record is nice because he's got people playing music in the background and it's OK.

CLE: I suppose I'm not the first to ask this question but...there is no "first annual report"? Is it like the second Residents album?

Genesis: Of course, everyone asks it- it's ironic.

Chris: We did bring up a cassette, like an unofficial bootleg. It's the first thing we actually did. It's called the "best of volume 2" but in fact that is a joke too, coz it's the first one.

CLE: Did you really produce your album yourself?

Genesis: Completely. We didn't rent a studio or anything- we did it ourselves.

CLE: Are you looking after record deals? Do you want to make it really professionally?

Chris: I suppose we are, already...

Genesis: We have our own record company, our own agency. But we don't pay ourselves anything, even when we play live, all the money goes to Industrial Records. The idea is that Industrial Records we want apt to get stronger,

CLE: Do you know many people here in London who share the same ideas about music?

Chris: Very few, perhaps half a dozen.

Genesis: They said they're glad somebody has done it at last instead of being a punk group or anything else that seems to be commercial. When we did that LP, everyone thought we were crazy coz it was so uncommercial. It was just that nobody wanted to try. Now people really like that, we had so much mail... It means now we are in contact with a lot of other people who like that area.

CLE: From what countries did you get mail response?

Genesis: America, Canada, Germany, France, Sweden, Holland, Poland, Argentina, Brazil, everywhere except Russia and China. But we had contacts with Japan.

CLE: How did you happen to do that soundtrack on the B side?

Chris: We'd like to do more soundtracks. If people make offers, we like the idea.

Genesis: Even when we play live, people say we play with the atmosphere and with the way they feel, so it seems obvious that film music is meant to deal with atmosphere because it makes you feel certain ways when you see certain images. Doing films gives a chance to deal with pictures as well as sound.

CLE: Are you working only on music?

Chris: I do just music.

Genesis: At the moment, mainly. But I do collage, writing... we want to do a film ourselves, and keep making films of people we know, and just mystery movies. Pictures would seem to

Throbbing Gristle

AND HEAVEN TOO

"INDUSTRIAL MUSIC FOR INDUSTRIAL PEOPLE"

have some kind of connection, but it's a bit mysterious, with music... It's a case of finance, it's getting more money to do it. We have tried anything. I mean I have designed clothes for the Boy boutique of the King's Road.
CLE: Who writes the lyrics? What influences on it?
Chris: It depends... Sometimes it's just made up. Sometimes we're jamming and Genesis starts singing, and sometimes he wrote the lines.
Genesis: I have a title and a subject, then I improvise the actual words when we're playing, around the subject. I just think it fascinates me. Sometimes I use books I'm reading as well.
CLE: Your lyrics sound like horror movies.
Genesis: You think of "Slug Bait"? It's a mix of 2 or 3 stories, all true. The killing of Sharon Tate, and also a story I read in the newspaper about a man who came into a house, castrated the husband and made the wife watch him eat his own testicles; she was pregnant at the time, and he didn't actually kill her, but I've changed her into Sharon Tate, and she got killed as well afterwards, and I added the man pulling out the babe... But I didn't use any names because it was more cruelty everytime. The fact that human beings really do that when they get the freedom and the power to do so, and they always do sexually motivated tortures, it's that which really fascinates me. The fact that they pretend to be normal, and yet it's the most seemingly normal and law abiding people who do the most outrageous things, if they're either made into policemen or become fighters for a cause. It's about that, really. So it's relevant not just of this time, but back in history people always castrated each other for some reason, it's a typical way to humiliate man. And women are always very terrified by something happening to their babies. It deals with the subconcious paranoias.
CLE: Are other lyrics in that spirit?
Genesis: A lot have been; it's changing a bit now. It has a lot to do with how peculiar human beings are,,the way they relate to each other. I wrote love songs. And there's a lot to do with the way people are conditioned to believe that they are not like that, that they are different, not capable of any kind of strange behavior. It just fascinates me. The psychology of political control comes into it, because why people can't believe that they can't be cruel, that they can't do these things? It's much easier with controls which stop them from rebellion and being individual. Individuality can be turned into repression through control, whereas in fact I'd say individuality is a way of freedom. When you face that, and you face what you might do, then you are less likely to do it. I don't really know how the lyrics come out. It's all the stuff that has been coming to me since I was a little boy, from television and everywhere, it just comes out. Quite often, when we're all playing, suddenly just all these words come out and I start singing.
Chris: It's like the way we play. When we play we improvise nearly all the time. Genesis' songs are like that as well.
Genesis: We write the words down afterwards. I listen to the tape and I write the words. Except a couple...
Chris: We have done actual songs, we do or we did play some songs.
Genesis: With the single we wrote the words down after the music. It's a love song.
CLE: Does your stay in Hackney involve a symbolic sense for you?
Chris: Sure, on the music... old factories around... the studio that we use is an old factory. And there's an old park near it where they put all the dead bodies from the bubonic plague, in the middle ages. When we play in the basement we're at the same level as all the dead bodies.
Genesis: And we realized recently that if you go outside the studio you look at a sort of railway at the right next of the studio, and lots of small workshops. A lot of noises we developed we discovered actually around us. What else could we play?
Chris: It's like a reflection of what we play. When we go outside the studio we can hear almost the same sounds as we made.
Genesis: We hear a bit of transistor radio when they have their radio on, a bit of Radio One, pop music...we hear the noises of machines, and the train going on and people's chat... and it was unconcious, wasn't it? We just discovered that it was very close... the way we treat it is more considerate
CLE: How do you consider the evolution of the London and British scene?
Cosey: It's like... you're watching it from the outside. You watch it build up and before it collapses, you've already seen it collapse.
Chris: A lot of what we're doing now is what we did a few years ago, anyway.
Cosey: It's just like seeing people pick up what could be the most commercial in what you've done in the past and trying to make some money from it. Other people take from you- not from us particularly, but from different groups- they take the most commercial pieces... they try to make some money, and then it collapses again and they try something else.
Genesis: They want to be popular and successful, and then they try and think "what could we do that will be successful?", they don't think "what would we want to do?" and do it, and hope it will be successful as well. We'd like to be liked, but we don't care if we aren't. We have to play the way we play. If everybody likes it, it's nice.
CLE: Do you have any different idea of what a group is about?
Genesis: I think we understand what a band is about better than most. I think we understand what we are doing, better.
CLE: Do you want your audience to be conscious of something, and to think about what happens during a gig?
Chris: That's the thing, when people come to see us, when they leave they never forget, they always remember... the sound.
CLE: Do you want them to know why they are there?
Genesis: Perhaps it's sort of curiosity but I don't think it matters why they come. It's the effect we have once they are there. Sometimes they are confused because it's not rock and roll, and they used to know what is going to happen; because with nearly every group you go to see, you know before what to expect. With us you don't. You can't follow the patterns because it's not based on normal kind of musical patterns. So they have to re-learn. They have to sit back and actually think about what they're watching and hearing, coz they have never heard it.
CLE: Did you ever get violent response?
Genesis: No... We had people walk out, and we had people shout, at Brighton... At the end of the first side of the LP there's an argument between some people there and some other people, but nobody was actually threatened, and afterwards most people said how much they enjoyed it when we walked around the audience. You see only two people who don't like it and start shouting, and there could be four hundred people quietly enjoying it. Now, with the record and with time people get to know that we're not like other groups, and it's much easier for us and them now. They come because they want it to be different, so there's less tension everytime, which is good because we can relax and get on with playing, and they can relax and get on with listening.
CLE: What means for you "nothing short of a total war"?
Chris: It could mean the sound. The sound could be nothing short of a total war.
Cosey: It's ambiguous.
Genesis: You could take it that way. Whatever you want to do, do what you want to the extreme. Never compromise, whether it's political, musical, or just everyday living. Whatever you do, try to do it as well as possible, without cheating or deluding yourself. The one thing we don't like is the way rock 'n' roll is presented, as the savior of youth. We're at war with that. It could be said that we declare the war on rock 'n' roll.

TG DISCOGRAPHY

LP

Second Annual Report (Music From the Death Factory)
Industrial Records IR 0002

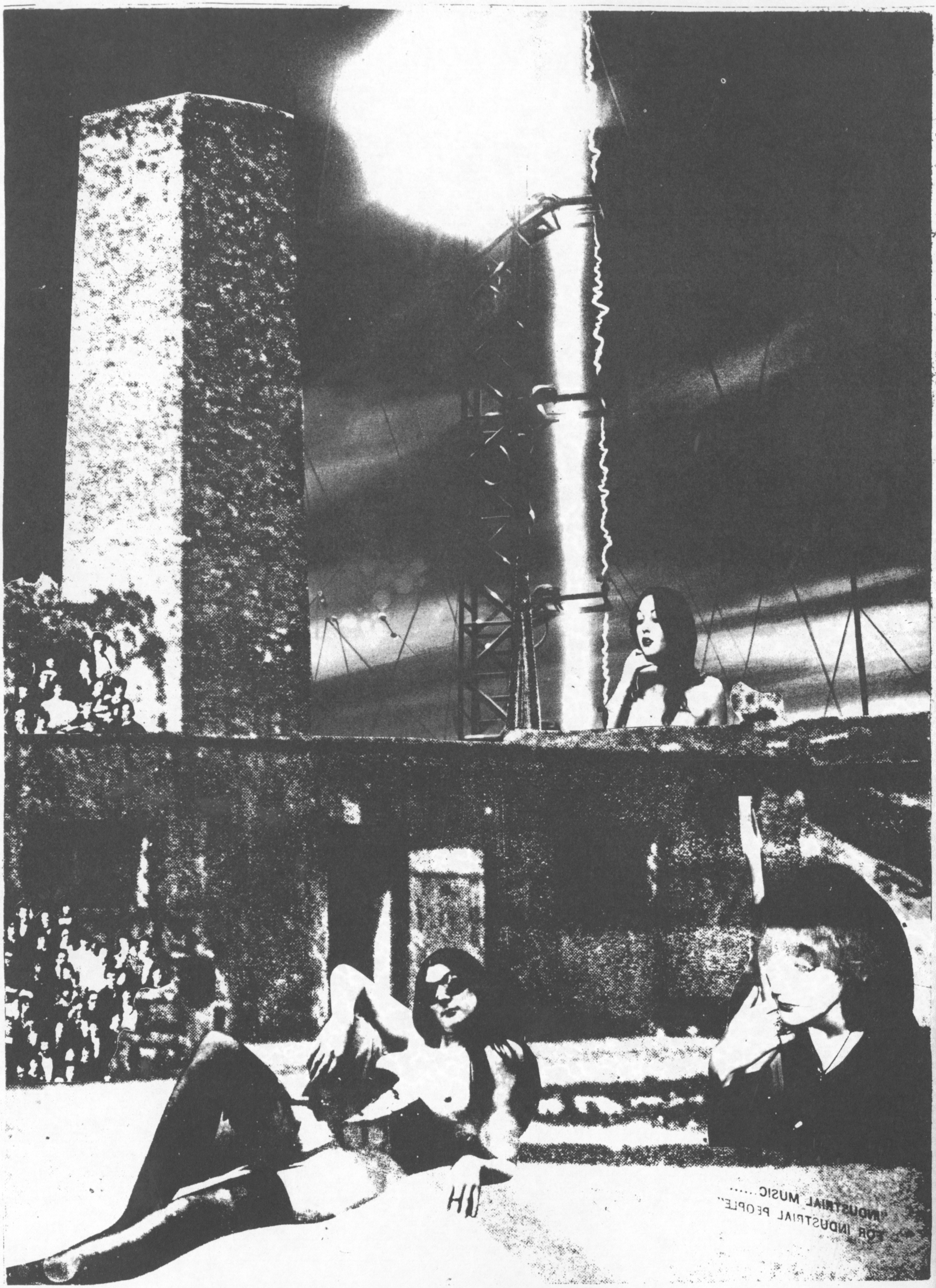
D. o. A.
IR 0004

Second Annual Report (Music From the Death Factory)
Industrial Records IR 0002 OP
Fetish (reissue) 0001

45

United / Zyklon B Zombie
IR 0003

Five Knuckle Shuffle We Hate You
Sordide Senimental SS 45001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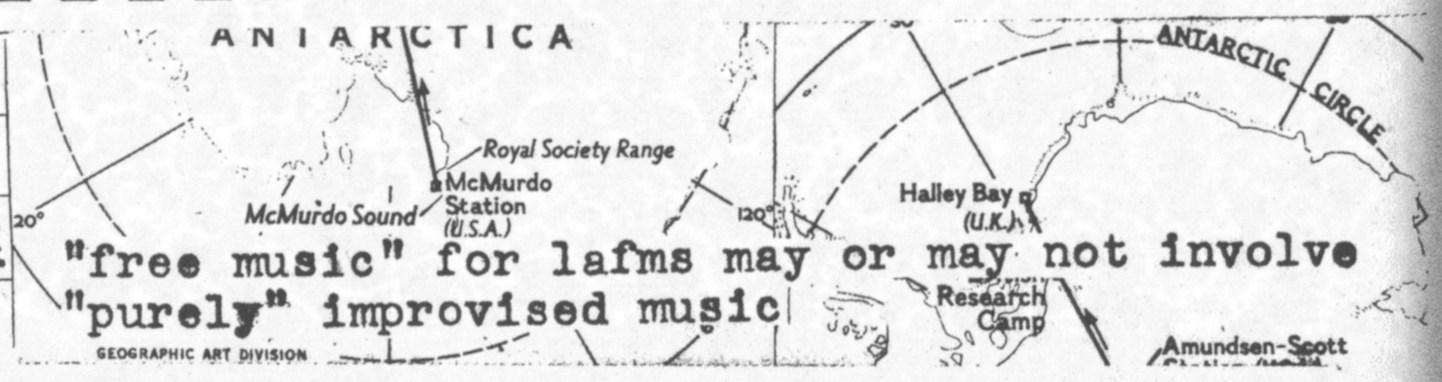

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ADVERTISMENT

RED CRAYOLA

Sources for the information in this story are: 1) an interview with Mayo Thompson and Steve Cunningham done by Larry Sepulvado and Jack Villagomez on Jan. 16, 1968, originally published in Mother #2 (March-April '68) and reprinted In Not Fade Away #2 (the reprint available from Doug Hanners, 1316 Kenwood, Austin, Tx, 78704); 2) liner information from the relevant LPs; 3) a draft for an article by David Thomas including excerpts from a letter to Thomas by Mayo, dated Sept. 12, 1978; 4) letters to the author from Mayo dated Aug. 12, 1978, and Feb.17, 1979; 5) bits and pieces picked up over the years.

The Red Crayola was formed in Houston in September 1966 by Mayo Thompson, the band's guitarist, lead vocalist, and main songwriter; bass player Steve Cunningham; and drummer Rick Barthelme. The original band's repitoire included some covers, such as "Hey Joe" and "Eight Miles High," but mostly consisted of original material. In the 1968 interview, Mayo indicated that he regarded only the music played during the band's first months as being "rock." By December 1966, the covers had been dropped, and the band's music had become quite improvisational-- moving in a direction that was already being followed in San Francisco and London underground circles. But by February 1967, the band had taken things a step further by inviting audience participation and making the contribution of "non-musicians" an essential component of the improvised sections of their show. The audience-auxiliary was called the Familiar Ugly; the improvised material became known as "Free-Form Freak-Outs." At this point, the International Artists label, which was gaining a national reputation with the Thirteenth Floor Elevators, approached the Crayola with an offer for an LP. In March 1967, Parable of Arable Land was recorded in thirty hours with the assistance of the Familiar Ugly; Leland Rogers produced.

Mayo, 1968: "If you wish, the album tends to visually orient itself. It's like a continuous line where there are small blips like on a graph and these songs with simple structures appear in the more complex structures."

Parable, which was re-released in Britain last October by Radar Records, is a bit dated now, but when it was released there was nothing even remotely like it.

The use of the Familiar Ugly pioneered the "music for non-musicians" concept which, although familiar in the "classical" avant-garde, was not developed in rock for many years afterwards. Of the more structured songs, the title track is one of the earliest forays into electronic rock; "Former Reflection Enduring Doubt" (by Cunningham) has, in its immense feeling of ennui, something in common with the Syd Barrett of the solo albums; "Pink Stainless Tail" features an intriguing guitar solo by Mayo. The album was cited by Bomp in their facetious "acid-punk" article as a forerunner of that nebulously defined genre, and "Hurricane Fighter Plane," perhaps the most famous Crayola song, has a frenetic energy that lends some credence to the opinion.

Meanwhile, the band kept gigging, mostly in counterculture clubs around Texas. The audiences at these clubs were generally confused and sometimes hostile; when the band played more conventional venues, things got even odder. Mayo, speaking of a performance at the University of Houston; "It was... a dormitory dance for the girls there. We started playing our own material because we didn't want to play anyone else's. After a while they formed a a half circle about 50 yards away and sort of looked at us for a long time. We kept playing and there was quite a bit of hostility exchanged and the girls kept pleading with us to play something they could dance to. We tried a bunch of stuff. We tried "Satisfaction"... and I didn't even know the chord progression. Later a lot of people showed up and we outnumbered them and we had the dance to ourselves. We played what we wanted to. When we left they were waiting for us outside and this police sergent was staring at the clouds."

The band was recieved best at art galleries, where the audiences, conversant with the Crayola's "classical" influences (Rick Barthelme was an aquaintance of John Cage,) seemed to grasp what the Crayola was trying to do.

Some time after Parable was finished, the band abandoned the use of drums, the Familiar Ugly, and, for the most part, any semblance of conventional rock instrumentation and structure. Mayo, 1968: "We were doing this three piece thing with clarinets, trumpets, guitars, razors on cymbals, phongraph turntables and tapes etc." During this time, the band did several tapes for a second album which never saw release, although the renovated International Artists label is promising the issue of unreleased Crayola material which may date from this period. The band at the end of '66, had played in San Francisco (a performance discussed, disparagingly, by Jonathan Cott in the Tenth Anniversary issue of Rolling Stone in Dec. '77, presumably in the belief in the belief that the Crayola and its perpetrators were safely anchored in the attic of rock history); in the summer of '67, they made another trip to the Coast, and did several gigs in the Bay Area, opening for John Fahey at one. On July 4, they did their last public performance, at an outdoor festival in San Fran, where they played to the tempo of water dripping from a block of ice. "By that time," Mayo has observed, "we were playing noise. It was necessary to show that anybody could play music." Sometime afterward Rick Barthelme left, and the band aquired Tommy Smith as drummer. At this point they changed their approach.

"This next album has more complex songs in barer structures." Mayo hit the mark when he used that sentence to describe the album being recorded at the time of the Mother interview, God Bless The Red Krayola And All Who Sail With It. (The band had presumably altered their name to avoid legal problems with the crayon manufacturers; Mayo is using the original spelling for the "new" Crayola.) Having explored the furthest limits of rock as improvised wall-of-sound, Mayo and

THE RED CRAYOLA

1979 NEW ALBUM

"SOLDIER TALK"

OUT NOW

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Steve Cunningham once more turned to structured songs and arrangements-- and went to the other extreme. God Bless appeared at a time when many musicians had started to tire of psychedelia; when Dylan's John Wesley Harding, the Beatles' "Lady Madonna," and other records had touched off a back-to-basics movement-- a revival of the "roots" on which the music was founded. The Krayola's record, on the surface, had that sort of simplicity and starkness. Apart from that, in this writer's view, it had little in common with the new movement. To put it simply, the Crayola were not going back to the basics, but devising their own "basics"; they had invented rock minimalism. Rather than being rough-edged "rock'n'roll", God Bless is one of the most stylized, self-disciplined, thought-out albums of any era. The band, to whom the songs are credited collectively, though Mayo seems to have done most of the material, and is credited as producer on the label) had created a body of work noted for its extreme brevity (most of the songs range from ninety seconds to two minutes; none is more than three minutes long,) restrained wit, instrumental control (especially evident on "Free Piece," which is really a hodgepodge of themes from other songs,) and economical instrumentation, including bass-drums, guitar-piano, and organ-bass duets. A female chorus provides acapella renditions of songs and parts of songs. The lyrics, by turns, are narrative ("Sheriff Jack"), stream-of-conciousness ("Coconut Hotel"), visionary (Jewels of the Madonna) and metaphorical ("Green Of My Pants.") Anguish and impish fun alternate; uprorious parodies of Dylan ("Victory Garden") and White Light-period Velvets ("Jewels") are present, but the album finished with the jagged music and bleak lyrics of "Night Song." Tommy Smith does a remarkable imitation (if intentiona intentional) of John French, Beefheart's "Drumbo", on "Ravi Shankar, Parachutist"; "Dairymaid's Lament" is the closest thing the album has to a frenzied rocker. Perhaps the most intriguing song is "Sherlock Holmes," featuring a sinuous bass line, one of Mayo's more curious solos, and no mention of Dr. Watson. God Bless may be re-released by Radar this summer; unlike Parable, it sounds almost as "advanced" as anything out today.

But when it came out in early '68, the album, like it's predecessor, recieved no national attention. By this time, the memory of their previous performances had frightened away all prospective bookers; despite their more "accessible" new material, the band was unable to get gigs. Shortly after the release of their second album they broke up.

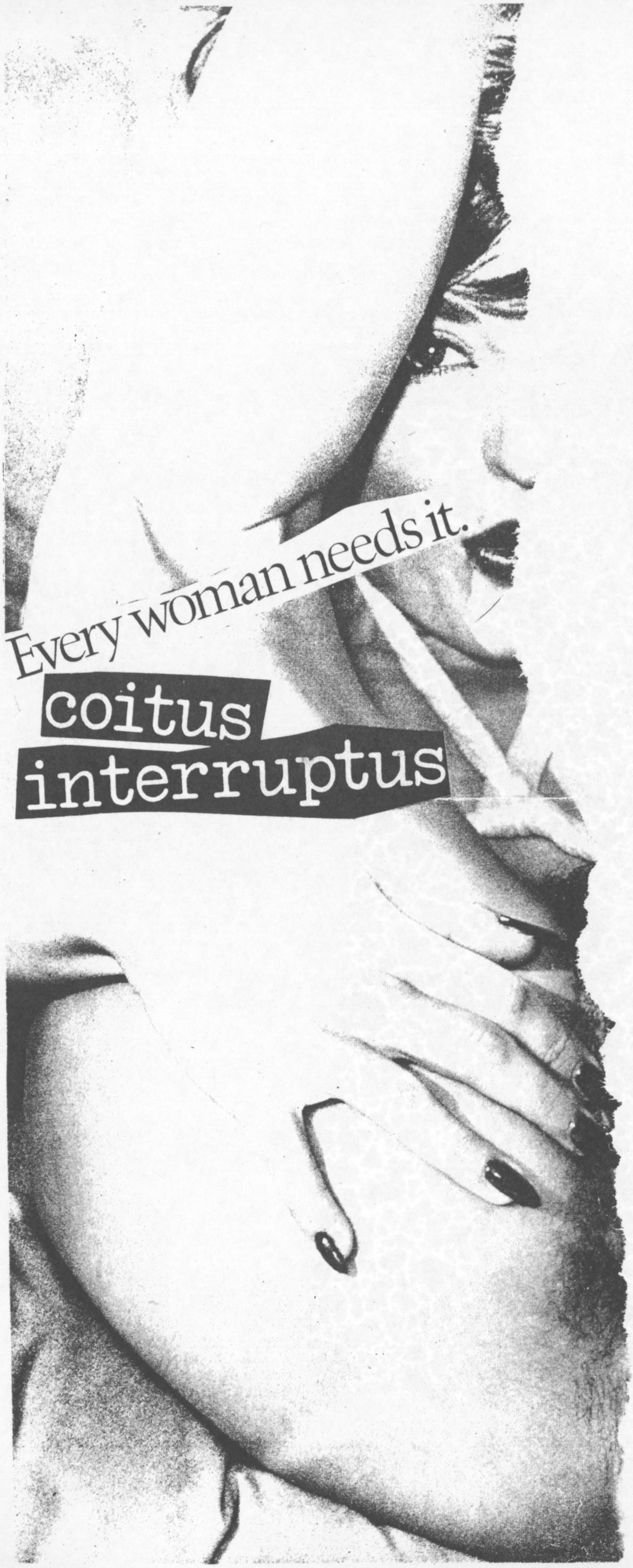
More than a year arter the breakup Mayo recorded an album of new material as a solo artist; in 1970 Corky's Debt To His Father was released on Crayola engineer Walt Andrus' Texas Revolution label, followed quickly by a single under the name of Saddlesore. Apart from Rick Barthelme's co-writer's credit for "Black Legs", none of Mayo's fellow ex-Crayolas appeared on Corky; he was backed by eight musicians, some of considerable area repute, in varying lineups.

Corky's Debt had a far less extensive distribution than the Crayola albums for IA; this is unfortunate, for it is Mayo's most accessible work, a polished, even tuneful album. The arrangements are simple, but effective; the lyrics, while sometimes obscure, and at other times perversely cliche, project profound, although muted, passion (most of the material being 'love' songs, though not without occasional bawdiness. Musically, the songs are exremely agile variations on a number of forms-- rhythm & blues, country, Delta blues, Twenties ballads, Western swing, and music-hall. Mayo proves himself an able rhythm guitarist and skilled bassist, and his singing is excellent-- more dexterous than his Crayola vocals, less frenzied than his current style. The backing ensemble is imaginative; Joe Dugan's piano, and the horn playing of Roger and Le Anne Romano and Mike Saunders is wonderful. The only comparisons that come to mind are with Mad River's Paradise Bar And Grill and the second, self-titled Slapp Happy album. Corky's Debt contains songs of conventional structure which subtly defy conventions, and are highly original without being ostentatiously "weird." The mood of the album is strangely pensive; in some respects, the LP does presage Mayo's next rock venture almost a decade later.

Later in 1970, Rick Barthelme, using his first using his first name of Fredrick, published a book of fiction. (His brother, Donald, is the noted short-story writer and novelist.) Rangoon appeared on the imprint of Winter House, a publisher better noted for drama; the book included a number of photographs and other illustrations by Mayo. Around this time a book by "Ric" Barthelme, Everyday Aphasia, was announced by the Anchor subsidiary of Doubleday, but it apparently was never published. The following year, Rick published War & War or Doubleday's short-lived Projections imprint; this was apparently illustrated by the author. The four reviews of the books I have seen indicate that their writers had as little sympathy with Rick's books as the Texans of several years before had with his group's music. Both books are now many years out of print; the last time I heard of a copy of Rangoon turning up at a rare bookstore it was being offered for $28.50, nearly four times the original price. Both books are mentioned in Richard Kostelanetz' survey of the literary avant-garde and its opponents, The End Of Intelligent Writing. Since then, Rick has published the occasional story in literary reviews. At present he heads the Creative Writing Program at the University of Southern Mississippi, and edits the Mississippi Review. Steve Cunningham is studying for his masters degree in German at the University of Houston. Mayo, 1978: "I had a long telephone conversation with Steve recently and he said that he hoped all would be we well for the project as it is. Some months ago I wrote Rick and told him my plans and he too wished luck."

In the mid-Seventies, Mayo moved to New York City and wrote music for the Art & Language arts group, writing and performing on an album which the group independently released. (As of this writing, it is available from Rough Trade.) While in New York Mayo became aquainted with several people who were starting to figure prominently in the New York new-wave scene. In the spring of '77 he moved with his wife to a village in the English Midlands, seeking to work in a more receptive atmosphere; he soon became familiar with the emerging avant-garde wing of the new wave in Britain. As recounted in the previous issue of this magazine, in early '78 Mayo contacted Andrew Lauder of Radar, who, coincidentally, was aquiring rights to the old IA catalogue; he was soon signed to the label.

Jesse Chamberlain, one of New York's most respected drummers with the Necessaries, traveled to Britain last July to work with Mayo on a demo tape; the "Wives In Orbit"/ "Yik-Yak" single emerged from those sessions, which included Jane Fire of the Erasers and Christine Thompson. Also recorded at that time was a reworking of "Hurricane Fighter Plane", released on a flexidisc in the Oct. '78 ZigZag; it points up better than anything else the similarities and differences between Mayo at the begining of his career and as he is now. The single was released in a limited edition on Oct. 13; the A-side is mystifying to this listener, but the B-side provides some points of explanation for the album to come later. At the same time the Crayola, as a Thompson/Chamberlain duo, went on tour. Shortly afterwards work



on Soldier-Talk began; the album includes as guest performers Christine Thompson, Laura Logic of X-Ray Spex and Essential Logic fame, Dick Cuthell, and the members of Pere Ubu; Geoff Travis and Mayo co-produced. (They also collaborated to produce a very good single by the Monochrome Set, "He's Frank"/"Alphaville," for Rough Trade Records.

Mayo, 1979:"...to me the things that make Soldier-Talk or any other work interesting or important (in scale) as "art" are not as important as sorting out the scale of that interest or importance with respect to the rest of life, production, social relations, contradictions, intentions, upshots, accidents, history, and so on and on."

Soldier-Talk, before I heard it, was described to me as "military" in lyrical terms, but I think it better to say that this album is political. The point seems to concern politics and it's relation to language; that is, the way in which it exists use linguistic constructs in order to frame a certain view of things and events that could be fitted into the larger construct-- their subjective world-view, or "ideology."

Another theme running through the album seems to be the inadequacy of language to project experience, to communicate a perfect understanding. The title cut (featuring most of Pere Ubu) seems to concern this concept of spoken "improvised" language as being part communication, part "static"-- in the sense that the words would fail to assume their meaning. In this respect, Mayo's lyrics and vocal delivery might be paradigmatic. Certain phrases are repeated several times; other lines are rushed through unintelligibly, and there is no lyric sheet to resolve matters.

The instrumentals-- "March No. 12," "X" -- are well constructed; the former acts as an overture, but I don't understand the sequencing of the latter. The political-linguistic side of the album is most obvious on "Letter Bomb," "Conspirators' Oath," and "An Opposition Spokesman." The more general linguistic theme might be present in "Discipline."

"Wonderland," the final song on the album, is the most mystifying of all. Most of the album deals with some form of conflict, political or linguistic. (In this case it could be called "military.") "Wonderland," however, is utopian, with a cheerful melody and lyrics which evoke triumph. At the end of the song, however, the music tapers off to an uncertain finish. Perhaps Mayo's point is that no victory over conflicts can be termed final.

As for the musical side-- the album evokes, at times, Beefheart, Carla Bley, Zappa, Ron Geesin (mainly because of a chant in the middle of "Soldier-Talk"), DNA, Teenage Jesus, and the Talking Heads. But such "indexical possibilities" (to use Mayo's phrase) are certainly still subordinate to the very unique character of the music.

Mayo's guitar-- used almost entirely as a rhythm instrument-- sounds like angry wasps. Chamberlain's drumming is intricate, and completely up to dealing with Mayo's abrupt rhythm changes. Of the guest performers, Laura Logic's sax adds a certain element of humor that counterpoints the album's generally serious tone.

Mayo's singing is one of the album's most remarkable features. He is, in terms of tone, similar to David Byrne, but is, in terms of willingness to take risks, far more extreme. It's perfectly suited to the agressive, desperate nature of the music.

At the moment the band has just finished a tour to support the new album; plans for American release are quite uncertain. Although Mayo has rec ved some British attention-- including an interview conducted by Pete Frame for Comstock Lode (available from John Platt, 49 Third Cross Road, Twickenham, Middlesex, UK)-- American critical interest has still lagged behind. Soldier-Talk's concerns are unfamiliar to British rock audiences, and probably unintelligible to many Americans. Personally, I suspect that any rock listener would have trouble trying to digest the assumptions on which it rests. One of the rules in rock-- even with the Residents, or Throbbing Gristle, or Cabaret Voltaire-- is that one's cultural assumptions, themes, purposes, be something shared by an audience that could be generically defined. Mayo's message, from what I can tell, is not directed at generic entities such as "the New Wave fan," or "the avant-garde, elitist student" or whatever. It is directed at individuals-- David Thomas, or you, or me, or Rick Barthelme, or the person standing next to you. Perhaps that describes the absolute ideal; this is, after all, a record, which hopefully will sell enough copies to permit its makers to make a new record.

One last comment by Mayo, on the relationship between the old and new Crayolas: "I feel the 'early work' as a set of (maybe something like) reifying expressions that deal with real problems, feelings, etc. stands up to scrutiny. I'm not unwilling therefore, to cast, to some extent, the new band in the frame of reference of the original. For one thing, fairly robust analogies can be drawn between "then" and "now." For another, problems aren't put down and picked up like luggage, or... Also, some antecedent reifications, methods, etc, in the face of abomination still hold up. Now, this has nothing to do with the theory of cycles. In this trade the daft'positions' and roles inherent in such a notion are death. The possibility for this depends on the fact that the basic problems still haunt us. To be sure, details differ, hence new formations, work. The 'objectives' of this band, like the other band, is the tracing of those problems, the clarification of limits and the implications of those limits with respect to basic contradictions. It is, therefore, in a sense, the same band and Jesse and I are its members."

BY BOB NEDELKOFF

WORLD

'Through closed eyelids the world turned orange and, a split second later, crimson. There was no sound; the flash had come and gone in utter silence.

300 m

-the descent of the "hot" particles back to earth.

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FUSIONABLE
INTEGRATION OF HYDROGEN

11

a. Mendo/Medu Oblongo

GOODBYE

DISASTOPLEX!

"And I was whimpering to myself, going back through my childhood, trying to find out just exactly what I'd done to deserve all this crashing around me. Each successive thing made me feel worse and worse until I came out into the lobby and the drinking fountain--which had not worked all evening... a minor problem commented on by some--the fountain was now working and working very well and not shutting off and spraying all over the lobby, and, then, I felt good.

"I said, 'Gimme more! Let me have MORE! I can take it. The more ya gimme, the better it feels!' That's when I invented Disasto."

Johnny Dromette owns the Disccdrome (a record store/media center) and manages the Pagans. Also, cause nobody else wants to do it, he promotes shows. He started out booking the Cove after Ubu left. Then along came some Disastodromes and in-store shows featuring Devo and The Pagans. Then he got hopeful and tried to open a non-wave disco and club called The Real World. It failed. He's promoted shows with Pere Ubu, Devo, The Cramps, the B-52s, Destroy All Monsters, The Pagans, Styrene Money, Bernie And The Invisibles, X-Blank-X.

His pride and joy, though, have to be his DISASTODROMES.

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STYRENE MONEY
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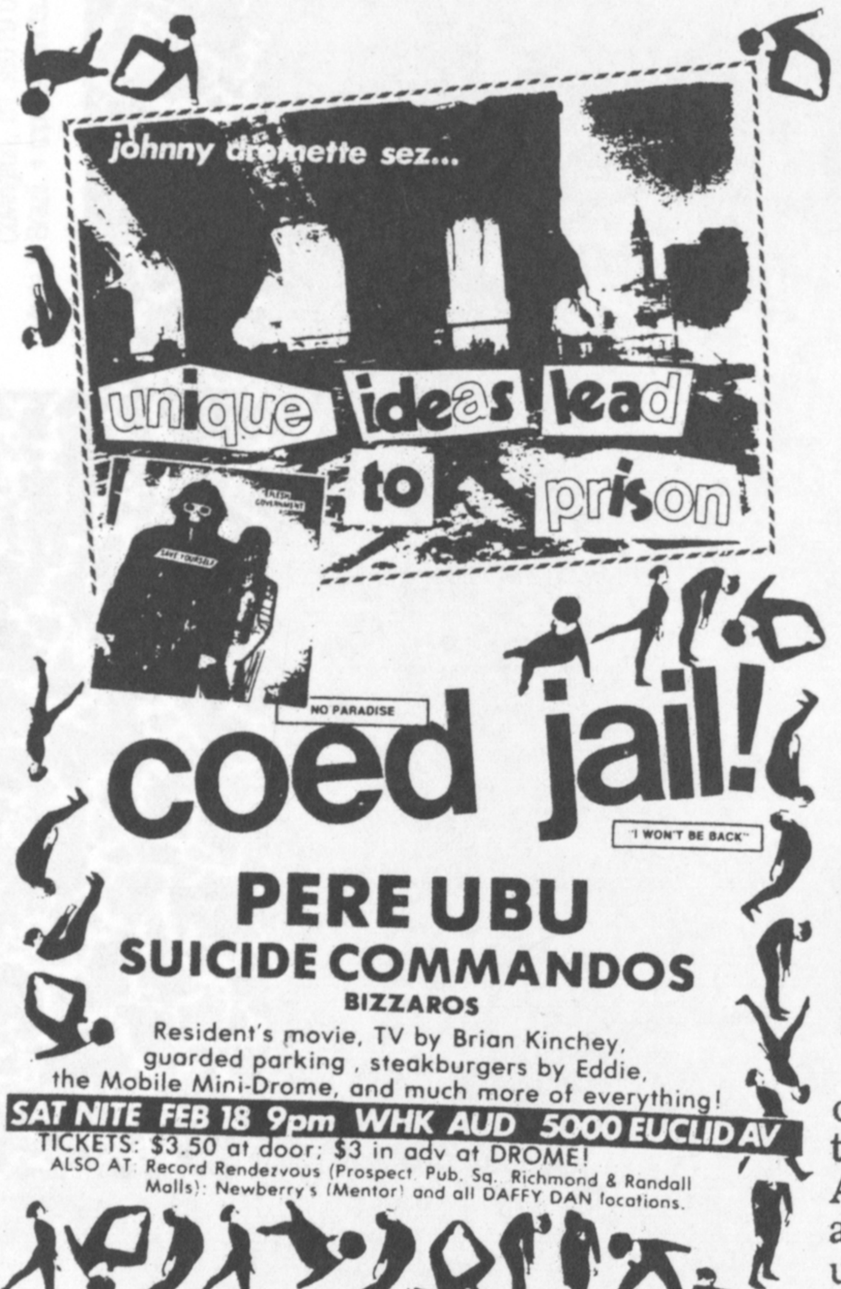
"DISASTO ONE was not a Disasto to begin with but it was where the concept was first formulated. It was Disasto Post-Facto... Hap-Hasto.

"I should have known ahead of time that Disasto was assured cause you can't run a concert and not know anything about it. The power went out. All the bands and the PA were running out of one outlet and big sparks were coming out of the box.

"Now, I found that "Disasto" was a good term for that time and that's why I invented it. Because when the power went out and Jerry Devo grabbed me by the shirt and said, 'This is really fucked up man,' and I had to look him right back in the eye and say, 'Yeah, I know it, Jerry, but I gotta go for it,' then I realized.

"The power kept going out and this meant alot of running around out in the cold cause the maintenance man was in another building. A real bad atmosphere was developing and people were throwing things at Styrene. Then, the Monsters were drunk and playing too long to suit Jerry Devo who was grabbing me by the shirt and telling me, 'This is really fucked up man!'



DISASTO TWO, featuring...

PERE UBU
SUICIDE COMMANDOS
BIZARROS
Resident's movie
TV commercials by Brian Kinchey
Steakburgers by Eddie
Mobile Mini-Drome
SATURDAY, FEB 18, 1,978 9PM

"By planning for Disasto ahead of time we came out ahead on #2. There were pressures. It was cold. The steam pipes cracked and were spraying water down walls. There was still only one electrical outlet for all operations. The usual number of things went wrong but it turned out OK for everyone concerned. For #2 we initiated the motto of Disastodrome 'We call it Disastodrome so NOTHING can go wrong.'

"The first planned Disasto, Disasto Two, marked a big turning point for the Drome as well, because that's when things started to go wrong. Before then the Drome was a record store with an interest in the New Wave, but we weren't really committed to the Disasto Life. But, it was then that the Drome started to run on Disasto/Non-Wave principles. We didn't really understand what it'd be like, but the subsequent months--getting thrown out of Cleveland Hts., the moving of small boxes across the city in personal cars, the shuttling of merchandise all over Cleveland."

Johnny Dromette's DISASTOS are collectable. Limited editions staged in the crumbling "elegance" of the WHK Auditorium. The Building itself can be as much of a draw as the bill. A unique atmosphere of burst steam pipes crumbling plaster, afro/astral murals (courtesy of the R&B promoters who occassionally use the place). One or two precious electrical outlets supply power for all operations. The 'HK's habitual wino residents observe activity from the dark fringes. The Last Days of Western Civ. The ideal location for DISASTO.

JOHNNY TALKS DISASTO.

"Pure and simple, it's the way things are. It's definitely the way things are in Cleveland. To promise

johnny dromette sez:

OK, CLEVO! I TOLD YOU ABOUT DISASTO A YEAR AGO!! NOW WE'RE IN DEFAULT AND IT'S TIME FOR---

DISASTO 3!

PAGANS! STYRENE MONEY!

PLUS... CHI PIG!! LEPERS!! CRANKS! ...AND MORE SURPRISES!

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anything other than Disasto is to invite failure.

"The public is still snowed by the thin veneer of "success" that the media is peddling. These illusions merely stall the realization of Failure; that Failure being just foolishness. That Failure isn't Disasto.

"A year ago I said, 'These are Disastos--Nothing Can Go Wrong,' to ridicule the Media, which includes rock, TV, chain restaurants, the government, etc. Disasto was to show the ephemeral nature of these entertainment outlets.

"After the Default, I realized, 'Ah, a golden opportunity!' Cleveland's government had crumbled--more available entertainment!

"Entertainment now sets the pace for the World of Reality. The Worlds of Politics/Finance...once Pillars of Reality...are now merely variables under the influence of Media. The government franchises the TV networks while the TV networks franchise the government by giving it credibility. The veneer of 'success.'

"Disaster-As-Entertainment has become a viable thing, which is why we had last winter's many crisies, for example. We don't remember there being so many in earlier years because the Media weren't aware until fairly recently how marketable information and re-information about these various disasters could be. There are so many government guys they can interview about disasters and everybody's got an opinion. It all works out right so that the public can feel that things are under control and somebody's got it together, somewhere, no matter how bad things may look. The peddling of 'success' again.

"After Disasto Two, we didn't try to go about as missionaries of Disasto--out to the public. But with Disasto Three we decided we'd have another go at it cause people just may be ready for it. More may now realize that all the elaborate, expensive and long-term planning required for Default is out-moded by Disasto."

DISASTO

JOHNNY DEFINES DISASTO.

"Throw everything up in the air and see which way it falls. Disasto guarantees that NOTHING can go wrong. It can be summarized by: 'Light fuse. Get away quick!'"

HE COMPARES DISASTO & DEVO

"Both assume a breaking down, a crumbling situation. Devo merely promises the predictability of that. Disasto seeks to set up a system of unpredictability-- a chance that something might happen, a chance. One is more pessimisstic. It's like the difference between saying, 'Could'a been better' and 'Could'a been worse.' Disasto, like Devo, assumes the worst but, unlike Devo, hopes for the best. Disasto endeavors to see what can happen though it makes no judgements on the results. Disasto is trial & error."

RESPONSIBILITIES OF A DISASTO PROMOTER MENTIONED

"Obviously, going to a Disasto is a calculated risk--the ostensibly 'dangerous' neighborhood, the chance element that determines everything, the lack of security, the questionable circumstances.

"But Disasto rewards those individuals who are willing to take a chance. I'm offering the possibility of a much better time than you'd get at a Belkins' show, or the like, but with that possibility, naturally, goes the chance of disasto--REAL bad 'vibes.' Like last year when that lady told me, 'You're a real nice guy but you've got a disaster on your hands.'

"At Disasto, whether or not the price of the ticket was 'worth it' depends on you. It's what you put into it. Let's not ask what the promoters and bands can do for you, but rather what you can do for yourself. Let's see the public put in. They haven't had to in Cleveland, as we all know.

"Obviously, if you're the sort of person who is upset by lack of order, rampant confusion and no control... rando mness reigns..then you wouldn't like Disasto. But if you come just to see what happens, you'll love it."

JOHNNY LEADS THE READER THROUGH THE PROCESS OF DISASTO

"The urge to do a Disasto can be triggered by any number of things but it's always a pretty much throw-caution-to-the-wind go-decision that precedes the actual concert by no more than two weeks. Before any new Disasto is planned, though, there's definitely a recovery period following any previous Disasto.

"The decision to do Disasto Three, for example, was triggered by an irrational response to the fact that I'd booked several shows for The Pagans and Invisibles that had been canceled. New Year's Eve was approaching and I couldn't put together any shows.

"Not even considering the 'HK, I'd planned on setting something up at the Real World Nite Club only to find that Mr. DeFazio(the owner) was joining hands with a black promoter, who, I found out later, had a turn out of four people at his New Year's Party. A real shame cause Mr. D had spent all day blowing up baloons and preparing food. Big Tom (the bouncer) was unhappy cause he had had to wear a Santa Claus suit with a Darth Vadar mask for the occassion and Mr. D. had made him pay the rental.

"I hadn't thought of the 'HK in a long time but, after the Real World fell threw, I decided, 'What the heck! Enough time has gone by since the last Disasto. People will want to get in to see the Great Ol' Place again.'

"The decision to go for it came about mid-December. I had two weeks to put the show together. Everything was running on schedule!"

THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS.....

D Minus 13 Days & Counting

"The first thing you gotta do is 'The Scene' ad cause if it's not in on time they'll make you pay cash up-front. So I start thinking about that and decide on the bill over the next few days. Also I've gotta design the show's concept and the poster."

D Minus 9 Days & Counting

"The leafleting begins now and continues for the next eight days.

"I like to do the leafletting myself. I like to get out there personally--direct to the People and by-pass all the smoke screens that WMMS and their pals have put up.

"On the east side, I like the Rocky Homo Show cause at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays there's always alot of suggestable people lined up and looking for... whatever.

"I use various lines:

'Have you heard about Disasto?;'

'Read any good leaflets lately?;'

'Thin, thin line between Disasto and Devo! Find out for yourself!!'

"Alot of them thought it was a religious ploy of some type because, with my hair tucked up into my cap, it looked like I might be bald. Alot of people went, 'Disaster?! Disaster!?', and they wanted to get away.

"I met with boring but somewhat cute response at Rocky Homo but at the Agora is where I realize how the work can get ugly.

"The first guy to come out of there just pulled his pants open and pissed on the sidewalk in front of me.

"A girl told me not to put the leaflet on her car when I tried to. She was sitting in it with another girl and rolled down her window. When I tried to hand her one, she told me, 'You're not putting one of those in here!'

"'Why don't you just read it?'

"'You're just Hare Krishna,' she said; and I go, 'No-no-no-no. There's nothing about Krishna or even Jesus in here. Just read it and find out.'

"She wouldn't read it and said she didn't need to. I'm lucky her boyfriend wasn't around. It's with almost religious zeal that you gotta go out there and hand out the flyers and try to explain it.

"Now at Bill Jones Leather in Bitch Whip Place Mall, the girl there responded with, 'Three and a Half dollars!! I'll go when it costs seven.'

"I asked her if she just liked to throw her money away. She said she liked it when 'they're rich & famous.'

"So there were varied responses everywhere I went. I'm sorry if I didn't get out to your particular neighborhood this time."

D Minus 7 Days & Counting

"The lighting crew volunteered their services about now. Let me say that these guys are going to have a hard time working for me again. It was disasto; I knew I was throwing caution to the wind when I found out that their fee for doing the show would be ten 100-watt light bulbs. Then when thay showed up the day of the show with Jugs-o-Beer and asking for quualudes to do their job better, I knew Disasto was assured.

"During the show they flashed the house lights on and off constantly causing power failures to the bands mid-song and emersing the entire building in utter darkness. Every band complained about it and how the situation was very disturbing, especially when they couldn't see their instruments. I asked ,and others asked, the crew to please refrain. 'Please! No more Art!' but they didn't stop.

"They were out of control. They had incredibly bright lights pointing at the performers on stage, blinding them. Then to make things more confusing, they had these large, metal garbage can lids mounted with 5 150-watt flood lights each that they could run around with like shields. They were rioting."

DISASTO THREE

"I had been out to three that morning leafletting the Flats and downtown. I got up at nine and was down to the Disastoplex at ten-thirty. Nothing was happening. The PA truck was supposed to be there but could not be found. Everything was going according to plan. I went to the Drome to pick up lights, extension chords and money to pay the maintenance man at the 'HK the balance of the rental ($100). Then I got a call from Sue from Chi Pig. She wanted me to pick up some parts for her Citroen.

"About three o'clock, calls to the ticket outlets indicated that sales were 'slow.'

"'Good,' I thought. 'Nothing can stop me NOW!'

"It was truly a unique atmosphere. A huge wooden globe behind the stage was being swung back and forth by the rioting lighting crew, when they weren't busy running around with their super-watt light shields spreading confusion. A group of about five Pagans fans were attacking the stage--climbing up and getting thrown off; throwing water and milk around; falling on the ground. The band was out of control. The stage crew was out of control. Maybe a total of fifteen people doing a Keystone Kops.

"It looked just like TV. The stage was brightly lit. The rest of the hall was in utter darkness, in which about 200 people sat watching. Like watching a late night slap-stick film, getting up every so often to go out to the lobby and get a beer. Everybody was wondering just how far this was going to be allowed to go. All the musicians in the place--Jim Jones, Anton Fier, David Thomas and others--came down and got seats in close cause they couldn't believe it. Here was all this water being thrown around and shoddy electronic equipment being hurled around carelessly. People with veteran experience were definitely intrigued to see how the Pagans were going to pull their way out of this one alive. It was real disasto.

"The Pagans arrived for their sound check but couldn't do one cause Styrene hadn't done theirs cause their old drummer and one of his assistants had gone to Olsen Electronics, twenty blocks down Euclid, to pick up a couple of Y-adapters and they'd already been gone an hour and a half.

"But we finally got caught up by seven-thirty and were ready to go on by nine... right on schedule. As it turned out though, we did have to delay the start of the show because the audience hadn't shown up on time. But, other than that, everythingw was running pretty smoothly for a Disasto.

"Even once the show got underway, I don't think we had any serious problems until the Pagans came on and then things really fell apart... the pay-off.

"Yeah, people really got their money's worth. It was real Keystone Kops Pandemonium. First of all, a certain violent yet socially harmless group of individuals rioted. They were soon joined by members of the Pagans and the stage crew. The stage was a shambles. Lights were being hit by water and exploding sparks and steam. Chairs were thrown on and off stage. Then, one of Styrene's roadies joined the riot. He saw a beer can sitting on an amp and he feared it might spill over and so, in a blazing fit of glory, he rushed out and un-plugged Mike Pagan's microphone in the middle of a song.

Mike was raging. I pulled the roadie off-stage and when I talked to him, he told me as how he'd been in straight-ahead rock bands for ten years and he was only acting on behalf of the equipment. His actions were disavowed by Styrene but that was a neat thing. You'd never expect that one of the roadies would riot.

Can you identify these gorgeous two-dimensional women?

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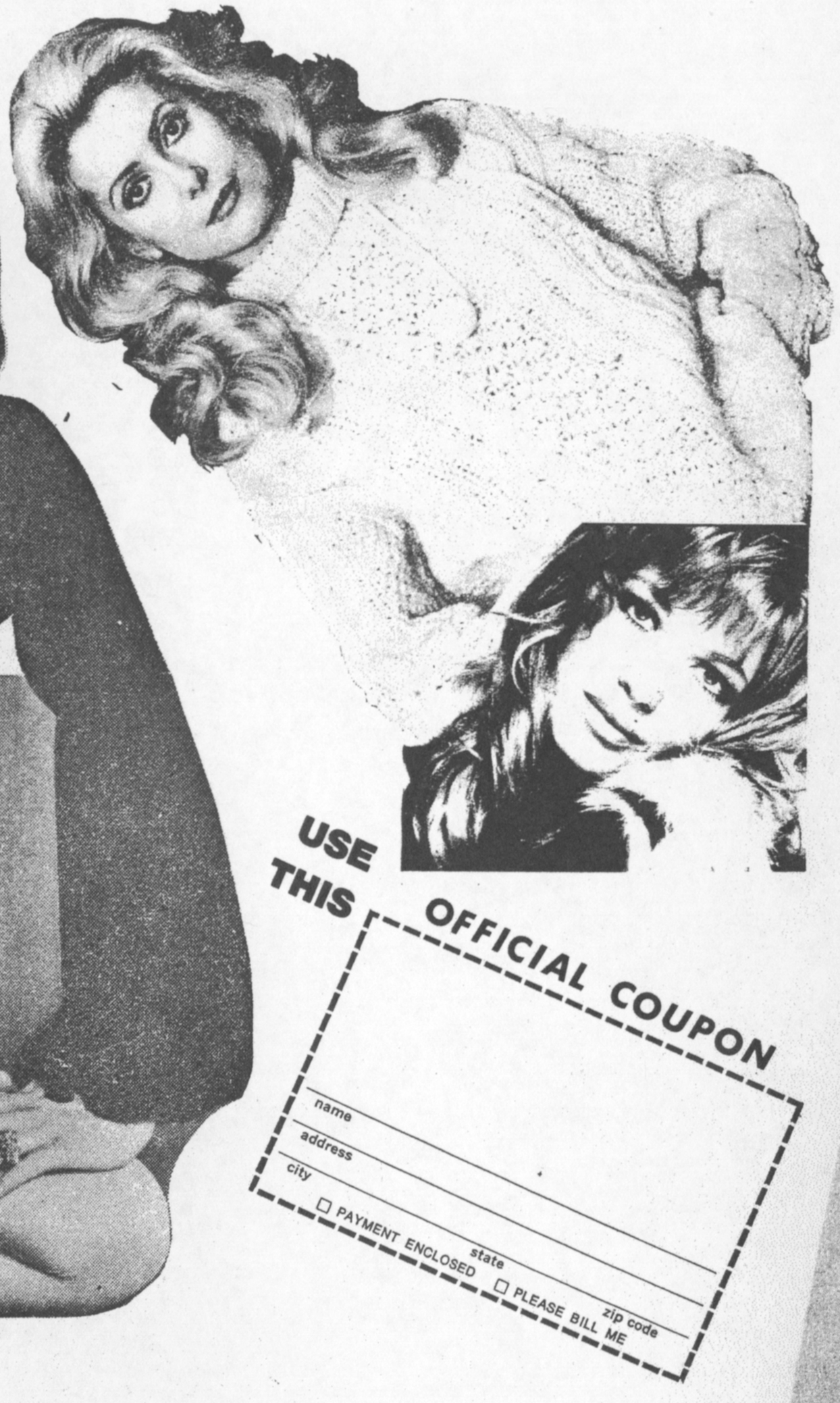

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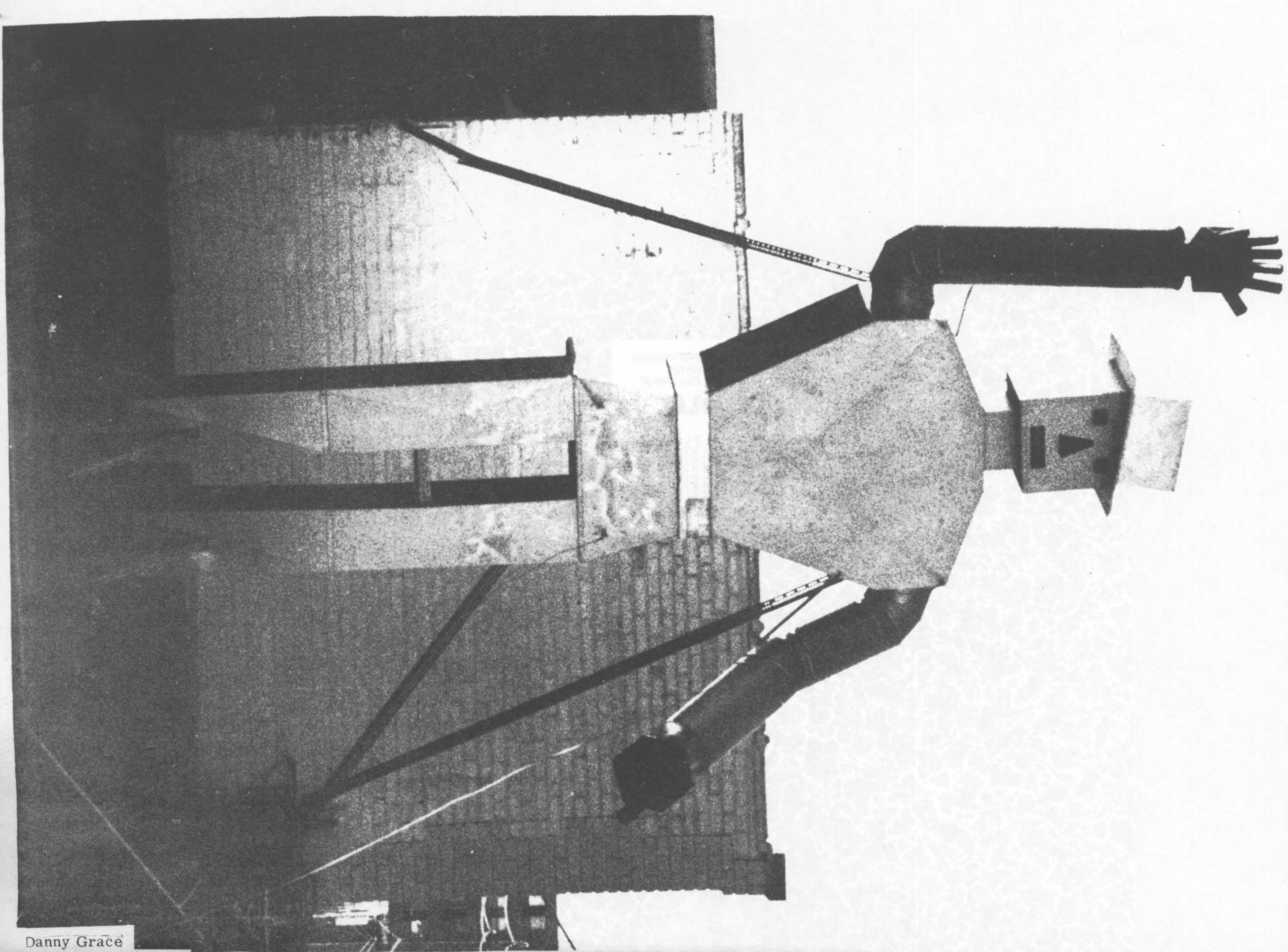

Danny Grace

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DROME! LABEL

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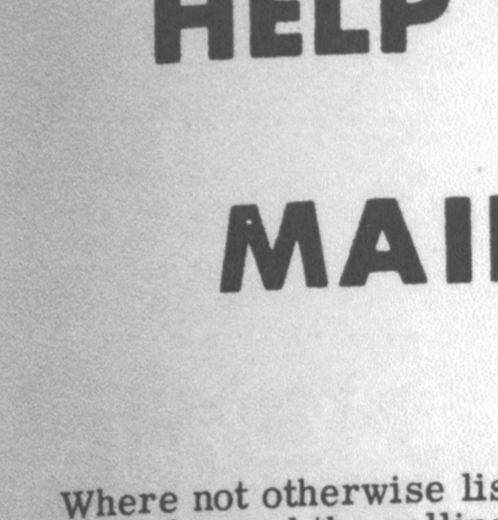
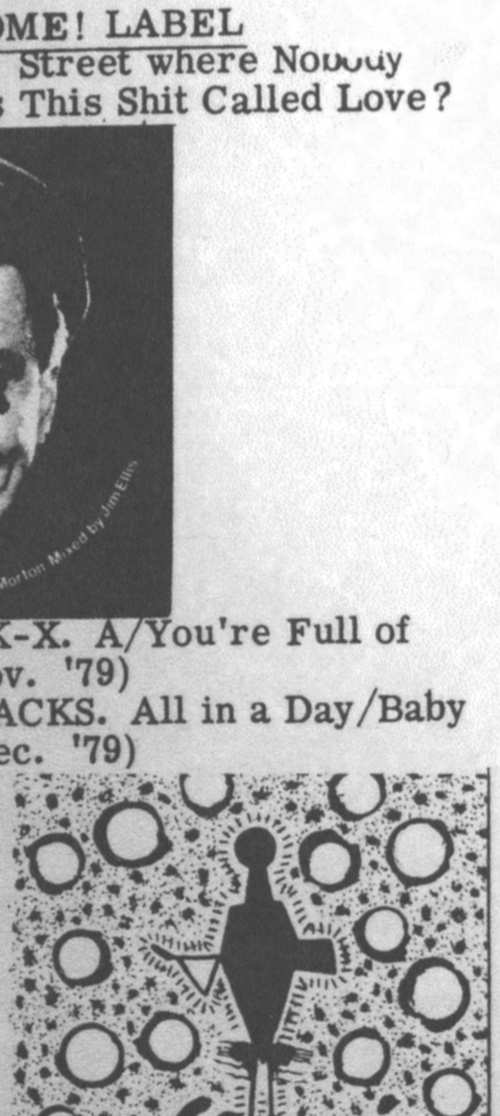
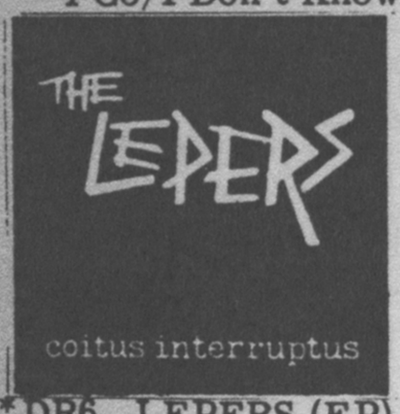


*DR2. X-BLANK-X. A/You're Full of Shit (avail Nov. '79)

*DR3. TULSA JACKS. All in a Day/Baby You Know (Dec. '79)

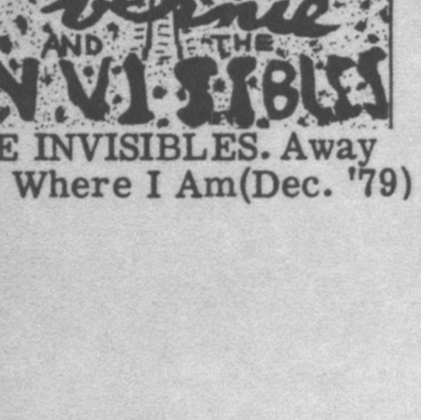


*DR4. BERNIE & THE INVISIBLES. Away I Go/I Don't Know Where I Am(Dec. '79)



*DR6. LEPERS (EP) Cops/Flipout/Coitus Interruptus/Light Up a Pack ($2.49)

PAGANS not now



*DR5. PAGANS. Not Now No Way/I Juvenile

*DR7. PAGANS. Dead End America/ Little Black Egg

OTHER CLEVO STUFF

*STYRENE MONEY BAND. I Saw You+2

STYRENE MONEY. Just Walking

STYRENE MONEY. Drano in Yer Veins

ELECTRIC EELS. Agitated/Cyclotron (import $ 3)

*STIV BATORS. It's Cold Outside

*CHRONICS. Test Tube Baby/Calling All Cardinals

BRIAN SANDS. Reheated Chocolate Tangos. (7 songs-12"-$5)

HEARTHAN LABEL

HR101. PERE UBU. 30 sec. over Tokyo/ Heart of Darkness (orig. $5-1/cust.)

*HR106. GIRLS. Jeffrey I Hear U/ Elephant Man

HR107. PRESSLER-MORGAN. Hand Piece/You're Gonna Watch Me

HR108. 15-60-75 (avail. soon)

PERE UBU

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*New Picnic Time (US LP-$6;import-$9)

*Humor Me(UK 45-$3)

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AKRON STUFF

*DEVO. Mongoloid(orig. US Booji-$3)

* Satisfaction (orig. US-$4; Stiff import-$3.50)

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BIZARROS/RUBBER CITY REBELS From Akron LP ($6)

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BIZARROS. 1st EP

*HUMAN SWITCHBOARD. I Gotta Know

*BIZARROS. Laser Boys

*TIN HUEY. 1st EP

*TIN HUEY. Breakfast With the Hueys

*HARVEY GOLD. Experiments

*TEACHERS PET. Hooked on You

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*JOHN RADER. One Step at a Time

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*LEILA & SNAKES. Rock & Roll Weirdos

*MARINA SWINGERS. I'm a Swinger

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*BRAINS. Money Changes Everything

*SAUCERS. What We Do/Muckraker

*SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS. Beyond Rational Thought (EP-$3)

MIDWEST LOCAL

*DESTROY ALL MONSTERS. Bored/You'r Gonna Die

*DESTROY ALL MONSTERS. Nov 22/ Creeper (domestic-$2; import-$3)

*MODERN ART SCHOOL. MASmania EP (DEVOtees will like this)

*SUBURBS. 10 song 7" EP ($3)

*NNB. Slack/New World

*FRENCHMEN. No Surprise

MISCELLANEOUS NON-WAVE

*METABOLIST. -Slaves(import $3.50)

*MARS. 3E/10,000 Volts (imp. $3)

CHROME. Alien Soundtracks(LP-$6)

Visitation (LP-$6)

Half-Machine Lip Moves(LP-$6

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*RESIDENTS. Duck Stab Pac (EP &T-Shirt-$10)

*RESIDENTS. Satisfaction 45($3)

RESIDENTS. Nibbles (import LP-$9)

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DOA ($9)

*DNA. You & You

*R. L. CRUTCHFIELD. Hands in the Dark

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